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Derwent and Bassenthwaite Waters, from Ashness Bridge

THE LAKE COUNTRY

BY

E. LYNN LINTON

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With a Map

And One Hundred Illustrations drawn and Engraved by

W. J. LINTON

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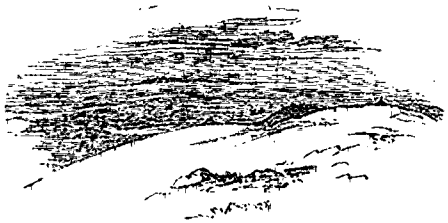

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PREFACE

It is long since any book was written descriptive of the Lake Country. Green, and West, and Mrs. Radcliffe, and others of the Picturesque School, gave their absurdly exaggerated accounts of what they saw and perilled in these "inhospitable regions," as it was then the fashion to call them; but when the reaction against romanticism set in, and people had learnt for themselves that the ascent of Blencathra could be made without a fit of apoplexy and the necessity of blood-letting midway — that Borrowdale had nothing maniacal in it, and that Newlands was rather lonesome but not in the least degree terrifying—then all this idealistic writing was at a discount, and only guide-books containing useful road-side information were asked for.

Now that these have served their turn, it seemed to my husband and myself that a pleasant book could be made by treating the Lake Country with the love and knowledge—artistic and local—belonging of right to natives and old inhabitants. We hope that what we have done will bear out our design. Though a faithful description of scenes and places, it is not a tour made up of personal adventures; neither is it a hand-book, telling what inns to go to and how much to pay for breakfast and dinner; nor yet an exhaustive monograph, for which we should have needed thrice the time and space

afforded; but it is merely a Book on the Lakes, giving such of the general and local history as fell in with our plan and what we thought would interest the reader, while doing our best to worthily illustrate and describe the most beautiful places—both those popularly known, and those which only the residents ever find out. It is indeed a "Love-book" which we give to the world, in the earnest desire for others to share in our experiences, and to receive the same joy and healthy excitement as we ourselves have had.

I wish to express now my most grateful thanks to Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.R.S. F.S.A., &c., for an amount of kindly help, rare even in the literary world where there is so much genuine kindness. He took infinite pains to render my Early History free from faults, and he did this with a fulness and frankness of generosity that enhanced even the value of his scientific aid. To Edward Hull, Esq., F.G.S., &c., I would also add my best thanks for relieving me of the responsibility of the geological chapter, to the great improvement of the work, which has gained so much by his accurate knowledge. Of the engravings I cannot speak, as can be easily understood, because of the relations between the artist and myself; I may however say that all the sketches were made expressly for this work during our rambles, and that they have the merit of absolute fidelity; for the rest, they will speak for themselves more eloquently than the most florid praises could. The Botanical notices and the Glossary I think will be found to be fuller and more correct than any yet published; and I have only to lament the want of authority in the comparative tables of lakes and waterfalls, which want however I had no possible means of supplying.

E. LYNN LINTON.

Brantwood, Coniston.
September, 1864.

THE LAKE COUNTRY

THE LAKE COUNTRY

EARLY HISTORY

WHEN Imperial Rome held Britain as one of her outlying possessions, she had a troublesome set of subjects in the Brigantes,[1] those northern "people of the heights," whose province,[2] including among others our modern Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, formed part of the larger and later division of Maxima Cæsariensis, and of the still later Saxon kingdom of Deira. Those early northern Britons were a wild race, and gave their conquerors no little trouble. They subsisted chiefly by hunting, like most savages, abjuring fish "of which they had a prodigious plenty," and holding hares, geese, and poultry in a kind of religious abhorrence—perhaps the more industrious of them keeping cattle,[3] like

[1] Geoffrey of Monmouth, in the time of Henry II., and Holinshed after him, say that the first Britons were descended from Brutus, or Bruto, son or descendant of Æneas, who settled here 1108 B.C. or 2855 A.M. Camden, indignant at the Romans for their aboriginal theory, "as if mankind first sprung up out of the earth like mushrooms," makes Gomer, the eldest son of Japhet, whose posterity became the Gomeri, or Gauls, our great ancestor. The Cambrian Register says that Brigantes is from Beg, a summit, hence Brigantwys, the People of the Summits; and Ridpath, that it is from the goddess Briganta, whose statue was found in Scotland. "The interior of the island northward was occupied by the Brigantes, who held the extensive districts, difficult of approach on account of their mountains and woods, extending from the Humber and the Mersey to the present borders of Scotland. This extensive tribe appears to have included many smaller ones. Two of these are called by Richard of Cirencester, the Voluntii and the Sestuntii, the former in the west of Lancashire, the latter in Westmoreland and Cumberland. The Jugantes and the Cangi of Tacitus, on the borders of the Irish Sea, are also understood to have belonged to, or been dependent upon, this tribe. The Brigantes are believed to have been the original inhabitants of the island, who had been driven northward by successive invasions and settlements, and they appear to have been the least civilized tribe of South Britain."—*The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon.* By THOMAS WRIGHT.

[2] "Beyond the boundary which Ostorius had formed by his line of forts, the interior of the island was inhabited by tribes who were fiercer and less civilized than the southern nations. The chief of these was the great tribe of the Brigantes, extending through the mountainous and wooded districts from the borders of Lincolnshire, through Yorkshire, Lancashire, Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Northumberland."—*Ibid.*

[3] Numbers were found in the capital of Cassivellaunus.

the old Norse dalesmen. Their clothing was the skins of beasts, according to some; according to others, their habit of body was brute nakedness stained with woad for a warlike effect; their dwellings[4] were "among the pillars of the forest, enclosed with interwoven branches," whence they came out in fierce hordes to harass their invaders; their government was monarchical in form but independent in individual practice; their religion druidical—"furies for gods," said their masters, thinking of Diana and Venus, Minerva and the beneficent Ceres—human sacrifices for propitiation, and eternal transmigration of souls for their only hope beyond the grave; their morality was lax read by the more complex social polity of the Latins, but they were faithful to their law such as it was, and indeed notably obedient to all laws, by which they had a due measure of self-government preserved; they wore long hair both on the head and upper lip; and they ate a certain fruit of the size of a bean—(Cæsar's "chara")—which allayed both hunger and thirst.[5]

This portrait of the fierce Britains, with every repulsive feature heightened in the Brigantes, is not a very inviting one; being, in fact, simply that of unmitigated savages before civilization has developed or history[6] ennobled

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[4] Cæsar says, "a town among the Britons is nothing more than a thick wood fortified with a ditch and rampart, to serve as a place of retreat against the incursions of their enemies."

[5] This was probably the root of the *Orobus tuberosus*, or Tuberous bitter vetch, the "Leath peasebling," which Sir William Hooker says the Highlanders eat to this day, and call Cormeille, and which the Hollanders roast or boil like a chestnut; the analogue to which is the coca of the South Americans.

[6] "The Britons of Cumbria," says Palgrave, "occupy a tolerably large space on the map, but a very small one in history; their annals have entirely perished, and nothing authentic remains concerning them. Romance has more. In Cumbria, Merlin prophesied and Arthur held his court. These, and such like fantastic personages—Roderic the Magnificent, and Peridur, Prince of Sunshine—are, however, of importance in one point of view, showing that from the Ribble to the Clyde existed a dense population of Britons, even in the tenth century inhabiting the greater part of the western coast. Dunbritton—now Dumbarton, or Alcluyd, Clyde—was the residence of the Cumbrian kings, whose kingdom extended nearly to our modern Leeds, but the Saxons drove them continually further back, conquering at a very early period Carlisle, which Egfrith of Northumbria bestowed upon the See of Lindisfarn. He extended his conquests to Furness. After the reduction of Alcluyd by Egbert (680 to 756), the Britons were governed by Scottish princes, who probably acquired their rights by intermarriage with a British princess. The Cumbrian Britons gradually melted away into the

them: whether true or not is another matter. But indeed it is needful to take, with a very large "grain," accounts of things and people so unlike the ordinary home experience which was the only standard whereby Imperial Rome could measure values.

Rome got many good things out of her Britons, Brigantes and others. Breastplates of British pearls (baccæ conchæ, "shell-berries," as Camden calls them), which Cæsar dedicated to Venus Genitrix; ship-loads of chalk, wicker baskets, tin, lead, iron, and other metals; corn (the Gauls must have starved in 360 had not Julian, then commanding the Roman army in Gaul, fed them with British wheat); coal (as Wright has shown, there being coal enough left in the old Roman homes to make many a good-sized fire); fierce dogs of noble breed and glorious aspect; soldiers[7] good for foreign service; the spectacle of Caractacus bound, but more royally free than his captors; the noble womanhood of Boadicea as a lesson to the perfumed Julias and soft-eyed Messalinas of the imperial city; and the fair-haired slaves of later years, who gave a Pope occasion for two moderate puns, and to St. Augustine a mission; with such gifts as these our little island of Albion[8] was of no mean value to the queen and mistress of the world. What she left would occupy too large a space in these pages. But though we cannot speak of all the Roman legacies to England, we can of

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surrounding population, yet probably not till a very recent period. The Welsh even were enumerated by David the Lion among his subjects, and the laws or usages of the Brits or Britons continued to Edward I., 1124-53, when he summoned the representatives of Scotland to attend his parliament at Westminster. In some secluded districts the language is thought to have lingered to the Reformation. Pendragon Castle reminds the traveller of the fabled Uther; and Skiddaw and Helvellyn (he might have added Blencathra, Glaramara, the Glenderamakin, the Glenderaterra, and Walla Crag), retain their original names, as the sepulchral monuments of a race which has passed away."—NOTE to GILES's Translation of *Geoffrey of Monmouth*.

[7] According to the Notitia, the fourth ala of Britons was stationed in Egypt. The *twenty-sixth* cohort of Britons occurs in Armenia. A body of the "Invincible Younger Britons" was stationed in Spain; and one of the "Elder Britons" in Illyricum. The "Younger British Slingers, (*exculcatores*)," are found among the Palatine auxiliaries. Other bodies of Britons are found in Gaul, Italy, and other countries.—*The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon.*

[8] The earliest mention of Albion is in the treatise *De Mundo*, attributed to Aristotle, 340 B.C. where it says: "Beyond the Pillars of Hercules is the ocean which flows round the earth. In it are two very large islands called Britannia: these are Albion and Ierne."

one — the harmless amusement left to our antiquaries in the roads[9] still traceable, in the barrows every now and then stumbled over, in the camps to be still defined among the furrows of potato-fields and wheat-fields, in the tesselated pavements and bits of pottery, the urns and the coins, the—

> —— "Fibulæ without a robe to clasp,
> Obsolete lamps, whose light no time recals,
> Urns without ashes, tearless lachrymals—"

to be dug up yet by the curious at any spot famous for their occupation.

In our special lake country we come across many such relics; but the chief in point of interest are the roads, about which no two explorers can agree, nor does any antiquarian itinerary intelligibly or credibly trace from end to end. It is very certain, however, that one went from Ambleside to Penrith, and one from Penrith to Kendal,[10] meeting on High-street; that

[9] It would be only a false pretence of learning if I were to attempt any detailed account of the Roman roads in the Lake district; and the old county histories are so little to be depended on, that they cannot be quoted as reliable authorities. But for what it may be worth, I will give Hodgson's "Itinerary," taken from his *History of Northumberland*. Agricola's "two columns marched into Westmoreland—one by Overborough on the Lune, Castlebower, Borrowdale, and the Brins of Shap, as far as our present Brougham Castle—the other by Water Crook, Kendal, to the Birrens Ring at Ambleside—where it was subdivided, one party going by Kirkstone and High Street (the Saxon Stræt, the version of the Latin strata), through Patterdale and Matterdale, to the camp of Whitbarrow on Hutton Moor, and thence to Old Penrith; the other by Borrowdale, or the pass of Dunmail Raise, down the Derwent, and along the coast to Carlisle, where it would meet the first division from Brougham Castle and Old Penrith, advancing by Netherby and the Birrens of Middleby to the large camp at Birrens-work Hill, their furthest post in this campaign."

[10] "In the spring of the year 80, Agricola placed himself again at the head of the army, and, proceeding to invade and reduce the lowlands of Scotland, extended the Roman territory as far as the estuary of the river Taus (the Tay). When this campaign was over, the Roman troops were employed under the eye of their leader in erecting fortresses over the newly-acquired territory, and the sites were chosen with so much judgment, that it was a common remark that no castellum built by Agricola was ever taken by the enemy, while they were placed near enough together to communicate easily with each other. His fourth summer (A.D. 81) was employed in the erection of a chain of forts between the two estuaries known to the Romans by the name of Clota and Bodotria (the Clyde and Forth), as a check upon the incursions of the north Highlanders. . . . . Lollius Urbicus raised, on the same site, a new line of forts, and joined them together by an immense continuous rampart of earth and turf, which from the name of the emperor under whom it was built, is usually called the wall of Antonines. It is now popularly called Graham's

another was on the east border of Satterthwaite, pointing to Ambleside where was a camp or station, and apparently made for a by-way to Low Furness; and that another skirted the lower part of the township of Ulverston, from the White Thorn, the Spina Alba on Conishead Bank, by Lindal, Dalton, and Goldmire, to Roanhead on Duddon Bank. Part of this was found, not very many years ago, in a small lane near Mountbarrow House.

When the Romans finally withdrew, the Scots and Picts swarmed over the wall[11] into Cumberland and Lancashire, and farther south still, oppressing the unhappy Britons who had no longer their old power of manhood to protect them. They wrote to Rome for help; the "lamentations of the Britons unto Ægitius their consul" setting forth in piteous terms how the barbarians drove them into the sea, and the sea drove them back to the barbarians, so that of two kinds of death they must choose one—either to be drowned in the waves or to be butchered by the sword, if Rome would not help them. But the Mistress of the World, with the Goth at her gates and famine within her walls, had neither men nor money for the Britons; and when all help from that quarter was found to be impossible, the Saxons were invited over instead. How they came to the call in their ships of hide; how Hengist and Horsa watched their

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Dike, and along its course are frequently found inscribed tablets commemorating the portion built by the different troops and cohorts of the Roman army.—*The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon.* T. WRIGHT.

[11] Hadrian's wall, built in 120 A.D., was eighty miles long, of the finest masonry in the world, and had a ditch to defend it. "He caused that formidable barrier to be built across the island, from the Solway to the Tyne, of which we still trace the stupendous remains; a massive wall, nearly seventy miles in extent, extending over plain and mountain, from Bowness on the Solway Frith to the now celebrated locality of Wall's End on the Tyne, accompanied on its southern side by an earthern vallum and a deep ditch, and fortified with a formidable series of twenty-three stationary towns, with intermediate mile-castles and watch-towers. It has been customary to consider the wall only as the structure raised by Hadrian, while the earthern vallum, or rampart, was ascribed to Severus; but both are parts of one work, erected by the former emperor."—*Ibid.*

At Moresby the 20th legion stationed at Chester (Deva), for the subjugation of the Brigantes, inscribed a tablet to Hadrian, which was found in digging the foundations of a building there; and the second cohort of Lingones raised an altar, also at Moresby, dedicated to the god Silvanus (Deo Silvano). Most of our information respecting the Roman occupancy of Great Britain is taken from the Itinerary of Antonine—a sort of Road-Book for the empire—and the Notitia—a list of all the officers and their places of command, or the Court-calendar of the time.

opportunities and made the most of their chances, and how Rowena, the "blue-eyed," added the power of her fatal beauty as well; and how, in that meeting or "palaver" on Salisbury Plain, the cry of "nemed eure Saxes" gave the signal for the butchery of three hundred of the best in the land—the Britons having come unarmed, but the false Saxons with short skeines beneath their cloaks—how all this happened with the terrible ruthlessness of Fate, do not the youngest readers of history know?

But a gleam of light shot through the darkness. Tradition comforts us with the account of how good Ambrosius and his brother, Uther Pendragon, took matters into their own hands, repulsed the Saxons, and did many mighty works; though the ordinary proverb spoken of by Fuller, and quoted constantly since—

> "Let Uther Pendragon do what he can,
> The river Eden will run as it ran,"

records one failure, namely, the attempt to divert the course of the Eden to better fortify the castle of Pendragon. Uther was a mighty man in his day—the friend of Merlin, and a practiser of the black art himself; but he was finally overcome by the superior cunning of his enemies; for the Saxons, unable to destroy him in fair fight, threw poison into his favourite spring, of which he, drinking, died.

The snake was only scotched, not killed. If they had got rid of Uther, they had still his son Arthur at their heels. "This large island of Britain," says Gildas, "placed at almost the uttermost bounds of the earth, with her large spreading fields, pleasantly seated hills, and mountains most convenient for the changeable pastures of cattle; watered with clear fountains and sundry brooks; beating with snow-white sands, together with silver streams gliding forth with soft sounding noise, and leaving a pledge of sweet savours on bordering banks, and lakes gushing out abundantly in cold running rivers," was again to be defiled with war. Arthur, Uther Pendragon's son by Lady Igren, "Duchess of Cornwall"—our famous King Arthur, half hero half myth, but about the most popular character of the day—put himself at the head of the national party. His first battle was fought at the mouth of the Glem, and his second, third, fourth, and fifth by the Douglas which ran red to Wigan, in "the region of Linius,

one of the cantreds or great divisions of the Sistuntian kingdom or western half of South Lancashire." By which four victories, and eight more to the back of them, Lancashire was delivered from the Saxons, the land had rest, and "Le roy Arthus d'Angleterre et le Duc de Lancastre ordonnerent et firent la Table Ronde." A slight anachronism, as there was no "Duke of Lancaster" for some centuries after.

The Britons, who had been Christians once, but who had relapsed into their former heathenism, partly owing to the heathendom of the Saxons, were now again to be converted. Augustine came over and did much, but not all; for a knot of old sinners lived securely at Furness, or Forenesse, where, defended by the sea before them and the mountains behind, they enjoyed themselves in their own ways, and worshipped their stone dolls after their own fashion. To remedy these abuses, Egfrid, then King of Northumberland or Deira,[12] gave Saint Cuthbert (686) "the land called Carthmell, and all the Britons in it" (including that special stronghold of iniquity, Furness), to be by him reduced to order and decent living, and appreciation generally of the blessing of enlightenment and good government.

The next special notice of our particular land is when Egbert (825) united the several distinct provinces into a monarchy and it was called England; he "divided his new acquisites into seueral portions and shares, and for the preseruation of a future peace set over each of them a Comes, to rule them, whence each portion or bailiwick was styled comitatus, a scyre or county, sc., an earldome. . . . And on the west part from the riuer Solway to the riuer Duden on the south. This he cald *Carliershire*, or *Cumberland;* and what lay upon the west, or Durham and Lancashyre, he cald *Aplebyschyre* or *Westmorland;* and from the riuer Duden to the riuer Mersey, upon the south, was styled *Lancasterschyre*. Ouer euery scyre, as hath been said, he placed a Comes to rvle and gouern it, according to the Lawes and Customes of the country, who together with the Byshop of the Diocess, were to instruct and rvle the people, the one declaring to them the Laws of God, and the other the Laws of the Land; and they had

[12] This Saxon kingdom of Deira included our modern Lancashire, Yorkshire, Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Durham, in its limits; in fact, much of the ancient Brigantine territory. When it was divided into counties, the southern portion was called Lonkeshire from Loncaster, the castle on the Lone or Lune.

likewise vnder them a Heretoge, chosen by the people in a folemote, who had the power to raise the people to compell the otherwise disobedient to obedience, and to inflict chastisement for offences." [13]

After Egbert came Alfred the Great; but neither saint nor monarch had as yet done much for the enlightenment of the people, if we are to believe the great king's oft-quoted expression, that, when he took the throne, very few even south of the Humber could understand their daily prayers in English or translate a letter from the Latin—not one south of the Thames. It was in Lancashire that Alfred allowed the Danes to strike root, to the after disaster of the country; and still, all through the northern provinces, are types of pure Scandinavian beauty and manhood—features more finely cut, and forms more grandly framed, than in any other part of England.

Canute entered Lancashire in revolt against him, with an army; (these northern counties were always the last to submit to any change of authority;) he took possession of Cumberland, then, as later, the Debateable Land, and placed Duncan, the grandson of Malcolm, king of Scotland, in possession thereof, subject to England. But there was little beside war, and tumult, and fighting about boundaries, and private wrongs, and public injuries, and the revolt of this earl and of that, till William the Conqueror finally defeated Earls Morcar and Edwin, the great leaders of the Northmen, and so broke the neck of the northern insubordination.[14] He then built Lancaster Castle,[15] as a stronghold in case of future trouble, and married the sister of the offending noblemen to Ivo Taillbois, (or Taillebois,) whom he made Baron of Kendal, and who was the brother of Fulk, Earl of Anjou, his great friend and partisan.

Lancashire is not mentioned by name in Domesday-book. The southern part of it is included in Cheshire; while the northern, the south of Westmoreland, and part of Cumberland, go into the West Riding of Yorkshire. The different ranks of men given are barons, thanes,[16] freemen, radmen,

[13] Kuerden's unpublished Preface to his *History of Lancashire*.

[14] He had not many enemies to subdue, it would appear, seeing that the whole population of England was not two millions at the time of the Conquest.

[15] By the end of Stephen's reign there were 1,115 castles in England. "Nests of Devils," Matthew Paris calls them.

[16] Thanage—service: Thane (Saxon, theinan) ministrare: the same tenure as the feudal Barons.

drenches (a kind of Socmanni, having land set apart for them as husbandmen, and exempt from military service), bordars, bondmen, and villeins. But Lancashire had not many of the nobler sort; for she was then a miserable place[17] scarcely worth the trouble of holding. In 1086 all the land lying between the Mersey and the Ribble was valued at one hundred and twenty pounds: in 1814, at over two millions and a half. But this is not to be taken absolutely; a large allowance having to be made for difference in relative value. In that tract between the Mersey and the Ribble lay a famous place of safety, "Christ's Croft":—

> "When all England is alofte,
> Safe are they in Christe's Crofte:
> And where should Christe's Crofte be
> But between Ribble and Mersey."

Ivo Taillbois then was the starting-point of the great House of Lancaster. William, his great grandson, had the royal licence to call himself William de Lancastre, as well as Baron of Kendal; Edmund Crouchback, son of Henry III., had granted to him the honour, earldom, castle, and town of Lancaster, in joyful commemoration of the royal victory at Evesham. His son Thomas married the sole daughter and heiress of de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, possessing by his marriage, and in his own right, six several earldoms. Taking part in the Gaveston troubles, he was attainted and executed; but his estates were subsequently restored to his brother Henry. Henry's son was the second Knight of the Garter, the Black Prince being the first. He was in both Crecy and Poitiers, and was the first or "good" Duke of Lancaster. At the same time the county was raised into a county palatine, "with power to have a chancery in the county, to issue out writs under his own seal, as well touching pleas of the crown as others relating to the common laws of the realm, as also all other liberties and regalities belonging to the county palatine." His daughter Blanche married John of

[17] Camden, quoted in *Pictorial England*, speaks of the north country generally with great disdain. He approaches the people of Lancashire "with a kind of dread: may it forbode no ill. However, that I may not seem wanting to this county, I will run the hazard of the attempt." He says, too, that Lancaster is not populous, and the people are husbandmen; Kendal, on the contrary, is a very populous town, with two streets crossing each other; Appleby has fallen into decay; and Whitehaven is not so much as mentioned, for the good reason that no such town or even hamlet then existed.

Gaunt—"time-honoured Lancaster," third son of Edward III.—more properly John of Ghent, his birthplace; and who, as king of Castile and Leon, impaled the Spanish royal arms with his ducal coat. During the rebellion of John Ball, Wat Tyler, and Jack Straw against the poll-tax, John of Gaunt was so unpopular, that his life was threatened by the people; wherefore he was forced to hide in Scotland under the honourable guardianship of William Earl of Douglas until the tumult was stayed. Constance, his second wife, was left in woeful plight. She could not get admission into Pontefract, whither she had gone for safety; and was fain to travel seven miles at night by torch-light to Knaresborough. And a midnight journey of seven miles through a disturbed country was not a thing most high-born gentlewomen would have cared to encounter. After the death of this wife Lancaster married Catherine Swinford a knight's daughter; already, during his wife's lifetime, the confessed mother of two sons and a daughter by him; "at which all marvelled," not at the motherhood, but at the marriage; and the ladies of her new degree rebelled against her association, and the Duke of Gloucester, "being a man of a high mind and a stout stomach, misliked his brother matching so meanly; but Catherine bore herself so honourably, that hate gave place to love and dishonour to esteem." His three children by her were legitimized, and the marriage was a success. Nevertheless, when he died, he was laid by the side of the wife of his youth, Blanche the daughter of the "good."

John of Gaunt spoke in favour of Wickliffe, "the morning star of the Reformation," and had to fly for his life for this too; getting into further trouble by the wild revenge which certain friends of his—Lord John Holland and Sir Henry Green—took on John Latimer, the Franciscan, who had falsely accused him of compassing the death of the king. John's son, Henry Bolingbroke or Bullenbroke, made himself king, as we all know; and henceforth the House of Lancaster, with its red rose (John of Gaunt's device), became the house of royalty, and the duchy was vested in the sovereignty. Henry gave his friend Henry de Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and his son Henry Hotspur, a grant of the Isle of Man, on condition of their bearing the curtana—the Lancaster short-sword—at the left shoulder before the king and his heirs; the same short sword which John of Gaunt had carried before Richard II.

Lancaster was not famous for its religious zeal, or its means of religion;

wherefore, in consideration of its spiritual destitution,[18] Stephen removed (1127) to Furness, then called Bekangesgill or the Glen of the deadly nightshade, the House which had been founded in 1124 at Tulketh for the Cistercian monks of Savigny; which Furness Abbey became one of the most celebrated Houses of the county, and one of the nursery places of thought and learning.[19] But it was not all get and no give, even with the favoured monks of Furness; for in the time of Edward III., who knew how to keep people to their duty, the abbot was commanded to provide a suitable house for the custody of the king's pence, during that monarch's war with France —as the sheriff of Lancaster was commanded to provide a hundred bows and a thousand sheaves of arrows;—and when a certain royal lady was married to a certain nobleman of high degree, an order was issued to the abbot of Furness, as well as to the Priors of Burscough, Up Holland, and Coningshead, to levy a subsidy for the maritagium or dowry.

King John, who had been endowed by Richard with the earldom and honour of Lancaster, seems to have always retained a friendly feeling for his old estate. At Runnymede special privileges were granted to the Honour of Lancaster, and even before the famous Carta de Foresta, he granted a private forest charter to his duchy (which when he became king he confirmed, in the first year of his reign), "allowing his knights, thanes, and freeholders, without challenge of him or his heirs, to fell, sell, and give at their will, the forest woods,[20] without being subject to the forest regulations; and to hunt and take hares, rabbits, and all kinds of wild beasts (except

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[18] Domesday records no place of worship in Lonsdale North—the North of Lancashire—save at Hovgvn, where there was a Santa Cherche, or Santon Kirk (which, however, is in Cumberland), and Cherchebi or Kirkby Kendal. Hovgvn was a manor containing twenty villages, known in Stephen's time as Futherness—now High Furness and Furness Fells. Lonsdale North included the forest of Fudernesse and Wagenei (probably the Hovgvnai of Domesday), Dalton, and Ulverston, the fishery and warren of which were given by Stephen to the monks of Furness.—BAINES' *History of Lancashire.* But "the fact of a church not being mentioned in Domesday does not always prove that there was no church there; there were plenty of churches not mentioned in that record."—T. WRIGHT.

[19] The couchers' books at Furness show that considerable progress had been made in the arts, in the time of the first Duke of Lancaster even.

[20] In forest terms, vert was the covert, the trees, the herbage; and, according to Coke, whatever beast of the forest was good for food was venison.

deer—bisse—goats, and wild hogs) in all parts within his forests and demesnes, hays of the county." This was a liberal thing of John to do, for the forest laws, as reduced to consistency by Canute, were horribly severe. A bondman, hunting a beast in the forest so as to make him pant for breath, was to lose his skin. Freemen only might keep greyhounds, provided the balls of their feet were cut. If a mad dog bit a forest beast, the fine was the price of a freeman; if a royal beast, death. A solemn inquest was held on a dead deer; but down to the time of the Plantagenets, these laws had been so far ameliorated, that at a forest assize, held in 1286, only fine and imprisonment are recorded for killing the deer and "venison." John's generous intentions to his old subjects were not always of avail; for once they complained of Theobald Walter who had abridged their supply of fuel, and of Roger Poer who had deprived them of wood and forest land used as pasturage; it is to be hoped they got redress and restitution.

In the reign of Edward I. summonses were issued to the men of the three counties, Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, to join the king's army in Wales; and in 1282 the sheriff of Lancashire was ordered to provide two hundred wood-cutters (coupiatores), each furnished with a hatchet to cut down the trees. They were to muster at Chester on Saturday, the Octaves of the Feast of St. Peter, and each cutter was to have threepence a day. Not such bad pay at a time when a labourer's wages were three-halfpence, a harvest man's twopence, the rent of the Lord Mayor's house one pound, a cow six shillings, and a sheep one shilling, a pair of shoes fourpence, eggs a halfpenny the dozen, and arable land, even in Kent, threepence and sixpence per acre.

Lancashire either sent up no Parliamentary representatives, or has not preserved the records, till the thirty-third year of Edward I. Then were elected to serve in the Parliament, to assemble at Westminster on Sunday next after the Feast of St. Martin, Matthew de Redman and John d'Ewyas, "elected knights for the county, by the consent of the whole, who have full power to do for themselves and commonalty what our lord the king shall ordain. The said knights affix their marks; not able to write." The sheriff's return adds: "There is no city in the county of Lancaster." In 1322 Edmundus de Neville, miles, and Johannes de Lancastria, miles, are returned; one receiving for seventeen days' attendance in Parliament at York, and six

days[21] coming and returning, sixty-nine shillings, or three shillings a day; the other thirty-eight shillings, or twenty-pence a day. But Parliamentary deputies were not always to be had, even for money. In the thirty-ninth year of Edward III. the sheriff returns: "There is not any city or borough from which any citizens or burgesses are able or accustomed to come, according to the tenure of the writ, by reason of their debility and poverty." Under the sixth Edward the franchise was resumed; had it been in abeyance ever since, and were they always in debility and poverty? Yet they had a good character for honesty and liberality in those early days, poor as they were; hence, in the time of the second Richard, arose the necessity for a law respecting uniform weights and measures, because, says the king, "There has always been a larger measure used in Lancashire than in any other part of the kingdom;" which would scarcely be said now, either of the great sellers or the small.

Lancashire had her share of the troubles which every now and then disturbed the empire. Lambert Simnel landed at the Pile of Foudrey in 1487 (where also they expected the Spaniards to land during the time of the Armada), and brought poor Sir Thomas Broughton to his ruin; and Swart Moor still owes its name to Martin Swart, who mustered the impostor's forces there the year before. And at the battle of Flodden Field, when:—

> "The left hand wing, with all his rout,
> The lusty Lord Dacre did lead,
> With him the bows of Kendal stout,
> With milk-white coats[22] and crosses red."

Lancaster was not behind, though not, perhaps, the most forward; but all the three north counties were well represented there.

> "Then for the Earle of Surry hee sente,
> And Regente of the North him made;

[21] The time allowed for travel from Lancaster to London was five or six days in good weather, eight in snow, or if foul.

[22] Milk-white cloth was a Kendal manufacture, as was Kendal green and "Kendal cottons." "Master Camden termeth that town, 'Lanificii gloria et industria præcellens.'" Yet though the home manufacture was so good, Fuller says that fustian of foreign make only was worn by the first quality among us. The knight in Chaucer who "of fustian he weared a gippon," was dressed in the height of the fashion of the time, provided his fustian was not of local make, or his gippon of home art. The clothiers of Kendal were the first founders of Stourbridge fair.

And bad him, if the Scoots were bente
The Northern Borders to Invaid,
That he should raise a Royall Band
In Yorkshire and in Bishoppricke,
In Westmerland and Comberland,
In Lancashire, and Cheshire eake,
And, if thou need, Northumberland.
Quoth he, theare is stronge men and stoute
* * * * *
There is the Bower of *Kendall* bold,
Which feree will fight, and never flee.
* * * * *
And all that clim the Mountayne came,
Where groune from Frost is seldome free,
With lustie ladds, and large of length,
Which dwelt on Sommer water syde.[23]

In 1535 began the dissolution of the monasteries. Dr. Thomas Legh and Dr. Richard Layton were appointed commissioners for Lancashire; where they questioned:—1. As to the immortality of the heads of each monastery. 2. The name of the founder. 3. The estate of the convent. 4. The superstitions therein. 5. Their debts. 6. The names of those therein wishing to be discharged. As to the first, Furness and Cartmel and Conishead came off but badly; the second hurt them just a trifle; the rest did not harm much. By this dissolution, says Fuller, "Ten thousand persons were sent to seek their fortunes in the wide world; some had twenty shillings given them at their ejection, and a new gown, which needed to be of strong cloth to last till they got another. Most were exposed to want, and many a young man proved an old beggar." This suppression was followed by the insurrection in the northern provinces called the Pilgrimage of Grace, under Robert Askew, self-styled Earl of Poverty in his proclamation to the people of Hawkshead; an insurrection in which most of the dispossessed Heads naturally took part. The brunt of the matter, though, fell on the east, and the poor pilgrims who had sought to bring back the old faith were eventually dispersed — the Earl of Cumberland repulsing their attack on Skipton Castle, though their priests assured them that their banners were sacred and must prevail; for on them were emblazoned the five wounds, or stigmata, and a chalice; every pilgrim wearing on his

[23] From an old MS. in the British Museum.

sleeve, as a badge, the five wounds, and the name of Jesus in the midst. But even sacred banners have to yield to superior numbers, as the Earl of Poverty and his followers found. The king was very scornful and bitter in his words. He could not understand how it was that "ye who be but brutes and inexpert folk" should meddle in state matters, and expressed himself otherwise hardly. Some abbots—they of Whalley, Jorvaux, Salley—and sundry priors and monks implicated, were executed; and the rebellion was made cause for still more rigorous suppression of religious houses.[24] But Furness saved its bones, if at the expense of its skin. The only original surrender now to be found is that of Furness, dated the 9th of April, 1537, which proves that the abbot, Roger Pyle, could read the signs of the times as well as most men, and knew when the oak must bend, if it would not be uprooted or cut down. The charges against him and his monks were that they had raised up a rebellion against the king's majesty; that the abbot had lied to the commissioners at the time of the visitation; that he had caused his monks to be forsworn; that he had concealed the treason of one, Henry Salley, a monk, who had said that no secular knave should be head of the Church, and of another who had said that the king

[24] List of religious houses in Lancashire at the time of the Dissolution (visitations 1534–1540).—From Dugdale and Speed. At Cockerham a Priory. At Cockersand a Premonstratensian Abbey (allowed to remain for a while). At *Conishead* a Priory of Austin Canons. Gabriel Pennington built, *temp.* Henry II., by encouragement, and on the land of William de Lancastre, Baron of Kendall (a great benefactor), an hospital and priory of Black Canons, to the honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary, consisting of a Prior, seven religious, forty-eight servants, valued at 161*l.* 5*s.* 9*d.* At *Furnes* a Cistercian Abbey, to the honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary; the monastery begun at Tulket, 1124, for the monks of Savigny, in France, removed, 1127, to Furness Valley, then called Bekangesgill; the founder Stephen, Earl of Morton and Bouloigne, afterwards king; value, 805*l.* 16*s.* 5*d.* At *Kertmel* or *Cartmell* a Priory of Austin's Canons; Wm. Mareschall, Earl of Pembroke, founder; value 1,118*l.*; regular canons of Saint Austin, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, rated 26 Henry VIII. at 91*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, at second valuation, 212*l.* 11*s.* 10*d.*; ten religious, thirty-eight servants; site granted 38 Henry VIII. to Thomas Holcroft. At Lancaster, (1) an alien priory (Benedictine), dissolved with other aliens, and annexed by Henry V.; (2) a hospital dedicated to St. Leonard, founded by King John, while Earl of Morton, afterwards by Henry Duke of Lancaster, about 30 Edward III. annexed to the nunnery of Seton, in Cumberland; (3) a priory of Dominican or Black Friars; (4) a Priory of Grey Friars—a Franciscan convent near the bridge. The lands or revenues of Furness, Cartmel, and Conishead, were vested in the officers of the Duchy of Lancaster, for the king's use.

was not the true king, and no rightful heir to the crown. On these charges two monks were taken to Lancaster Castle, and the abbot having been taken into custody was prevailed on to sign a *voluntary* surrender of the abbey, which he did at Whalley on the date given above. That the charges were merely trumped-up excuses for an arbitrary act, even Henry's own tool was obliged to confess. "After two rigorous investigations, nothing treasonable or in any manner indictable could be brought against the house;" "whereupon," writes Sussex to Henry, "devising with myself yf one way would not serve, how and by what means the said monks myght be ryd from the said abbey, and, consequently, how the same myght be at your gracious pleasur, I determined to assay him as of myself, whether he would be contented to surrender giff and graunt unto (you) your heirs and assigans the sayd monastery; which thing so opened to the abbot farely, we found him of a very facile and ready mynde to follow my advice in that behalf." The deed acknowledges "misorder and evil rule, both unto God and the king, of the brethren, and of the said abbey," and so in discharge of his conscience, the abbot gives all into the king's hands; the community consenting. They were provided for, as were all who voluntarily surrendered. To the abbot were assigned the revenues of the rectory of Dalton, value somewhere about thirty-three pounds[25] per annum; and one hundred and fifty pounds were charged on the revenues of the Lordship for the prior and the twenty-eight brethren who signed the abdication.

In 1569, Lancaster, surely the true "cock-pit of conscience," if the country of games,[26] was again disturbed by the conspiracy of the Earls of

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[25] A very large sum for one man's income, when ten pounds a year was considered a good salary.

[26] The Lancashire games, from the Second Randle Holme:—

"And they dare chalenge for to throw the sledge,
To jumpe, or leape ovir ditch or hedge;
To wrastle, play at stoole ball, or to runne,
To pitch the barre, or to shoote of a gunne;
To play at loggets, nine holes, or ten pinnes,
To trye it out at foote ball, by the shinnes,
At tick tacke, seize nody, maw and ruffe,
At hot cokles, leap frogge, or blind man's buffe;

Westmoreland and Northumberland, for poor beautiful Mary Stuart; and at that time a search was made here, as elsewhere, for vagrants, beggars, gamesters, rogues, or gipsies, lasting from nine o'clock on Sunday morning, July 10th, to four in the afternoon of next day, whereby thirteen thousand "masterless men," with no visible means of living but from games, bowling, archery, and the like, were passed to their own counties (the same process repeated monthly till November). After this came the battle of Thurland, as the next great disturbance (1643), when Colonel Rigby, the Parliamentarian, besieged Thurland Castle, the last stronghold of the Cavaliers in the north of the country. The royal force in Westmoreland and Cumberland, lying near, united with that from Cartmel and Furness, and assembled on the sands, a company of sixteen hundred men, to relieve the garrison. But Colonel Rigby marched into Furness on a Sunday morning, and attacked and defeated them without trouble, the whole affair not lasting much above a quarter of an hour. The Cavalier cry was, "In with Queen Mary!" the Parliamentary, "God with us!" "Upon the close of the business, all our men," writes their commander, October 17th, "with a great shout cried out, Glory be to God, and we all, except one troop of horse and one foot company, which I left to quiet the country, returned forthwith to our siege of Thurland," which capitulated ten days after. The fortress was then demolished, and "mercy set as a crown upon the head of poor Lancashire;" the mercy culminating in dividing the county (1646) into nine classical Presbyteries. The ninth included the parishes of Aldingham, Ursewick, Ulverstone, Hawxhead, Coulton, Doulton, Cartmel, Kirkby, and Winnington, of which the ministers were Mr. Thomas Shaw, of Aldingham; Philip Bennet, of Ulverston; Kemp, of Hawxhead; Bryan Willow, of Coulton; and John

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To drink the halper pottes, or deale at the whole cann;
To play at chesse or pue, and inke horne;
To daunce the moris, play at barley brake,
At al exploits a man can think or speak:
At shrove-groate, vanter poynte, or cross and pile,
Or beshrew him that's last at any stile;
At leapinge over a Christmas bonfire,
Or at the drawinge dame out of the myer;
At shoote cocke, Gregory, stoole ball, and what not;
Picke poynt, toppe and scourge, to make him hott."

Manjold, of Cartmel; since which period it may be said to have passed out of the limits of an early history.[27]

Part of the history of Westmoreland—or Westmereland,[28] as it is sometimes written, Westmerland and Westmaria—is bound up with that of Lancashire; as in the barony of Kendal, which went with the earldom of Lancaster—belonging, indeed, to the Hundred of Lonsdale, one of the divisions of that county; but the barony of Westmoreland,[29] frequently called the barony of Appleby and the Bottom of Westmoreland, and which went with the countship of Cumberland, was an independent division altogether, and belonged to quite another family. Both barony and countship were granted by the Conqueror to Ranulph de Meschines, from whom they descended to Hugh de Morville, one of the assassinators of A'Becket; and then the estates became divided, part going with Hugh's sister, Maud, into the family of the de Veteriponts (Maud's Meaburn is a manor to this day), and the castle of Appleby passing into the custody of Gospatric the son of Orme (one of the Tailbois race), when Henry was compelled to chastise those who had translated his wishes but too faithfully before the altar of Canterbury church. The family estates came back in John's time to Maud's son, old Roger de Morville's grandson, though a de Veteripont; and then, in three generations, passed by marriage to Roger de Clifford, the source of a long and illustrious line. Among them, the eighth of his name, was the Black Clifford, he who slew that "fayre gentleman, and maydenly person," the young[30] Earl of Rutland,

[27] The first potatoes grown in England were raised in Lancashire, and it is still famous for them; Lancashire coal is spoken of as used in 1260, *temp.* Henry III.—again in the wars of Edward I. against Scotland, during the king's march from Preston through Carlisle, against "Robertus de Brus;" and the finest wheat in Lancashire is grown by Miteside.

[28] In the time of the Heptarchy, Westmoreland—"The land of the Western Lakes"—was part of the kingdom of Northumberland, like Lancashire, and when Edward the Confessor divided Northumberland into six shires, one was called "Appelbishire—to which appertained the land of Westmerland." In still earlier times it seems to have been an independency, for when Edgar summoned his vassals to Chester, we find among the kings who rowed his barge on the Dee, "the king of Westmere."

[29] The unmarried widow in this barony retained her husband's land, which was a marvellous privilege in those days.

[30] There is some obscurity as to the young earl's age, some making him to be between seventeen and eighteen, others only twelve, or indeed scarce that. He was being taken out of the battle (of Wakefield) by his chaplain and some others, when Black Clifford's band surrounded him before he reached the town, and "by reason of his apparell," seeing him

not in the passion of the fight, for the battle was to the side, but of mere personal, or rather family revenge; and there was his son, Henry the Shepherd Lord, whom Wordsworth has celebrated in his poem, and who was so long concealed among the dales and fells of Cumberland, for fear of the Yorkists, then in the ascendant. But Sir Launcelot Threlkeld, his stepfather, and a good Christian gentleman, preserved him to his rights, and when Henry VII. came to the throne, the Shepherd Lord—the good Lord Clifford—came also to his own. His son was Henry, the first Earl of Cumberland, President of the northern parts, and oftentimes Lord Warden of the Marches—a gallant soldier and a gay courtier, the friend of Henry VIII., when Henry VIII. was young and unspotted with blood, and the especial foe of his gentle old father, whose simple tastes (perhaps, too, somewhat clownish habits for a gay courtier's father), ill agreed with his own. His second marriage with Mrs. Florence Pudsey, our mighty Earl of Cumberland could never forgive. A gentler Clifford was the earl's son, the alchemist, the distiller of waters, and the scholar, he who so narrowly escaped being buried alive when he fell into a trance for grief at the death of his wife, Eleanor Brandon, daughter of Charles Duke of Suffolk and the Queen of France; and a more noted than them all, was his grand-daughter Anne, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery, and half a score titles beside, who "knew well how to discourse of all things, from predestination to slea silk," and who lost none of her natural advantages by over diffidence in setting them forth. Truly, a great and well endowed lady; beautiful, intellectual, orderly, and high hearted, uniting in herself the best characteristics of her race, in its courage on the one side, and its love of literature on the other. From her the estates passed to the Tufton family, where they are to this hour.

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to be no common person, demanded who he was. "The young gentleman, dismayde, had not a word to speake, but kneeled on his knees, cravying mercy and desiring grace, both with holdying up his hands and making a dolorous countenance, for his speach was gone for fear. 'Save him,' said his chapleyn, 'for he is a prince's sonne, and peradventure may do you good hereafter.' With that worde, the Lord Clifford marked him, and sayde, 'By God's blood; thy father slew mine, and so will I do thee, and all thy kinne!' and with that word strake the erle to the hart with his dagger, and bad his chapleyn beare the erle's mother and brother worde what he had done and sayde. In this act, the Lord Clifforde was accoumpted a tyrant and no gentleman"—*Beauties of Westmoreland*, quoting either Pembroke MS., or Austin Vincent's Nobility—it is not very clear which.

The estates and fees belonging to the Barony of Kendal have not been kept so well together. In the seventh generation after Ivo Tailbois they were divided, and after then divided again, part, the Marquis Fee, going into the family of the Parrs, whereof Catherine, Henry's wife, was one, and part dwindling off into many small side-ways; but of later generations some becoming united again in the Lowther property, where they are still held under a lease, renewable, from the crown. There were no other very exalted names or honours belonging to the county, though singularly rich in old families and estates long retained in the same holding, and names of second-class historic interest, but nothing of so much county importance, however great the local, as to need special recording as matter of history.

The great military tenure of Westmoreland was by "homage,[31] fealty, and cornage, which last drew after it wardship,[32] marriage, and relief, and the service of this tenure was knight's service." Cornage seems to have been peculiar to the border service against the Scots, and was commuted to a money fine in later times: cornage, horngeld, and noutegeld (cow-tax), being all the same thing—an annual payment of certain horned beasts for the maintenance of the garrisons in the border castles. The tenants who held by cornage were bound to be always ready to serve the king and the lord of the manor upon horseback or on foot at their own charge; and when the king marched into Scotland they were in the van, and when he marched out again they were in the rear; which speaks something for the

[31] In the old days of homage, the tenant "bared of head, unsworded, and kneeling on his two knees," his hands held out and clasped between his lord's, said, "I become your man from this day forward of life, and limb, and earthly honour, and unto you will be true and faithful, and faith unto you will bear for the tenements that I claim to hold of you, saving the faith that I owe to our sovereign lord the king." And then the lord so sitting was to kiss his man, by which kiss he was bound to be his vassal for ever.

[32] In wardship the consent of the superior lord was requisite for the marriage of a female vassal, and this power was distorted into the right of disposing of the ward in marriage. When the king or lord was in want of money, it was by no means unusual to put up the wards to a kind of auction—wife and land to the highest bidder: husband and land, in the case of a male ward. If the ward refused to fulfil the marriage so made, then a sum was due from the estates equal to what they would have fetched. This was a frightful source of abuse, and only got rid of by the famous statute of Charles II., abolishing the Court of Wards and Liveries.

valour of the brave mountaineers. "Scutage," or shield money—redemption of the service of the shield—was another form of compensation for personal service against the Scots.'

The drengage tenure, which prevailed about Brougham and Clifton, as well as in some parts of Northumberland, was horribly servile. "They seem to have been drudges to perform the most laborious and servile offices," says Dr. Burn, and he shows that Sir Hugh de Morvile in Westmoreland changed drengage into free service, and that Gilbert de Brougham gave one half of the village of Brougham to Robert de Veteripont to make the other half free of drengage. One of the de Threlkelds also, who lived at Yanwath Hall in the time of Edward I., relieved his tenants at Threlkeld of servile burdens at fourpence a head. The services were half a draught for one day's ploughing; one day's mowing; one of shearing; one of clipping; one of salving sheep; one carriage load in two years, not to go above ten miles; to dig and load two loads of peat every year—the tenants to have their crowdy while they worked; the cottagers the same, only they found a horse and harrow instead of the half plough, and a footman's load not a carriage load. A knight's fee was valued at about twenty pounds, and the lord's rent was called white money or white rent. Westmoreland paid subsidies, as well as border service and fines, and always came handsomely to the front whenever men or money was demanded. "Taking all the taxes together," says one writer, "we shall find that this county paid more to government, in proportion to its inhabitants, than any other county in the kingdom." From a return of horsemen and footmen made for Westmoreland and Cumberland during the Border wars (1584), out of eight thousand three hundred and fifty men jointly raised, Westmoreland gave four thousand one hundred and forty-two; one thousand four hundred "archers furnished," and one thousand three hundred "billmen furnished," which was not a bad proportion for the Land of the Heights.

More fortresses and castles than churches or monasteries belonged to the old time of Westmoreland. At the date of the Domesday Book, Kendal and Lonsdale were the only places that had churches at all, and when the religious houses were suppressed, the commissioners were not overweighted with a superfluity of work here. There was certainly one of

some note, Vallis Magdalenæ de Heppe—Shap or Heppe[33] Abbey—the Briar-fruit abbey—founded by Thomas, son of Gospatric, for the Præmonstratensian canons of Preston in Kendal, and dedicated by him to God and St. Mary Magdalene.[34] He endowed them liberally, and allowed them freely. "The monks of Shap had what wood they liked, and all the bark that fell, and toll, free grinding at the lord's mills, and pasture about Swindale for twenty mares, sixty cows, and five hundred sheep." At the time of the dissolution the rated value was 154*l.* 7*s.* 7½*d.* only.

But the great political life of the county, and the artery through which flowed all its passions, was the Border Wars—its objects of supreme hatred, as with Cumberland, Scotland and the Scots. Even to this day they are not well regarded by the people—meaning by that the uneducated; and a "Scotch body," like an "Irish body," is a term with as much contempt as geography in it. The boy's version of the southern lad's French and English is here Scotch and English—a small raid of miniature moss-troopers, where the clothes of the combatants, called the "wed," represent the gear to be lifted; and the opening of the sport—"an Englisher" putting his foot over the boundary line, with "here's a leg in thy land, dry bellied Scot"—is an insult and an incursion over the border. But all these local habits and traditions are fast fading away now, and Westmoreland is no longer the half savage wild that writers, less than a hundred

[33] "And sweete as is the bramble flour
That bereth the red hepe."
CHAUCER'S *Rime of Sire Thopas.*

[34] Other writers say, given to God and St. Mary de Bellalanda, or to the Abbey of Byland, in Yorkshire. At Shap Thorn were once some beautiful Druidical remains—large granite stones, which were recklessly blasted, and taken away for any kind of use the neighbours might wish to put them to—for boring into millstones, or building foundations. "Would make beautiful chimney-pieces," say Nicholson and Burn. The rough little hamlet of Wet Sleddale—where the popular belief is that it always rains, as perhaps it does—had an uncomfortable half hour in 1360, when the bishop commanded the rural dean and various vicars of the various churches to excommunicate the people for violently breaking into the house and grange of the Abbot of Heap. At High Mass, when the greatest numbers would be assembled, candles were to be lighted, and bells rung, and with bell, book, and candle, all the misdoers were to be excommunicated, which method would surely catch some among the congregation, even though they did, as Fuller said of the moss troopers, "come to church as seldome as the 29th of February comes into the kalendar."

years ago, declared it was, with manners too gross to be witnessed, living too coarse to be endured, "a country full of infertile places, which the northern Englishmen call moors,"[35] a climate unbearable because of its severity, and prejudices too dense for the hope of enlightenment, present or to come. Since 1752, when a bill was obtained for making a road from Burton, through Kendal and Shap, to Eamont Bridge (never, until the rebellion of 1715, when there was good fighting between the two parties in these northern wilds, had government thought of highways here at all); since 1774, when the first stage-coach, the Fly, was put on the road, to run between London and Glasgow, over Stanemore; since the first mail was set on the Kendal and Shap road in 1786; since those times, and even since periods much nearer to our own, what an immeasurable change of manners and customs, and habits and thoughts, has taken place. Grand hotels, first-class lodging-houses, sumptuous fare, and fashionable clothing, assimilate the rugged land of the hill and fell to the most fashionable watering-place within the reach of London. "Nubila Westmoreland—Saxosa et misera poor land," said a rhyming collegian with more love of luxury than of beauty in his young head; but none save the veriest Cockney, who calls Hampstead "a wild place," would echo his opinion now; while the doubt, gravely expressed so late as 1814, whether Bishop Watson's new plantations of oak and elm and sycamore, and other fair-growing forest trees at Calgarth, would ever survive the inclemency of the seasons, and whether hardy fir and larch were not the only trees that would thrive in this bleak valley of the Winandermere at all, reads strangely now, under the shadow of woods, luxuriant beyond ordinary course. Yet even old Fuller could see no charm in this, one of the loveliest and choicest spots of God's dear earth. Speaking of "Westmerland," he says, "Here is cold comfort from Nature, but somewhat of Warmth from Industry. That the Land is barren is God's Pleasure, the People painfull, their Praise. . . . Though sterile by general rule, it is fruitfull by some few exceptions, having some pleasant Vales. . . . much of Eden (running clean through it) yet—little of Delight!" If Fuller had written in 1864, when nature was better understood and more intelligently loved, he would

[35] Speed's Theatre, representing the exact geography of 1676.

have given a different verdict—a verdict as loving and as full of appreciation as our own!

Brave and bonny Cumberland, wedged[36] up against the frontier line of Scotland, had even more to do with the Border service than her more southward sister. Her whole life was centered in the struggle for ever going on between herself and those wild moss troopers and rievers across the Border; and all her energies were needed to keep them in anything like check. Once, led by Robert de Brus, they came trooping down as far as Furness, firing and slaying and lifting all before them; and once again they swept like a cloud of locusts through the land, till they halted at the Abbey of Holme Cultram, which they plundered, when they departed, replenished, with sacrilege as well as murder on their souls. To Gilsland and Penrith was but a short day's raid, and a frequent; to Derwent Fells and Alston Moor almost as frequent; Inglewood Forest they made their constant hunting-ground; and once (the Earl of Douglas heading the raid) they swarmed down upon Penrith in fair time, and lifted a king's ransom as their reward. So that poor Cumberland had enough to do to hold her own, and found the defence of industry by valour a hard and heavy lesson. The result being a larger amount of individualism,[37] and less attention to rules and law than with most English counties.

Kumbraland, as she is called in the old map to Thorkelin's Fragments—or Caerleylshire, from the capital Caerleyl, in certain other old writers—was never famous for amenity of manners, but never infamous for cowardice or

[36] Speed says, "The forme of this countie is long and narrow, pointing wedge-like into the south, which part is altogether pictured with copped hills, and therefore hath the name of *Copland*. The middle is more level and better inhabited, yielding sufficient for the sustenance of man; but the north is wild and solitairie, and *combed* with hilles, as *Copland* is. The air is piercing, and of a sharp temperature, and would be more biting, were it not that these high hilles brake off the northern stormes and cold falling snowes. Notwithstanding, rich is this province, and with great varieties of commodities is replenished; the hilles, though rough, yet smile upon their beholders, spread with sheep and cattle, the vallies stored with grasse and corne sufficiente, the sea affordeth great store of fish, and the land is overspread with great varietie of fowl."

[37] This is seen, as one example, in the immense variety of landed tenures in use among the Cumbrians, until a little more uniformity was introduced by Act 12 Charles II.—that is, by the Commonwealth; but even now there is diversity enough, and a great deal of local law and usage afloat. By the way, Blackstone says that copyholders are only villeins improved.

want of manhood. Even in the time of the Heptarchy she seems to have been rather a self-annexing province of Northumberland, governed by her own people and in her own way, than a conquered county held by force or fear. Else how do we hear of the kings of the county? and what is the meaning of the story of poor Dunmail? and the grant by Edmund, son of Athelstane, of all our fells and lakes and mountains and morasses to Malcolm the Scottish king, on condition that he protected the North of England generally, against all Edmund's enemies, both by sea and land?—a grant that led to nothing but bloodshed and confusion between England and Scotland, and wars unceasing, and boundary lines never fixed, and rights by no possible means to be decided, until William the Conqueror took the county to himself, and bestowed it on Ranulph de Meschines, with the Border Service to follow. It was not likely that the Scotch king[38] who laid claim to the county as his right would submit quietly to this. He entered the land and ravaged it, burning and slaying in the wild wilful sinfulness of those days; but William Rufus came sweeping down at the head of his men—obliged though to sweep back again, because "they could not bear the severity of the seasons,"—doing little good in his attempt, beyond that of rebuilding Carlisle, which had fallen into ruins, and settling a few agricultural soldiers on the land, which, since the time of the Romans, "had

[38] The following is a summary from the Scottish side of the history of Cumberland. During the heptarchy, part of Northumberland was invaded by the Danes, in the reign of Ethelred, at the end of the eighth century, and thoroughly conquered in 875, by Halfdin the Dane, when Carlisle was most probably destroyed. The Scottish King Gregory, in 876, helped the Northumbrians to expel the Danes, but the Britons, quarrelling with their benefactor, invaded Scotland, were defeated, and as terms of peace ceded Cumberland and Westmoreland to Gregory, and retired to Wales, about 880. Cumberland, in rebellion against Scotland, set up a king of its own, Dunmaile. Edward, son of Athelstane (945) laid waste the country, put out the eyes of Dunmaile's two sons, and restored Cumberland to Malcolm. 1001, Ethelred invaded Cumberland, because Malcolm, its prince, son of King Kenneth (the Scottish king's eldest son was Prince of Cumberland, as ours is Prince of Wales) had not paid his quota of tribute to the Danes; Canute confirmed the county to the Scot on condition of homage, agreed to by Duncan, "gracious Duncan," after a struggle; and young Malcolm, after Duncan's murder by Macbeth, took refuge in his own principality, Edward the Confessor gave it to Seward, Earl of Northumberland, and William the Conqueror, offended at Scottish hospitality to Saxon refugees, took the county into his own hands, and made a grant of it to Ranulph de Meschines, our old friend of Westmoreland.—Lyson's *Magna Britannia.*

never had a ploughshare through it." When Henry III. came to the throne, Scotland demanded back her counties, and Henry, to put off a demand for the moment inconvenient, gave as much land as was worth 200*l.* about Penrith and Sowerby; but took it back again directly, and the Border wars went on, as they had been going on for centuries before.

It was Edward I. that put the Border service into its first reasonable shape. He made Lord Robert de Clifford (1296) first Lord Warden of the Marshes, with full power to execute summary vengeance strict and stern on all offenders. That terrible but needful law of "hot trod" was a mutual convention between the peaceable parts of the two kingdoms; the permission of pursuit for six days, into the opposite realm, of all moss troopers, rievers, black mailsmen, thieves, and other offenders, with horn and hound, with hue and cry, hunting them with blood hounds, the sleuth or slough dogs trained and kept for that purpose. But it was not till the time of Queen Anne that these border violences died finally away, for all that there had been a common king for three generations before her. Great names,[39] though, are associated with those lawless times. The Grahams, the Howards, and the Dacres, Musgrave and Featherstonhaugh, even Richard Coldale, or Dick o' the Cow, that border guerilla and partisan of Lord Scroop of Greystoke, so dreaded by all naughty children, but lying peacefully now in Penrith church;

[39] Fuller's *Worthies* grants but few notabilities to our lake land. Of saints we have but "Herebert, Priest and Confessor," and Saint Abricke, belonging to Carlisle, whose soul another hermit saw "ascend to heaven" as it were in a spherical form of a burning wind, "but we listen unto it as unto wind." He was of very little value anyhow, for he "did not more macerate himself with constant fasting than time since hath consumed his memory, which hath reduced it to nothing more than the *scelleton* of his *name*, without any historical passages of *flesh* to *fill* up the same." Of martyrs in Queen Mary's time none; because of our being "mezzell'd in ignorance and superstition;" of worthies, only Edmund Grindall, of St. Bees, Sir Richard Hutton, "born at Penrith, of a worshipful family," and called by Charles "the honest judge," "Sir John Banks, of Keswick, another judge in Charles' time; and John Skelton, the ribald poet—king's orator, and poet laureate to Henry VIII., called by Erasmus, Britannicarum Literarum Lumen et Decus. "Indeed he had *Scholarship* enough, and *Wit* too much; seeing one saith truly of him, Ejus sermo salsus in mordacem, risus in opprobrium, jocus in amaritudinem. Yet was his satyrical wit unhappy to light on three *Noli me tangere's:* viz., the *rod* of a *schoolmaster*, the *cowls* of *Friars*, and the *cap* of a *Cardinal:*" the schoolmaster Lilley, the Dominican Friars, and Cardinal Wolsey. Abbot Islip protected him in Westminster sanctuary, where he died, June 21, 1529. And these are all the old author and philosopher allows us.

Naworth and Corby and Netherby,[40] Lyddal[41] and Greystoke, they are all like snatches of border song in their very sound; and who cannot realize a whole volume of rude poetry in such names as Clym o' the Clough, and Wyllyam of Cloudesle?

Part of the Border service consisted in the firing of beacons[42] at certain places, when the tenants were obliged to attend their lord for forty days against the Scots at their own expense; some holding by nag tenements (the Manor of Bewcastle was all held by nag tenement), obliged to furnish a certain number of horses, or themselves to attend on horseback; others by foot tenement, which involved only footmen or individual personal service, as the value of the holding might require.

Many a castle rose on Cumberland ground, strong and sturdy, if not rich and ornamented;[43] bonny Carlisle, Naworth and Dacre and Brougham,

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[40] About two miles from Netherby, is a strong entrenchment, called *Liddal's Strength*, or the *Mote*, on a lofty and steep cliff, commanding a vast extent of country. At one end is a high mount; in the middle is the foundation of a square building. On the weakest side it is strongly entrenched, having a sort of half moon before it, with a vast foss; its form is circular. "This," says Leland, "was the moted place of a gentilman cawled Syr Walter Seleby, the which was kylled there, and the place destroyed yn King Edward the Thyrde time, when the Scottes went to Dyrham." It was taken by storm by David the Second, who caused the two sons of Sir Walter to be strangled before their father's face, and then commanded their parent to be beheaded. Netherby was also a Roman station, by name Castra Exploratorum.

[41] The Barony of Lyddal was given by Ranulph de Meschines to his dependant Turgent Brundey, part of Arthuret going with it.

[42] The beacons stations in Cumberland were Black Combe, Bootle, Muncaster Fell, St. Bees Head, Workington Hill, Moothay, Skiddaw, Sandal Top, Carlisle Castle, Lingy-Close Head, Beacon Hill, Penrith, Dale Raughton, Brampton Mote, and Spade Adam Top. In Westmoreland, they were Stanemore Top, Orton Scar, Farleton Knot, Whinfell Fell, and Hard Knot. Orton Scar is famous for dottrels, and all manner of wild fowl, and has a tarn—Sunbiggin Tarn—full of char and trout.

[43] "This county pretendeth not to the mode of *Reformed Architecture*, the vicinity of the Scots causing them to build rather for *strength* than *state*. The Cathedral of Carlisle may pass for the emblem of the *Militant Church*, *black*, but *comely*, still bearing in the complexion thereof the remaining signs of its former *burning*. Rose Castle, the Bishop's best Seat, hath lately the *Rose* therein *withered*, and the *prickles*, in the ruins thereof, only remain. The houses of the Nobility and Gentry are generally built *Castle-wise;* and in the time of the Romans, this country (because a *Limitary*) did abound with Fortifications; Mr. Camden taking notice of more *Antiquities* in Cumberland and Westmoreland, than in all England beside."—FULLER'S *Worthies*.

Penrith and Corby, and Cockermouth, Rose, and the fortress of Kirkoswald,[44] and many more, if *strength of wall and wealth of arms might be held to* constitute a stronghold; but if there were *castles for the defence of bodies*, there were prayer-houses for the *salvation of souls, and when the dissolution* of the religious houses was ordained, *Cumberland had not a few in the list.* There was Wetheral Priory, *founded by Ranulph de Meschines for the* Benedictines, or Black monks; annual value in 1539, 130*l.*; and the Nunnery, for the Benedictine nuns, which William Rufus founded, and which, at the time of the dissolution, held one prioress and three nuns, and its rent-roll was but a poor eighteen guineas yearly; and there was Skelwith Abbey, belonging to the Knights Templars; and Abbey Holm, or Holme Cultram, a Cistercian monastery of the yearly value of 537*l.* 3*s.* 7*d.* This was the monastery where the chancel of the chapel was burnt by means of a jackdaw's nest. And there was Calder Abbey, which Ranulph de Meschines also founded, worth 64*l.* 3*s.* 9*d.*; and Lanercost Priory, an Augustine monastery, worth 79*l.* 19*s.*; and the episcopal chapter of St. Austin, at Carlisle, the only one of its order in England, worth 513*l.*; and the priory of the same, worth 418*l.*, and rich in relics, having a bone of St. Peter, and another of St. John the Baptist, two stones from the Blessed Sepulchre, and a bit of the Holy Cross, for the edification of true believers.

Ah! but better gifts than these has old Cumberland!—the gift of loveliness girt with power, of health on its moors, of freedom on its hills; the gift of bravery and of manhood, of beauty and of strength, of self-respect which knows nothing of servility, of justice that is honest though not lavish, of truth that is straight if not smooth—GOD's better gifts than monkish relics to the men and women of the lakes and mountains—to the dwellers in the loveliest homes of England!

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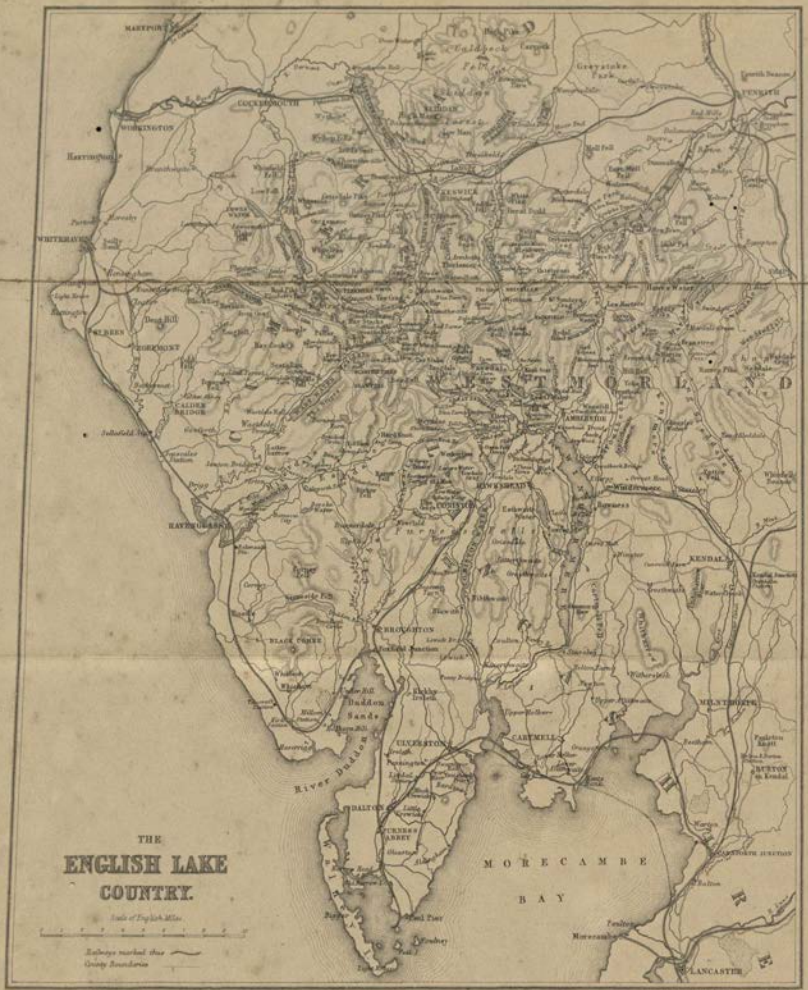
[44] The weapon with which Hugh de Morville slew, or rather helped to slay, Thomas A'Becket, was long preserved as a precious relic in the fortress of Kirk-Oswald; which does not look much like the assassin's remorse.



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THE LAKE COUNTRY

WINDERMERE

CHAPTER I

One of the most noticeable features of the lake district is the broad tract of poor land which lies like a way of separation between the loveliness hidden behind the hills, and the more generous beauty of the plains. If you trace on the map the boundaries of this district, rarely will you find the mountains flowing down into richness and fertility on the outer side, but generally subsiding into barren moors and impracticable fells: generally, though not always, this broad way of desolation between the grandeur of the hills,

with the heart of loveliness within, and the generosity of the plains. And so it is that from Lancaster, which may be taken as the gateway of the lake district, the country has been gradually getting more rugged and less populous as it runs up towards the mountains. Past Oxenholme and Kendal[1] the only human habitations are scattered fell-side hamlets, bleak and bare, where one wonders what the people find to do, and how they live, and what their pleasures and emotions, and what their special uses to the world at large. The land is poor, with stones lying thick among the young crops and over the coarse grass; the railway cuttings cleave clean through the solid rock; bare stone walls, instead of hedges, mark the boundaries of the fields and properties; streams as bright as crystal, but streams with no fertility in them—mere brawling expressions of the waste and wet of the place—break in all directions over beds of rock and pebble; the country on either side gets wilder and rougher, the houses fewer and of still poorer character, the masses of yellow broom and golden gorse and trailing wealth of briar yet more lovely in their contrast with the grey boulders breaking out through the green grass, but yet more eloquent of the poverty they adorn; the crags and fells are steeper, more jagged, and more inhospitable; till, as you steam rapidly on, the dim blue outlines,

[1] The lake country may be entered by the traveller from the south, either at Carnforth, taking the branch line from Ulverston, on the other side of Morecambe Bay, to Coniston; or at Oxenholme Junction, for Kendal and Windermere. The latter is, perhaps, the better way, as Windermere, being the largest and therefore the most important of the lakes, claims priority of notice; and also, because of its tamer character, ought to be seen before the wilder and more romantic. Before railway times, travellers generally went across the sands at the head of Morecambe Bay, which Wordsworth told Mrs. Hemans he thought the finest entrance. Leland, in his *Laboriouse Journey and Searche for England's Antiquities—Geven of hym as a New Yeare's Gyfte to King Henry VIII.*, says: "If I had kept the by Shore Way from *Lancastre* to *Cumbreland*, I should have gone by *Cartemaile* Sand, wher a fresch Water doth cum a vii Myles; to *Conyhed* Sande, whither a River resortith, a viij Miles; to Dudden Sandes, wither a River resortith a iiii Miles; Furnis Abbay up in the Mountaines a iiii Miles off. A ii Mile from *Lancastre* the Cunteri began to be stony, and a little to wax Montainious."

first seen like darker clouds in the distance across the glistening breadth of Morecambe Bay, and which you have been watching lovingly since you left Kendal behind you, assume definite form and stability, and soon you recognize Wetherlam and Coniston Old Man—others coming out from the clouds and unfolding themselves in turn as you rush on. And now the sunlight catches the surface of a small shining tract far to the left; in half a minute more, you see another shining glimpse under the wooded banks of Heald Brow; and then you draw breath at the station, full in the narrow valley, and WINDERMERE, the first of the lakes, lies like a dream of Eden at your feet.

Say that it is a May morning when you stand on the green height just above the Elleray Woods; where, being so close to the hotel, as well as giving one of the best views of the lake, you, like all visitors, make your initiatory walk. The early mists are hanging in slender wreaths about Heald Brow and through the Calgarth Woods, rising up in rounder and more cloudlike forms from the lake which they leave calm and black below, and heaped in broken masses all along the glorious line made by the Old Man and Wetherlam, Crinkle Crags, Bowfell, and the Pikes, up to the denser cluster behind Ambleside. But though it is the middle of May, the spring you left behind in London fully matured you find here shy and tender and undeveloped. The oaks are mere sprinklings of golden beads threaded through with their darker stems; the ash is unclothed, with naked branches bare as in winter; but the mountain-ash—the quicken or rowan—has put out leaves and flowers both, and is as rich in scent and blossom as the dogwood, or the bird-cherry, or the flowery spikes of the laurel growing everywhere so luxuriantly. The copper beeches are brave in their first flush of crimson or more sullen purple, and the golden fringe of the Scotch fir is as beautiful as if the tree hung laden with flowers; the spruce-fir is reddened with the tender blush of its young cones, and the hawthorn, which is just beginning to blossom, is reddened too, as if its stems and leaf-veins were quickened with crimson blood.

Among all this richness of colour the cold grey-green of the willow looks wan and ghastly, and the heavy gloom of the yew-trees, of the junipers and the hollies, becomes black by force of contrast; but the drooping plumes of the larch, and the dainty leaflets of the silver birch, the full green and rounded symmetry of the sycamores, and the golden bursts of broom among the young elms and hazels, tell with increased force; and not even in the gorgeous autumn are the lake-side woods so full of beauty as they are in the fresh young spring—never do they so gloriously enframe that long blue line of water lying between them,—"wooded Winandermere, the river-lake." For this is the characteristic of Windermere:—its narrow length filling up the valley, and leaving little margin between it and the feet of the fells; so that, for the most part, it is feathered with wood down to its brink, and only at its head, where the Rydal Valley begins, are there broad spaces of cultivated ground, or level fields for grass and corn.

But now you must come down from your breezy height, where the air blows fresh and strong, full of sweet wood-scents, and with a power of manhood in it, of health and vigour, only to be had from mountain air; and, leaving the walls fencing in a higher head—the tufts of primroses among the roots of the trees—the shining tract studded with islands and broken by promontories below—and the everlasting hills above and around—you wind through the Elleray Woods again; passing by the small, low cottage where Professor Wilson first lived, and which is now half hidden by a grand old sycamore; then by his later and more sightly, if less picturesque, home; and on by trim, home-kept, shrubbery paths, to the high road and the grey, half-Swiss, half-Elizabethan, houses in and about the new village of Windermere.

Here everything is modern, wealthy, and well adapted. Natural advantages are made the most of, and natural beauties respected; becoming

sites are chosen for mansions fitted for people of deep purses and liberal education; a fine old tree is left standing, perhaps even fenced round with rustic palings, if it accords well with the newer building; a rough ledge of rock is incorporated into the garden wall; and wild flowers are sedulously planted on gate-post toppings, on wall copings, and against garden boundaries, to give an air of country-bred simplicity to the whole;—but it is all a wildness creditably laid out—nature under the tuition of a landscape gardener, smoothed and combed and daintily trimmed—Wordsworth's mountain child with a perpetual Sunday frock on, and curls newly taken out of paper.

Bowness,[2] which all writers agree to call the "port of Windermere,"[3] is

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[2] Called Bulness (Bull's Nose or Promontory) so late as 1814. Gilpin speaks of it rather grandly as "the great mart for fish and charcoal," "its harbour crowded with vessels of various kinds." It was to this same Windermere, or Wonwaldremere, according to the *Melrose Chronicle*, that "Ethred, King of the Northerns, in the year 792, convoyed Elf and Edwin, the sons of King Elfwold, prisoners from York, and assassinated them."

[3] There were some strange misapprehensions of this lake in old time. Camden, quoted by Corry, speaks of it as "paved with one continued rock," whereas the bottom is for the most part soft mud, save just across the head, where was the supposed Roman harbour for the camp: and as "wonderfully deep or unfathomable, as the neighbouring inhabitants informed me"—its greatest depth being not quite forty fathoms; but he speaks truly, even for this day, when saying that it is "abounding with chare, a golden Alpine trout." These char—the speciality of our lakes—"are of two sorts, called by some, from their colour, the *silver* and the *golden* char, and, by others, from a supposed anomaly that each breeding fish only spawns once in two years, the *case* char and the *gilt* char, the latter being thought the same as the silver char, and only retaining its name for the year that it is barren: it is accounted the most delicious, and is baked and sent in pots to London. A Winandermere char 'is near twice the size of a herring. Its back is of an olive green, its belly of a light vermilion, softening in some parts into white, and changing into a deep red at the injection of the fins.' The fishery of the lake is divided into three cables, as they were called in Machel's time—but now cubbles. The first, or high cable, reaches from the Waterhead to the char bed half a mile above Calgarth; the middle, from thence to below the ferry; and the low cable, from below the ferry to Newby Bridge. In each cubble are four fisheries. The rector has a right to a pleasure boat, and so much a boat in lieu of his tithe fish."—*Beauties of Westmoreland*, and some others.

simpler and more old-fashioned; and, beyond Bowness again, over Cartmell Fells towards Newby Bridge, nature is left natural, and habitations are made picturesque by accident—by the loving grace of growing wood and crumbling crag, and not by the scholarly tuition of a landscape gardener understanding the rules of art. The road from Bowness to Ambleside is one of the most beautiful in the neighbourhood; but there is nothing in the little village itself to call for much attention, excepting first,—the old weather-stained church, with its shabby-looking cottage-like aisle windows, and its chancel panes of painted glass from Furness, its prelatic tomb, more unpretending than many a city shopman's, its belt of yews, and primitive lych-gate; next, on the way to the Ferry Nab, the old parsonage—the very ideal of a parsonage—with its chimnied porch overgrown with ivy and large enough for a village assembly to be held in it; and, last, the breezy point of the Ferry Nab itself, with its ghost story of the Crier of Claife in the quarry behind, and its beautiful panorama all round.

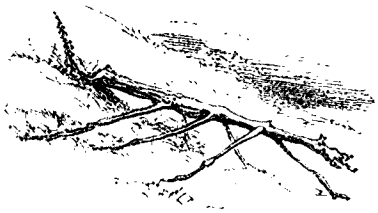
Here, if you want to cross, you stand and call a boat, which comes to you from the ferry-house opposite; meanwhile you may, if you are fortunate, catch a glimpse of some rare bird skimming over the water, or fluttering uneasily through the woods; or you may sketch the beauty of that little islet of Crow Holm, which is now a mere golden boss like a gigantic tuft of moss on the water; or you may admire the sycamores and snow-white cherry-trees behind the ferry-house; or you may wander back a little way on the ferny road to Kendal—for the ferry is part of the highway between Kendal and Hawkshead—and jot down studies of rustic gates and stiles, and note the constantly recurring effect of the line of grey stone wall against the golden green of the woods. For the lake livery in the spring-time is gold and grey; the gold of the young oaks and the moss and the broom and the Scotch fir-shoots; and the grey of the stone houses, the stone walls, the boulders and great rocks bared against the green, the blue-grey hills, and the soft grey clouds above them all. Or else you may watch the steep road that goes up to Sawrey, over the shoulder of Heald Brow opposite, winding through walls and flowery

hedges till it is lost between the hill and the sky; or learn by heart the names and aspects of the mountains clustered in increasing grandeur at the head across that restless span of blue—ever topped by the Pikes which, in the misty mornings, look like two handfulls of unsubstantial dust heaped up against the sky. Or you can turn your face to the foot of the lake, and see how the hills slide off into mere slopes and fells, till finally they slide away into railroads and plains and market-gardens and the lower existence of the midlands, down to the roar and the tumult of the cities of the south. And when you have done this, turn back again and thank God that you are breathing mountain air, and that the waves of a north-country lake are at your feet. If you want no ferry-boat, fill your hands with globe-flowers and marsh-marigolds, and then go back through the woods and the fields and the village, and by the Lower-road to Ambleside.

Your way lies between stone walls golden-brown with moss, the earth coping besprinkled with its auburn-coloured filaments and the pale mountain speedwell, and the base bestarred with stitchwort and blue bird's-eye, the yellow pimpernel and the deep pink flowerets of the wild geranium. To the left lies the lake, and beyond it rise the blue tops of the higher mountains; Wetherlam and Bowfell heading the lower sweep of Heald Brow; with changing vistas of yet more distant hills caught as the road winds on. Mountain streams set in a broad margin of wild garlic—"ramps," as it is called here—so dainty to see and so evil to touch, rush through the wood on your right; the close-growing small-leaved ivy clothes the walls and tree-stems with a mantle of green; arcades of beeches overhang the road; on either side are woods with oak and pine and the waving larch, black firs, flowering garden bushes, and sycamores of the true emerald green; stone steps and walks, as in a private park, lead through groves and fields, making short cuts to houses on the upper road; the trees are fountains of sound with the rustling of the leaves and the varied song of the birds; here the round head and back of a green knoll hides all the view—there the mountains are caught in broken outline and the water glances like silver through the fretwork of the

leaves and stems; and now a full burst of lake and hill breaks across a level meadow dotted with milk-white lambs just yeaned, where a singing little brook winds its way through the grass to the great water. And so over Millar Brow and on towards Ambleside.

By a wayside publichouse, where an old fir stretches its branches across the road and where a cottage, with high steps leading up to the door and twin chimneys covered with ivy, of which a trailing wreath swings to and fro in the wind, makes a pretty sketch for an artist's album, you hear the sound of water. Turn into a field at the left, clamber over a stone wall into a pleasant copse, and you will find yourself by the side of the river which comes down from Troutbeck Valley: the Troutbeck all above that long low-spanned bridge, but the Calgarth river below, and till it runs into the lake. They are felling and barking some of the young saplings in the copse, and these have fallen into strange shapes—their white limbs branching out like stags' antlers, though some of them are more like ante-diluvian monsters, pterodactyles and bony beasts with multitudinous legs; but the smell of the bark is full of aromatic freshness, and you can sketch the poor naked monsters pleasantly. For there is an old tree with a moss-covered seat in the parted root, where you may



TROUTBECK BRIDGE

sit for a long summer's hour looking at the branches dipping into the stream, and the mayflies flitting on the water, and the shy fish, so full of mystery and haste, gliding among the stones, and the water rippling about the rocks; watching the restless waves with that infinite yearning—it may be with those infinite memories and regrets—which the flow of a river always creates.

Returning to the highway the ground becomes more undulating, and belts of trees follow the undulations. Stone is quarried out of the road-side for road mending, and parish paupers sit hammering at the granite piled in heaps by the way. A castle, a hideous modern sham, is seen on the fell across the lake, disfiguring the height (Low Wray) on which it stands; the Calgarth Woods, (in old deeds, the Calfgarth Woods,) planted by Bishop Watson, the Bishop of Llandaff—he whose plain, flat tombstone is in Bowness churchyard—continue on the left; pleasant turns are in the road, and the scenery becomes wilder and yet more beautiful. In front stands Wansfell Pike by which a steep road leads up to Troutbeck Valley; and immediately beyond is Low-wood. But before you halt there, go up that steep Troutbeck road to the right, to get a better view of the lake—the view given at the head of the chapter. The first mountain to the left, half hidden by the trees, is Coniston Old Man; Wetherlam is over Heald Brow, Crinkle Crags following and the Pike o' Bliscow below; yet more to the right and in front is Lingmoor—the round boll; above it, in the extreme distance, Scawfell Pike; to the right, seeming higher—but only seeming—Bowfell; then, Hanging Knot, Great End, and Glaramara. The lowest dip to the right of the mountain next to Glaramara is the Stake Pass, leading from Langdale into Borrowdale; Langdale Pikes—the Pike o' Stickle, and Harrison Stickle—come next, with the depression of Pavey Ark to the right; and yet more to the right is Easedale Head, with Loughrigg Fell in front.

The lake is at its widest here at Low-wood, broadening to a full mile across to Pullwyke Bay where the waterlilies grow and the lily of the valley is in the woods beside the shore; and which is a long ferry towards Coniston; and, just beyond, the road goes close down to the water's edge,

and winds and turns with it. And what a road! Fringed with beeches dropping their golden buds quite into the ripple—globe flowers and marsh marigolds gilding the grey stones—little promontories jutting out, and deep bays indented—here a wall built up against the further encroachments of the lake—there a broken bit of sedgy shore, wooded and flowery—twisted roots of trees lying bared like snakes in the water—and at every ten yards the aspect of the whole scene changing—was there ever such a way of travel set before man for his enticement and delight? There is not a more lovely bit of coach road than this through the entire breadth of England. Sometimes the Pikes are wholly lost, and sometimes the road turns to the foot where the hills go off into plains and the lake joins the sky; and sometimes there is nothing but a screen of golden oaks standing out against the slaty sky and slaty water, while the waves ripple and splash musically on the beach, and the birds sing from the wooded bank, thick with undergrowth and white with wind-flowers, to the right. Now you pass Doves-nest, where Mrs. Hemans lived, with its cropped hedge, and wealth of yellow poppy about the garden gate; and you meet, perhaps, a scattered body of otter hounds, a characteristic of the country, headed by a group of broad-shouldered, light-haired men in velveteen and fustian, talking racy Westmoreland and smacking their whips noisily as they pass; or a couple of rough-mannered lads from the farther fells or lonely dales drive by in a small cart filled with frightened lambs; and then comes the last reach, and again you are turned to the foot of the lake, with Ambleside[4] behind you.

Now you see the glitter of a shining stream on Brow to the left, and some white houses (Clappersgate) clustered on the side of Loughrigg Fell: now

[4] Ambleside only since Queen Elizabeth's time. In the Boundary roll of Rydal, 1273, Ambleside is called Amelsate, and had a park; after then it was Hamelside, Amylside, and Amelside. James the Second granted to Ambleside a weekly market on Wednesdays; two fairs—one, the Cow Fair, on Whit Monday; and another, the Tip Fair, for long horns and tups; also a Court of Pie powder. It is a common saying that often the market begins at twelve and ends at noon. Here is also the pretty ceremony of rushbearing, but flowers are now substituted for the ancient rushes, with better effect.

you are at the tollgate, and copper beeches and stone houses thicken before you, and the rich woods get richer, and the gardens are trimmer and the fields are greener: now you are at Waterhead, and the lake dwindles into a mere tarn: and then, in a few steps more, you are in the quaint, steep, clustered streets of Ambleside, under the lee of Wansfell Pike, and just at the entrance of Rydal Valley. And the first rich lake-country walk is ended.

NEAR DOVES-NEST — LOOKING BACK

It was a cold, chill day when we took boat at Waterhead for a row on the lake. The sky was partially covered by sullen-looking clouds, though flashes of angry sunlight broke in between, bringing out into all varied shapes of rock and crag the dim and indefinite grey masses which else showed nothing of their true forms. It was thundery in the distance, and copper-coloured edges and fiery spaces tinged the nearer clouds, while darker masses, swollen and purpled, hung above the farther mountains; but we disregarded these signs, and pulled out of Waterhead Bay too rich in joy to count the probable cost. Streaks of light quivered across the water, or the shadows of the coming gusts darkened the waves as they passed; and every now and then a pale, watery ray dashed a line of yellow light across a mountain top or struck a

distant reach of lake, throwing all else into colder gloom by the contrast. The houses looked marvellously picturesque, scattered on the hills and by the lake side. One was set like a jewel in an enamelled framework of black and gold against its background of fir and oak; another was almost hidden behind green sycamores and beeches; a third stood like an Italian convent, declared and aspiring, high up on the treeless mountain side; and a fourth clung to a wooded crag, where it seemed to have scarcely room to root itself upon the jagged ledge: wherever they were they had a special beauty of their own, and seemed to be in the most fitting spot that could have been chosen; this peculiar gift of adaptability belonging to lake-side and mountain houses generally, and only to be spoiled by an architecture of violent unsightliness.

We pulled round to the mouth of the Brathay,[5] which divides Westmoreland from Lancashire, and which was one of the boundaries of the old Lordship of Furness;[6] and we passed the "Brathay rocks"—little wave-washed rock-bases for a clustering of firs—and a fair-set mansion backed by wood and fell, with its lawn sloping down to the water and its group of children among the trees—their scarlet cloaks, and frocks of vivid blue, coming out powerfully

[5] The Brathay comes from the Great and Little Langdale becks, and the thousand rills of that lofty mountain-group up by Langdale head—its farthest source, perhaps, the stream on the top of the Stake Pass—forming Elterwater, at the foot of Lingmoor, by the way: from Elterwater, whence it is the Brathay proper, flowing on by Skelwith to where it meets the Rothay at Three-foot Brandreth, in the fields just beyond Ambleside. The Rothay comes out of the Grasmere and Rydal becks—receiving the waters of Stockghyll and Scandale Becks by the way—to where it merges into the Brathay. But though the two rivers join before they pour into the lake, no one yet knows why the char, Camden's "golden alpine trout," always go up the Brathay, and the trout up the Rothay, at spawning time; and why never, by any chance, do they miss their way or change their routes.

[6] Though not included in the Lordship, yet the Lake of Windermere was put to pleasant uses, as well as to pious ones, by the monks of the old abbey. They had too many patrons and benefactors among the laity not to get all they wanted. William de Lancastre III., "for the health of his soul and the soul of Agnes de Brus, his wife, gave the monks of Furnes one boat to be used on Wynandermere for the carriage of timber and other commodities, and one other boat to fish in that mere—one boat and twenty nets."

as points of colour in the landscape; and we went into the recesses of two or three little bays; and by a rocky islet—Seamew's Crag—just big enough for a small party of seamews to alight on; and then to Pullwyke Bay, opposite Low-wood—a rich and gracious harbour of wooded loveliness. Pull Scar is behind the bay—a low rough crag; and behind Pull Scar is Bowfell, and, more to the left, Latterbarrow, making a long soft line to the Ferry House, with a lake-side road passing over it. And on Pull Scar is one lonely white house placed high on the fell; and the name of that house is the "Drunken Duck" (Drook'n Dook, if spelling went by phonography), and the mission of that house is beer.

On again, past the sham castle and its castellated boat-house on Low Wray—High Wray above, with the pretty river, the Wray, forming Blellam Tarn on its way—and in by Anthony Wilson's Bay, so called because one Anthony Wilson once kept his boat there; by meadows with their green feet in the lake, and by small wind-worn trees on the tops of small wave-worn crags; by lines of grey stone wall and grey wood palings against the green copsewoods; with ever the crag and the fell and the moor, and the tops of Wetherlam and the Old Man towering over Heald Brow, forming the framework of the whole. But the intermediate mountains, and indeed most of the hills, are strangely dwarfed seen from the breast of this long and narrow lake. In the Belle Grange Woods—with their wealth of silver birch or "birk," their black plumed junipers which are so often miscalled "savins," as sycamores are generally "maples,"—the lake-side road comes creeping down to the water's edge: "up-bank" to Wray, "down-bank" to the Ferry. And as we passed the sun flashed out in a sudden glare and fell on the pretty island of Saint Mary, or Lady Holm, which once belonged to Furness, and where, in the time of Henry VIII., was a chapel dedicated to Our Lady and service duly performed, by a monk of Furness, within, but which, since then, has passed from decay to total obliteration; and that wild and sudden sunlight almost dazzled us as it flashed full on another group of scarlet cloaks sitting on a felled white tree, naked of its bark. Then we came to the

Waterloo Gardens where the daffodils ("Lent lilies" or "flocks") grow wild for the universal colouring of Easter "pace eggs,"[7] but where the most noticeable thing at this present time was the crimson foam of apple blossom tossed up over the wall: and full in front were Curwen's Isle[8] and all the smaller islands[9] clustered like a band of broken jewels between the two promontories of the Ferry House and the Ferry Nab. We landed at the Ferry House, and struck off into the woods full of globe flowers by the lake side, and of yellow poppies by the wood wall; of hyacinths beneath the trees; of the

[7] A corruption of pasche or paschal.

[8] Once called Longholme, and, still more anciently, Wynandermere Island. "Amongst the escheats in the 21 Edward III. there is an order, that the wood in the Island of Wynander Mere, called Brendwood (that is, firewood, from the Saxon brennan, to burn), shall not be several, but common to all the free tenants of Kirkby in Kendal, and of Stirkland, Crosthwaite, Croke, and others, as well to depasture all their cattle, as to take hausbote and heybote at their will, without view of the foresters." This island was the scene of the famous siege which Major Robert Philipson—Robin the Devil, by more familiar baptism—the Cavalier leader, withstood from Colonel Briggs, then Parliamentarian major and magistrate at Kendal. Robin bore the press for ten days gallantly; and then, the siege of Carlisle being raised, his brother Huddleston Philipson, of Croke, the owner of the property, got together a band of men, and relieved him. The next day, being Sunday, Major Robert put himself at the head of a party of horse, and rode off to Kendal; passed the watch, and into the church, where he rode up one aisle and down another, looking for his enemy. But Colonel Briggs, by good luck to himself, had not attended church to-day, so Robin rode out empty-handed, when the congregation, recovering from their stupor, made a dash at him as he passed out. One cut his saddle-girths, but paid for his act with his life; and then Robin, clapping the girthless saddle on to his horse, galloped off, slashing his way through the armed crowd; and so got safely back to the island on the lake, more than ever "Robin the Devil" after the feat. He was killed at the battle of Washford, in Ireland.

[9] There are ten in this centre group; Rough Holm and Lady Holm, Hen, Hawse, and Thompson's Holms, two Lily-of-the-Valley Holms, Curwen's Isle, and Crow Holm—our little golden boss—and Berkshire Isle, somewhat lower down. Still more towards the foot, and close in shore, are Ling Holm, and Grass Holm, Silver Holm, and Blake Holm Island; and up at the head are Seamew's Crag, Bee Holm, and Green Love; but most of these are only like small tufts of gold set in the steel plate of waters, scarcely to be called islands at all: and some are only rocks.

curved crozier heads of the sprouting bracken; of young foxglove spathes, thick, downy, and as yet flowerless; of tufts of mountain fern like Indians' head-dresses; of trailing brambles and yet more delicate sprays of wild-raspberry; of bird's-eye, blue and lustrous; of violets and wood-sorrel; of lady's-mantles, green, gold-spotted; of delicate wind-flowers and starry stitchwort,—full of all manner of sweet wood-flowers; and then, returning, we saw two large carts and two large horses put into the ferry-boat, which a man nearly as large rowed leisurely across, according to the mode and manner of the place.

The lake was bright but opaque; slaty where the lighter clouds were reflected in it, steely where the darker. When the sun came out it glinted on the waves in broken glitter and the shine was reflected in the water below; when there was no sun the under-side of the ripple was black. There was no reflection to-day, save at the edges of the quietest and most deeply indented bays, where the water was an olive-brown in which the trees looked blackened masses without break or detail; but the pebbles gleamed bright and many-coloured, and the fish passed like streaks of light as they hurried over the rocks and stones. Yet, save in these still bays, the whole lake was of a dull, grey, troubled hue, and the flow of the waves was troubled too. But now they got darker in the dip and whiter in the crest and deeper in the curve. Up at the head of the lake black rain-clouds were gathered, with ragged edges torn and trailing, blotting out the farther mountains and throwing a smoke-coloured veil over the nearer. The water darkened and rose under the wind, with a wilder clash in its stroke and a fiercer hurry in its flow; and the waves dashed against the boat which rocked and strained at each blow, while the spray flew over us, and the curling crests broke down the sides and swept across our feet. We were driven as if in a rapid stream, the oars scarcely plied at all; but the storm flew faster than we, and we were soon overtaken.

We swirled on, past Storr's Point and the bobbin-mills at the mouth of Cunsey Beck; Grass Holm, close to the bay, was passed, and another point,

scarcely discernible; for now we could see neither hill nor wood; the storm had won the race, and we were in the midst of a wild waste of blinding rain and stinging hail, of surging waves and sheeted mist. The mountains on either side disappeared as by enchantment, and there was nothing in the

whole universe but our frail skiff—far too frail for the lake—and the lashed waves leaping under the hail and the wind; nothing but the tossing water and the driving rain and the shroud of angry hail. In less than half an hour the storm passed; and then all the hills stood out in the sun as clear and bright as if of glass, while the ghost-like wrath of cloud and mist hurried on—the sun shining on its back as it went, giving it the appearance of a solid body. The wind passed with it, and the waves sank back into a network of rippling lines, with just an under-swell heaving up from beneath in long smooth curves, too smooth to break into crested edges. The woods glittered and sparkled in the sun, each dripping branch a spray of golden light, and the light was married to the loud music of the birds flowing out in rivulets of song. Countless flies shot through the air and vibrated on the water, and the fish leaped up to catch them, dimpling the shining surface with concentric ripples and throwing up small jets of light in the smooth black bays. Every crag and stone and line of wall and tuft of gorse was visible on the nearer hills, where the colouring was intense and untranslateable; and on the more distant mountains we could see, as through a telescope, the scars on the steeps, the slaty shingles and the straight cleavings down the sides, the old grey watercourses threaded now with a silver line—those silver

lines, after the storm, over all the craggy faces everywhere; we could see each green knoll set like an island among the grey boulders, each belt of mountain wood, each purple rift, each shadowed pass; slope and gully and ghyll and scaur, we could count them all glistening in the sun or clear and tender in the shade, while the sky was of a deep pure blue above, and the cumulus clouds were gathered into masses, white and dazzling as marble, and almost as solid-looking.

And over all, and on all, and lying in the heart of everything, warming, creating, fashioning the dead matter into all lovely forms, and driving the sweet juices like blood through the veins of the whole earth, shone the glad sun, free, cloudless, loving—life of the world's life, glory of its glory, shaper and creator of its brightest beauty. Silver on the lake, gold in the wood, purple over the hills, white and lazule in the heavens—what infinite splendour hanging through this narrow valley!—what a wealth of love and beauty pouring out for the heart of all nature and the diviner soul of man!

WALKS ABOUT AMBLESIDE

CHAPTER II

MANY and beautiful are the walks about Ambleside: walks within a reasonable distance for any fair pedestrian, and which all but very fine ladies, or very delicate ones, may take without too much fatigue, and without risk or danger if they are but moderately careful. First, there is Stockghyll Force, just at the back of the town; a rough unspoiled bit of rugged beauty, happily for the lake-world scarcely able to be spoilt even by Improvers, so impracticable is it and so wild.

Over rocks and stones, brawling and leaping in its imprisoned strength, the river rushes on in its mountain vigour—past the bobbin-mill, where the

barked "stags' antlers" and "antediluvians" go, and where you may stand on the narrow plank that does duty for a bridge, and, if you have lost any one among the rocks, fancy you hear their groans behind you—past the town, and Miller-bridge just below the town, where it makes its last leap before subsiding, spent and dwindled, into the tranquil existence of the Rothay rippling through the meadows to the lake. Traced up beyond the mill, following the wild path of rock and running water and twisted tree-roots—the rocks below getting larger and more broken, the rift between them deeper and sharper—the roar of the waters louder, and the rush more fierce and rapid—close to where an old tree bends over the ravine, with its mossy roots thrust through and through the pathway, while all its weight of stem and branches is flung across the rift—there you come upon the "loosening silver" of the fall, with its forked double leap of seventy feet, and its thousand little cataracts below.

In the centre, and splitting up into four what else would have been one unbroken sheet, is the obstructing rock, its bordering of vivid green marking the point to where the waters flow in fullest seasons, and its old scarred face grey and naked in the centre. Down below the leap are quiet pools where the water fairies live; and pools not quite so quiet which the passing rush of the torrent disturbs if it does not penetrate; and desolate wastes of pebbles lying dry and many-coloured in the sun; and rocks which the water never wholly covers but is forced to leave midway, falling like a mantle from their shoulders neither crowning nor concealing; and others over which it is just able to lip with an effort and an almost visible strain, as of actual nerve and muscle, each wavelet seeming as if it must fall back before it reaches the edge, but each finally conquering and fretting painfully over; and others, with an unchanging crest of foam as the waters dash on triumphantly, burying them body and soul beneath their flow, and planting that crest of foam as a mark of their victory—types, all three, of the power of the will and its several degrees of conquest and tyranny in life. Through the breaks in the wood may be seen the purple hills, and in the

crevices of the rock, windflowers and young ferns; and, for those who have stout nerves, and know the pattern of the thing they seek, the *pyrola media*, a rare growth of the Winter-green, found only among the rocks in the centre of the fall. But for every one there are sweet spring-flowers in the sheltered corners, and glimpses of the purple hills among the green.

On a clouded day, rock and river and hill beyond are all soft and tender and subdued, with no angles or sharp outlines anywhere; but when the sun comes out, the hills look shimmery in the light and the waters are blinding and gem-like; and every pebble in the waste places, and every tuft of moss or clinging lichen, every channel worn by the water, and every furrow traced by the rain, is seen as distinctly as if it was a picture of mosaic work. Indeed, the whole thing looks like mosaic; meaning by that, startling contrasts of colours and no continuity of sweep or shading, not even in the line of the Fall itself. The Stock, which separates the parishes of Windermere and Grasmere, comes chiefly from the barren heart of Red Screes up by Kirkstone Pass: a desolate birthplace for so beautiful an outcome! Round about both Force and Ghyll is a charming day's ramble, with just enough of difficulty and danger[1] to delight a town-bred tourist, and put a fine white feather in his mountain-cap.

The Force and Wansfell Pike may be "done" in succession. Properly undertaken, this rather large grassy slope—this moderate mountain of only one thousand five hundred and ninety feet—is nothing; but, attempted up his ridgy back and not along his softer shoulder, he is rather a tougher matter; still, not tough in absolutes, according to the law of mountain nature. As you ascend, Red Screes comes out in rude majesty, the desolate way of Kirkstone Pass winding between him and Broad End: Loughrigg, rich and

[1] And yet there *is* danger, especially to the rash and over-confident. A fine athletic young man, in the very prime of his life and flower of his strength, lost his life at the Force while we were there. Looking for ferns, he overbalanced himself and fell—dashed into eternity in a second among the rocks.

beautiful, shows Silver How behind, apparently at the foot of Crinkle Crags; and between Crinkle Crags and Bowfell, Scawfell's steep head appears like a dark point against the sky. You see the Rydal mountains, and where Easedale lies behind the Pikes, and where the Stake Pass leads over Langdale to Borrowdale. Then as you go higher, Rydal-mere comes into view; and, a little higher still, lying behind an intervening point of Loughrigg, Grasmere water, looking as if it might be a continuation of the Rydal lake; the Rothay winds gently through the meadows, and Brathay comes down more masterfully round by the foot of Loughrigg.

The sheep-dogs are gathering the sheep on the mountains; and you will probably meet an old Wordsworthian shepherd with his staff and shepherd's hat, with whom you stop and talk—not to much enlightenment of your wits; while the lambs wilfully lose themselves like wayward children, then bleat passionately for rescue, and the sheep—those most phlegmatic of all living mothers—answer with a temperate compassion, calmly confident in the providence of lambs. A few cows are dotted about in beautiful ordering of colours; for the rich brown carries out the gold of the trees, and the slate-colour goes into the blue of the sky, and the white comes out as high light on the green, with much telling effect. On the fell itself you have to encounter all manner of bogs of varying intensity of boghood; and if you choose a way of your own, heedless of the authorized path, you must scale an endless succession of stone walls, with such lightness of limb or heaviness of muscle as nature and training ordain; but, by time and patience and the philosophy of never minding, the last barrier is scrambled over, the last bog tramped through, and the last stiff bit overcome; and then your labours are rewarded. For suddenly you burst upon the lake lying below, with its waistband of islands and its girdle of hills; while far away to the right, out against the sky, lies a broad line of golden light—the sea and Duddon sands. To the left is the winding thread of the Kent River; to the right is Esthwaite Valley—Coniston and Black Combe beyond. Wrynose is next to Wetherlam, and Scawfell stands up somewhat more distinctly than before,

but still only peeping over the shoulders of Bowfell. Blellam lies in the dip behind Low Wray, and the Brathay Valley and Little Langdale steal up and away into the mountains. The crags, which are so grand when you stand below them, are now dwarfed to molehills; and beyond the head of Rydal rises a troubled sea of mountains for all present use of indistinguishable baptism. A steamer is on the lake, and the railroad is to the left, to remind you that you are not quite alone with GOD and nature; but that, down below, the busy heart of man is toiling, and his hand is fighting, for toys and gewgaws—for which you, too, do your share of toil and turmoil in the great battle-field of the world.

SWEDEN BRIDGE

By a pretty home-like road in the beginning, but soon going off into stones and loneliness and rough walking, with a lovely view of Rydal-mere—loveliest when its waters are flushed with the burning sun—on, in ever-increasing wildness, till the music of a stream is heard from the depths of a wooded rift far below—wild crags about, and wilder clouds above—there lies the Scandale beck, tearing down that narrow gully called the Scandale valley. Every now and then a glimpse of the waters down in the rift is to be had; but the rough road does not follow the course of the stream very closely, and it is only when Sweden bridge, which spans the stream higher up among the falls, is reached,

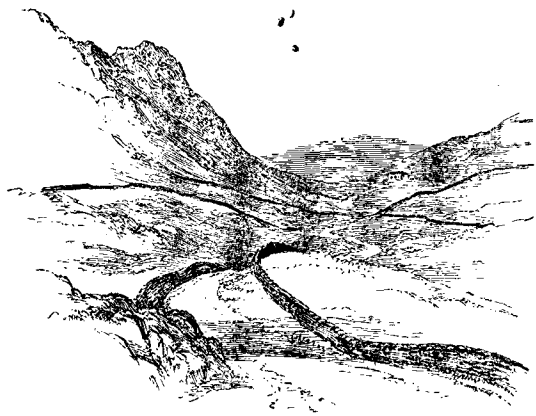
that a full view of its beauty can be had. But here is repayment for the long rough walking among loose stones and over boggy places and through uncounted mountain streams stretching across the path—repayment for false steps on slippery rocks, and for ancle-deep plunges into sweeping streams—repayment for even the heavy shower that has fallen between whiles—by the rich clusters of bird's-eye primrose starring the watery way, and by the beauty of the scene. In front are the steep mountain sides without house or tree, barren and bare save where stone walls enclose a greener plot where sheep and cattle are feeding; and behind, is the wild torrent coming down by Rydal Head, and resting in a broad pool beneath the little bridge before making its headlong journey onward. The stones are waterworn in cups and hollows, honey-combed some of them and white as bleached bones; and the waters dash impetuously against them, with that restless look of force imprisoned which a mountain stream always has; and the little bridge itself is one of the quaintest in the country.

Leaving the bridge to the left, you take a sheep-track which soon widens out into a green lane between stone fences, through the treacherous swamps of which, and its thousand rills bursting over on all sides, you walk to where the lane ends and the living wall of mountain begins. For you come out literally against a mountain; face to face with a conical, steep, bare bank, flanked on each side by banks still steeper and more bare, over which, however, you can find a path that will lead you down to Brother's Water and Kirkstone Pass lying on the other side. Or rather you must make the path you will not find. Through the one unending bog that it is, more especially if after rain,—up the steep ascent—over the crags—fording the streams swollen to quite tumultuous torrents—plashing through water all the way to the small stretch of level ground on the top, granted as a breathing space before the descent is begun—this is what your expedition to Scandale Beck may end in, if you are adventurous and brave. And now you must clamber down as you best can. Barren screes, utterly unscaleable, hem you in on both sides, so that you must needs find a way down this sharp descent,

for none other is to be had. And in time, by dint of courage and firm footing, you splash down as you splashed up, and drop into the Patterdale road just above Brother's Water.

Calm and still lies this lonely lake at the foot of the Patterdale mountains—a lonely lake at the foot of lonely mountains, cut off from the rest of the world, and of no account in the history of the time. The seagulls, so often in sullen flight above the black waters, only add to the solitude; and seen for the first time, and unexpectedly, in the solemn grey of evening, the place looks the very home of desolation,—a witch-haunted mere whence is no beyond and no return, and where life and hope are caught like wandering children, and held imprisoned for ever. But now, leaving Brother's Water behind, toil up Kirkstone Pass to where the Kirk stones look like a ruined church in the distance, and the starry and the mossy saxifrage are in long white lines by the wayside; up through unutterable desolation to the highest inhabited house in England. From here the road down to Ambleside lies between stone walls, which the parsley fern fringes with its tender green. Wansfell, on the left, is gilded with the setting sun, but old Red Screes lies grimly in deep shadow; scarred, furrowed with watercourses where the winter torrents plough their way into the very heart of the rock, barred with grey stone walls, and strewn with loose shingle and scattered boulders. Down below lies Windermere, rich and calm, her lake-side mountains, gentle hills, her islands specks, and all her blue expanse asleep in the evening sun; and the contrast between the wildness just passed through, and this quietness beyond, is more than can be expressed by words. Looks may tell it, and a few broken expressions—the flush on the cheek and the moisture in the eye; but no conceivable amount of epithets, and no number of graven lines. Kirkstone is one of the first passes to be seen. There are others wilder and steeper and grander, and even more deserted of life; but these are only footways, or at the best pony paths for the strong-headed; Kirkstone is a practicable ordinary coach road —a good, broad, substantial highway on which you may drive your carriage

and pair with ease; but, perhaps without exception, the most desolate and violently wild of all the coach-roads in England. Turning back when well down the pass, the white road is seen winding up in a long serpentine track, sharper and sharper in its curves and wilder in its way as it nears the top, as if going off to eternal desolation and the end of all human things.



In another walk you may take in order the Roman Station, the Brathay, Loughrigg Tarn ("Diana's Looking-glass"), Elterwater, and Loughrigg Fell; a rich programme for a few hours' walking. This Station, formerly held to be the Dictis of the Notitia, but which Wright says was Alonæ,—in Camden's time "the carcase of an ancient city, with great ruins of walls still remaining scattered about," and which others, later, speak of as "a castrum, a parallelogram of 396 feet by 240"—is now a ploughed field, with a slight depression in the centre, and a raised slope all round; a formation still visible, though so many hundred years have passed since it was first tilled and ploughed, and flattened by wind and rain, yet even, to this day, evident to the most careless observer to be something not usually met with in potato-fields. Signs of the ditch, too, are traceable on one side; as also a dark meandering track along the meadow where the course of the Rothay was turned for the uses of the camp; and still across the head of the lake is the great square stone pavement, as if for the foundation of a harbour—the only bit of stone bottom in the lake, the rest being mud. And, though no more gold[2] or

[2] In the library of the University of Oxford is a collection of coins found here, given by the Braithwaites.

silver coins, rusty swords, brass eagles, sepulchral urns, or tesselated pavements[3] are to be found, yet broken shards of red Roman pottery, and bits of old Roman cement, and small fragments of freestone with illegible inscriptions on them, are yet to be turned up; and a careful and thorough search would, doubtless, bring even more hidden treasure to light.

This station[4] was certainly, as Wordsworth says, established here as a check on the passes of Kirkstone and Dunmail Raise, Hard Knot and Wrynose; whence the wild Brigantes sometimes came pouring down, waking the Romans from their day-dreams, and making the old mountains echo to sounds more discordant than the blare of the evening trumpet or the song of the evening meal. How the Mariuses and the Manliuses must have cursed their gods which sent them to such lonely places, away from the blue skies, the vineyards and the olives, the gardens and the fountains, of their own native Italy! How they must have sighed for the pleasures of Rome again!—for the amphitheatre and the gorgeous processions—for the games and the sacrifices and the pomp of imperial majesty—for the shining tresses of Julia and the perfumed robes of Lesbia—for the love and the glory, and the home more noble than all, with its matron and its young citizens, left behind! Little they cared for the stern beauty of this desolate Brigantia, this land of wolves and wild beasts and men even

[3] Curwen's island, too, had certain remains, showing that some Roman of taste—perhaps the officer in command—had once made it his home, and had cared for it enough to decorate and embellish it. For when, in 1774, a Mr. English rebuilt the house, "in cutting a large drain on the west part of the building, to take away the wash from different parts of it, into the lake, were found several pieces of lead and old iron, and a great number of old bricks. About six feet deep they dug through several old drains, and a hearth was found in a perfect state. They found, at the same time, several pieces of old armour. In levelling the ground on the north of the building they dug through a beautiful pavement curiously paved with pebbles of a small kind. They also dug through several curious gravel walks."

[4] One paved road, still traceable beneath its lyer of mud, branched off from this castrum to Keswick, by Grasmere; another to Patterdale, by Kirkstone, meeting the other road on High Street, and so on to Kenda and Ravenglass.

wilder than the beasts, where they were sent simply to subdue but in nowise to enjoy; little they noted of the march of the clouds or the sunset triumphs in the sky, of the shadows lying softly on the summer lake or the grandeur crowning the hoary heads of the winter crags: the snow upheaped in fantastic shapes across the fells was only the pathway of beasts of prey and stealthy-footed savages to them; the depths of the summer woods masked only death and danger, and a lurking Painted One crouching behind the leaves, with fierce passions in his heart and murder in his hand:—they hid no softening influences of love and beauty in their tender glades; where now we wander thrilled to the soul by this marvellous beauty, the Roman soldier shivered with dismay or burned with the lust for blood, as nature had given him a strong heart or a weak. Britain was no Elysium for him in any district; but in these northern parts he foretasted the pains of hell and Hades, and, doubtless, put the punishment to the account of his sins and the righteous anger of the gods. And now this reviled Brigantia is the favourite love-temple of the kingdom; and more young lovers pass here into the gladness and security of marriage, than Rome ever sent soldiers to curse their unlucky stars which set them face to face with the desolation of the Brigantine lakes, and the lonely savagery of the mountain passes. Times change: it is a thankful echo—and we change with them!

From the station the road leads over the Rothay bridge, and on beneath the fell, to the side of the Brathay dashing itself noisily among its rocks. Very beautiful is the Brathay, gemmed with little islands of golden marigolds and "lucken gowans" (globe-flowers) set in the midst of its troubled waters, as if they had dropped from heaven for the good of beauty alone—scarcely for the good of service; very beautiful in its turbulence, in its richness, in its wilfulness and wayward wanderings, and quite different to the meek and tranquil Rothay, which has been tamed and pruned to a home and feminine existence, while this wilder stream shakes the hand of man from his neck, and rushes through the land bound only by the will of nature and the law

of beauty. The two rivers are like the man's life and the woman's; but they meet in the quiet meadows at the end, and there flow, undivided, calm, and strong, into the oblivion of the still greater life beyond.

Perched on a rock, its feet besprinkled with flowers and the mountain wood clothing its sides, is the Brathay Church; more like a church of the old time than of the present, for the unwonted picturesqueness of its site and the isolation in which it stands; a beacon of the light rather than its home—calling not indwelling; and below it is the bridge flung across the stream under the dropping branches of the trees. Winding beneath the fell all green and gold and brown—catching lake-like views of the river now broadening out between its level banks—you go forward into the new valley opening before you—Skelwith Valley, with the cleft Pikes seeming at its head, but far beyond. Up a brant bit of road,-and through a ragged lane with a watercourse dribbling over the stones and a carpet of purple butterwort to walk on, into a field blue with bird's-eye and crimsoned with

dwarf red rattle, and there lies the tarn, sleepy and still, in the hollow of a green grass basin. The water is absolutely unruffled, save where the leaping fish sprinkle it with sprays and circlets of light; and the grand old Pikes are mirrored in it with a deeper purple in their shadows, while the gleam of light that takes the edge of Scawfell and falls across the chasm where Dungeon Ghyll is to be found, is translated into gold in its waters.

Dark banks of sullen clouds, touched into burning by the living sun, hang above the hills, but far above and beyond them; while the rays break through the lighter "curl clouds" and pour down across the sky, till all the farther mountain-heads are lost behind a veil of gilded mist, as if it were a film of gold-dust between you and them.

Partly through woods rich in their spring scents, and partly through the bounteous meadows, follow now the road to Skelwith Force, on the way to Elterwater. A perfectly beautiful, if scarcely to be called a noble, Force, this of Skelwith; beautiful rather for its accessories than in itself—richer in the chased setting than in the gem—but lovely, as a fair woman is lovely when her beauty is enhanced by grace. As the waters leap among the rocks—the sun shining on the fantastic sprays flung up into its face, or on the white plumes of the cascades tossed down into the river—the golden leaves mirrored in the quiet pools and the green wood throbbing to the ceaseless pulse of the waters,—it is as much like fairy-land as anything to be met with. And as you sit there old dreams and poems of Queens of Faëry, of Viviennes smoothing their silky shining tresses, of Titanias wilful and blinded, and of merry Midsummer's Night Dreams, crowd tenderly upon you; for there are some places that are witch-haunted, some that are nymph-haunted, others that are full of elves and fairies, and others eloquent with the echoes of knightly romance and noble chivalry; and this special waterfall—this Skelwith Force—is full of faëry life, and rich in loveliness if not in heroism. And all the more penetrated with these sweet and subtle fancies, because of the pastoral simplicity of Loughrigg Tarn, and the grim associations of the Roman camp, just seen.

Now you go on by the side of the Brathay to Elterwater. Indeed, Elterwater is only the Brathay itself, making three resting-places, or large pools strung together, at the outlet of the Langdale valley, before it goes on again as a river should; but, as was said before, not yet christened by its name of Brathay until it has strung its watery beads and issued forth by that reedy delta at the end. A rather dead, and disheartening place this, pretty

and peaceful but without life or motion. Even the river, which elsewhere is so full of joy and the capricious grace of liberty, trails here in a chained and melancholy kind of way, and the three pools have nothing more vigorous to do than to reflect, in perfect stillness and silence, the outer forms of the mountains set round them, and the marvel of the sunlight beyond. And when the sun pours down a torrent of glory and colour, making the grey of the hills purple, and the metallic shine of the buttercups a hyacinthine orange, flooding the meadows with rose-tints and gold, and blurring all the outlines by excess of light—when the day's cup is filled to the brim, and the yellow flood overflows with largest power and unrestraint—then Elterwater is a place to meditate by mournfully, asking oneself *cui bono?* and to what end this pageantry of loveliness, which so few can see, and still fewer understand when they do see it? The intense solitude and irrepressible mournfulness of feeling and thought resulting, of certain of the remoter lake country places, must be felt to be understood. And when once felt, never possible to be forgotten.

When you have dreamt out your dream, then go through a young wood full of yellow pimpernel and wood sanicle of healing power:[5] full to moss-like closeness of growth: where are exquisite effects, and glorious views, and walls that must be clambered over, and rough gates and uncouth stiles everywhere, and where you are sure to find yourselves in places in which you have no earthly business to be; but you will finally set yourselves straight, and strike the right road for a pathless scramble over the fell.

And such a scramble! The plovers wheel over you with their pitiful cry and their heavy flight, and the young lambs start bleating from their couching-places behind the grey rocks bordered with the pretty little parsley fern, or bound from sheltered nooks where the stag's-horn moss spreads its elastic branches, and which the young junipers fence in and the bent heads of the bracken carpet. On you must go; up one craggy knoll after

[5] "He that hath sanicle needeth no surgeon"—an old herbal proverb.

another, each seeming to be the last, but always showing another further and higher, which must for shame, and the mountaineer's pride of perseverance, be surmounted; down grassy slopes, smooth and soft as a well-kept bowling-green, lying between high grassy banks utterly impassable, down—down—with a perilous swiftness, till the slope breaks suddenly off into a rift, and you stand some hundred feet above eternity. Back again, up more last crags which never are the last, through pale yellow swamps with scarlet mosses set in their hearts and the graceful butterwort on its frosted leaves about their edges; and, if you are fortunate, to a black peat tarn, deep and unsavoury but glorified with exceeding glory—beautified with a living beauty, which has to be won at any cost—its black unsightliness clothed and veiled and transformed to splendour by the loveliness of the marsh trefoil, "the fringed water-lily" growing there in the wild with more than garden grace. Care nothing for the black, unsavoury bog-water. In for the prize, no heed given to soaked feet or dripping hems—in, even up to the mid leg, and think yourselves well rewarded by a fragile handful of the flowers, one of the loveliest wild-flowers in England!

The fells are beautiful everywhere. Those over by Wansfell, and to the source of the Skelghyll, and through the green road between stone walls, down into Troutbeck,[6] though not so varied as the Loughrigg Fells, are yet

[6] Troutbeck is to Ambleside what Borrowdale is—or was—to Keswick, the land of Gotham, upon whose wise men is saddled every absurdity of the district—the scapegoat bound to bear the weight of all the rude wit afloat. In a few years this, too, will be done away with, and pretty, dirty, neglected Troutbeck will be cleaned, schooled, and ornamented, and made fit company for ambitious Windermere and respectable Ambleside. It is worth seeing, however, in its dirt and neglect; its tumbledown cottages—not one among them all straight according to the plumb-line—with ivied walls and casements patched with rags and paper; its one curious château-like house, with its formal courtyard, and formal terrace, and formal yew-trees clipped and closely shaven; its destitution and penury; all so grandly enframed that its very poverty becomes a charm the more. It is one of the real bye-hamlets of the lake district, picturesque, wild, dirty, diseased, which the prosaic architect and schoolmaster will sweep away before many years are gone.

very grand in their noble solitudes—noble because useful though desolate, because fenced into natural fields where the birds find food, and the sheep and cattle pasturage, and the wild-flowers root themselves, and even moths and butterflies make their home; noble because, though deserted and untenanted by humanity, they are still brought into the service of humanity, and give of their strength and their substance for the uses of the world. Great, calm, wave-like sweep these fells at the head of Troutbeck, where you may wander for many hours, with no more variety of scene than what is to be had in the relative position of the mountains, or the need of climbing more and more stone walls rising everywhere against you.

The path is rough and stony enough; but who notes the rudeness of the way when the world is such as it is on a bright spring day—bright as the days here are after rain? A bush with the sun shining through is a tree of golden flowers set upon purple stems; the distant mountains towards Langdale are threaded with silver where the watercourses have filled; and the Rothay in her even line, and the Brathay in his far-off pools sun-flecked, break out into spaces of light as eloquent as speech. Crinkle Crags and Lingmell are dusky with light; but Silver How has caught the shadow of a cloud, and is dark with tenderness, not gloom. Loughrigg is radiant in the sunshine, and the lake is barred with silver or blue as the sun or the shadow falls. Going higher the Pikes come up—Pike o' Stickle split in two; and little Blellam shows itself behind Low Wray like a piece of glass let into the green. The Roman Station at the head of the lake is to be clearly made out now between the Rothay and the wood below, its square form and brown colour—the potatoes not yet covering it—marking it from among the green fields. Now, over a thorny dyke, down the darkest and loneliest of gipsy glens, through a newly-felled wood where the ground is blue with hyacinths, darkening to purple when broad patches of meadow cranesbill hold the way instead—where ladies' mantles trail over the earth, and matted larch twigs make a carpet many feet above the ground—up through this enchanted land over the fells to Troutbeck.

THE ROMAN STATION

Troutbeck, the smallest and most primitive of hamlets, has its own minute history, both authentic and legendary, as well as the best of them. It was the dwelling-place of Hogarth's[7] uncle, "Auld Hoggart," as he was called, a satirist, a poet, and an original, whose memory is still green in the vale, and who was by no means an ordinary individual. "He did as much good as a clergyman," was the report of one old lady, fondly mindful of the past however cloudy. And there was, besides, a clever and home-made genius, by name Julius Cæsar Ibbotson, who painted a noted sign, called the "Mortal Man;" one mortal man being round and rosy-gilled, the other cadaverous and lean; with this distich underneath:—

"Oh, Mortal Man, that liv'st on bread,
How comes thy nose to be so red?
Thou silly ass, that looks so pale,
It is by drinking Birkett's ale!"

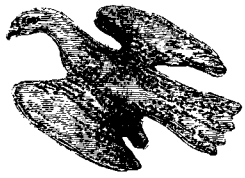
[7] The Hogarths, Hoggarts, or Hoggards, were rightfully of Kirkby Thore. The eldest brother was a yeoman at Bampton; the second a ploughman at Troutbeck; the youngest, Richard, the painter's father, was educated at St. Bees, and went up to London, where his son William was born, December 10th, 1697.

The Mortal Man still exists as a not too luxurious public-house; but the famous sign has departed, having been taken away to a place near Cartmell, where it gradually faded out of existence altogether; thus proving its own mortality without question. There were other local worthies beside the Hoggarts (generally pronounced Hoggartys) and Ibbotsons; and, for one, there was Huddleston Philipson of Croke (brother to Robin the Devil), who was the magnate of Troutbeck in his time. Charles I. gave him a park and estate there, as a reward for his devotion during the Civil War. Harriet Martineau says it was the same estate so cleverly obtained by a giant of the time of Edward VI., one Hugh Hird, or, as Clarke calls him, "Gilpin, the cook-lad of Kentmere, from his corcousness or corpulency," whose ordinary diet was "Porridge so thick that a mouse could walk over them[8] dryshod, and the sunny side of a wedder—when he could get it." This Hird, "a man of amazing strength," "quite uncivilized, and knowing no law but strength," came begging his way to Troutbeck. There he found an empty house—one which had been forfeited to the Crown, and of which no one cared to take possession, it was so valueless. But it just suited Hugh, so he established himself in it forthwith. When a lawful tenant appeared, the giant prevented his entrance; and being sent for to London, there to answer for his contumacy, exhibited to his Majesty such feats of strength

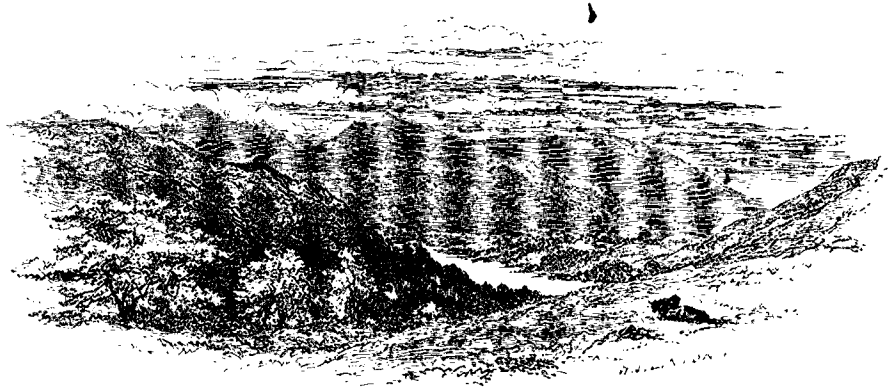
[8] Porridge is always plural. You "stir them with a thivel," and you "sup them" with a good will, unless they are "smeuked" or "bishopped," or "a' lumps and dozzels like Nanny Haikin's butter;" and you give them to your childer, for they are "serious grand things for making banging bairns." When made of barley-meal they are called "kittly slipdowns," and kittly slipdowns, eaten with fresh cream, are among the real luxuries of the north. Oatmeal porridge and oatmeal cake—haver bread—are very fair tasted. Even Fuller, who was not over fond of the north, does not despise oatcake. "While Wheat and Barley *may* seem but the adopted, *Oates* are the *natural issue* of this *Country*. Say not *Oates* are *Horse-graine*, and fitter for a *stable* than a TABLE; for besides that the meal thereof is the distinguishing *form* of *Gruel* or *Broth* from *Water*, most *hearty* and *wholesome* Bread is made thereof." Anciently none other was used north of the Humber; and William the Conqueror gave the manor of Castle Bithan, in Lincolnshire, to Stephen Earl of Albermarle and Holdernesse, to supply his infant son with wheaten bread.

—lifting a beam too heavy for ten ordinary men, tying two bows together and breaking them, and showing how he once drove back a party of Scottish moss-troopers with his own bow and arrows unassisted—that Edward offered to grant him any reasonable petition he might present. Whereupon Hugh prayed for the house at Troutbeck, the field behind for peat-turf for his fuel, and leave to cut what wood he liked in the new park; which, being granted, he lived happy all the rest of his life, dying at forty-two, pulling up trees by the roots.

Troutbeck was once a place of some importance, and there is still a hill called Gallows How, where probably the old Barons at Kendal had a place of execution for their rebellious and misbehaving vassals; and another place called Spying How, where was once a raise, which, when opened, was found to contain a kistvaen full of human bones. Were they the bones of the poor old Brigantes, listening in their woods to the ring of the Roman axe and the clang of the Roman hammer, as the victorious legions of Agricola marched over the mountain tops to join the cohorts at Concagium? The valley, now so bare of trees, was once so thickly wooded that the old inhabitants used to say a squirrel could have passed from the lake side up to Thresthwaite Mouth without once touching the ground. It is at Troutbeck that we are told of the three hundred bulls, and three hundred bridges, and three hundred constables, belonging to the parish; the explanation being that the township is divided into three Hundreds, and to each Hundred belonged a bull, a bridge, and a constable.



BRONZE — FOUND AT AMBLESIDE



RYDAL WATER

FROM AMBLESIDE TO KESWICK

CHAPTER III

RYDAL,[1] where the Le Flemings live, is the one bit of real aristocracy belonging to Ambleside. The whole valley was once a park for the entertainment of the lord, when he left his richer domains for a spell of vigorous north-country hunting; and though so long since disparked and turned to the ordinary purposes of food and fodder-bearing, still retains traces of its former richness and exclusiveness, specially about the Hall, where the carefulness of ownership has never been relaxed. There, the trees are trees of mere beauty and ornament, with no firewood in their twigs, no bobbins in their branches, no masts or tables, gate-posts or window-frames in their stems—trees, the only functions of which are to give shelter to the rooks;

[1] Rydal is said by some to mean the rye-dale or valley, which is surely a sad straining of etymology; by others, among whom was Mr. Wordsworth, to be a contraction of Rothaydale, from the river—a more likely reading, seeing that the old name of the lake was Rowthmere, which seems to have been from the same root as Rothay: hence, by elision and contraction, Rydal, for the vale. Black gives it as Rhydle, a passage place.

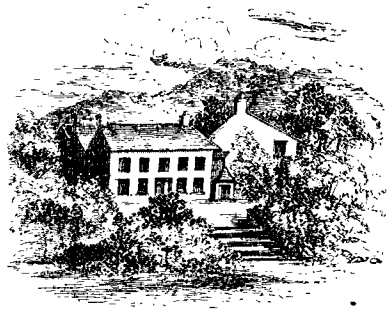
the mossy lawn has been for centuries a lawn, put to no coarse ends of usefulness; the meadows, where the cattle stand knee-deep in flowers and grass, seem as if they might have been just what they are now hundreds of years ago, when De Lancastre and De Ros[2] held high court and revel through the vale; and through the whole estate lies that unmistakeable sign of ancient aristocracy which no money can purchase, and no art or science can supply. It all seems a lord's private property, where nature is elbowed out of court, and where meaner people exist by sufferance.

The cottages are as trim and picturesque as if made of Dresden china for Madame d'Arblay's princes and princesses, while the Falls[3]—the famous Rydal Falls—are so pretty and well-arranged that surely their fittest place is the back scene of some pastoral opera, where the shepherds dress in velvet tights and silk stockings, and the shepherdesses dance in muslin and wreaths of roses! Certainly they are pretty—but they have been so trimmed and cared for—the trees have been so artistically disposed—the vistas so cunningly contrived—the channels have been so scientifically deepened—the resting-basin so tastefully arranged—and the summer-house is such a bit of picturesque trick, that one loses all perception of nature, and cannot but

[2] The Rydal estate was granted by Margaret, widow of Robert de Ros, of Wurk Castle, to Roger de Lancastre, somewhere towards the end of the thirteenth century, the grant being confirmed by Edward I. in 1274. From Roger de Lancastre it passed to the Lancastres of Howgill; and then, by the marriage of Isabella, coheir with Sir John de Lancastre, to Sir Thomas le Fleming, of Coningstone. These Le Flemings were the descendants of the famous Sir Michael le Fleming—"Flandrensis"—the relative of Baldwin, Earl of Flanders, brother-in-law to William the Conqueror, and a strict clansman of the King. Sir Michael was the ancestor of Lady Jane Grey. He was a famous man in his day: good against the Scots especially, and rewarded for his prowess in that direction, by the grant of several manors both in Lancashire and Cumberland: among them, Beckermet Castle, Aldingham Castle, and Coningstone Hall. Rydal Hall suffered much from the Parliamentary party; the le Flemings remaining Catholic to the reign of James II.

[3] There are two falls—the upper and the lower—situated in the Rydal Hall grounds, which you pay a fee to see. The way leads through the park meadow and outer gardens by a path of singular beauty and richness; but all made and artificial—luxury and the effeminacy of civilization stifling everything like natural growth or freedom.

regard those very elegant waterfalls as artificial altogether; to the extent of easily believing in a forcing pump or a steam-engine somewhere out of sight and hearing. They are like a wild fawn that has leaped the park-palings in her play across the moor, and has been caught, and led about among the young queens and kings, with a chain of flowers round her neck, and her hoofs shod with gold. She is very lovely in her tameness, and with all her old grace of limb and action; but she is no longer the wild fawn with the mountain wind for her companion, and the mountain eagle for her playmate—she is only a caged creature now; well-fed and golden-shod, but—caged. And so the free mountain stream that ran joyously among the fern and about the rude rocks, uncared for and disregarded, when it gave that one sharp leap from off the fell, leapt into civilization and subjection—into flowery wreaths and mossy banks and all the luxuries of wealth and art; but it is never the free mountain water again—never anything but the toy of a grand domain. And, for this reason of patent artificiality, the Rydal Falls, though sweet, are not entirely pleasing; like something warped from its first purpose and perverted from its natural meaning.



Pass across the road, from the Hall to the Mount where the most famous of the lake poets lived; and see there the celebrated terrace-walks, the garden-steps, the porch with its seat, the mound, and the view; see and admire; for truly it is a poet's fitting home,—set against Nab Scar as its shelter, the steeps of Loughrigg in front, Helm Crag at its side, and

the gentle little mere at its feet. The terrace-walk along Nab Scar, with its desolation sometimes left bare and naked to the sky, and sometimes clothed with fern and moss and lichen, is very lovely; lovely from the first step outside the poet's garden, to the last by White Moss and the little pool of "fringed water-lily." And then the road must be taken; and GRASMERE,[4] and the churchyard, and the daisied nook where lie the Wordsworth family in quietness and peace, with poor Hartley Coleridge near them in death, as he had been in life. That quiet little nook in the churchyard among the mountains, with all the burning fire of passion, the light of thought, and the tender weight of love that lie buried there—how one could dream away a working day in merely looking at those stones, and remembering against what manner of human life they have set their solemn seal of "For ever!"

Of all the lake country villages Grasmere is the most picturesque and the likest one's ideas of the typical English home. It has no street, properly so called, but is a scattered collection of human habitations—cottages, shops, houses, mansions—each with its own garden or special plot of greenery, however small, and all for the most part standing apart and individual. The postman walks daily some eight miles in and about the village in the delivering of his letters; which may give an idea of its scattered and therefore picturesque character. And perhaps more than any other, does it impress one with the feeling of peace and the absence of passion or even of suffering. Though not trimmed and decorated as the dainty Rydal hamlet, nor so evidently

[4] Grasmere, Gresmere, Grismere—the mere, or lake, of the grise, or wild swine—was once a chapelry only, under the mother church of Kendal. The ecclesiastical patronage was sold by Henry VIII. to Alan Bellingham, of Levins and Helsington, Gaythorn and Fawcet Forest, treasurer of Berwick, and deputy warden of the Marches, he whose punning motto was—

"Amicus amico Alanus,
Belliger Belligero Bellinghamus."

He resold it, in Elizabeth's time, for 100*l.* to the Le Flemings of Rydal. The manor was formerly included in that of Windermere.

artistic and considered as the new town of Windermere, it has a certain well-to-do look about it—not as of fashion and luxury and a few large fortunes flaring out over all the rest like the dominant notes in an orchestra or the master colours of a picture—but in the quiet beauty and cleanliness everywhere, and the absence of sordid squalor even in the poorer cottages. It is full of flowers and green trees and pleasant meadows and lovely little lanes, and the signs of human care throughout; but not of human care putting a luxuriant nature too fussily to rights. As the waters have made a halting-place at the foot of Red Bank and Fairfield, so man has halted here too, and finally has settled where he rested. This is the impression that you have of Grasmere, on your way from Ambleside to Keswick, as of a lovely halting-place, where industry has forced a living from nature, and not as if work had been lying there from the beginning which must needs attract hands, sooner or later, to itself. So sheltered and so peaceful is it, that even in the rugged winter time it does not look cheerless or dreary, while in the bright young spring, in the luscious summer, and in the ripe and lusty autumn, it is the pleasantest spot for lotus-eating, and dreaming in bye arbours of Armida's garden, to be found between Windermere and Lowes Water. Unimportant, uncommercial, unproductive, but serene, beautiful, and happy, it is like some gracious lady sitting by the wayside and offering milk to thirsty travellers. No costly wine in a jewelled goblet, and yet something more loving than water in a cup of leaves, it is the real sweet pastoral milk in the carved beechen cup that Grasmere gives—such as Virgil might have drunk when he sat with Tityrus under the spreading beech-tree, or listened to the rivalry of Damœtas and Menalcas. It is the place for poets and lovers and the contented aged; but scarcely for the adventurous or the restless. As indeed may be said of most of these lake country villages, bound in the quiet bondage of love and beauty, but leaving no space wherein the wilder soul may "rage and ramp." Eat then your summer's lotus at Grasmere, but lay aside your life's armour while there, and think of no battles to be fought and of no victories to be won!

GRASMERE—FROM LOUGHRIGG SIDE

Helm Crag stands out now boldly, with Dunmail Raise winding between it and Seat Sandal—great sentinels of the pass—and the Lion and the Lamb as its crest. Wordsworth called those stones the Astrologer and the Ancient Woman, but they are more like the old designation from this side; perhaps from the other side the poet's picture may come into clearer shape.

"Above Helm Crag a streak half dead,
A burning of portentous red;
And near that lurid light, full well
The Astrologer, sage Sidrophel,
Where at his desk and book he sits,
Puzzling aloft his curious wits;
He, whose domain is held in common
With no one but the Ancient Woman,
Cowering beside her rifted cell,
As if intent on magic spell.
Dread pair, that, spite of wind or weather,
Still sit upon Helm Crag together!"

At any rate the lines are good if the picture is less than exact, and poets have even more licence than artists.

But now a white stream, foaming down the deep blue recess between Silver How and Helm Crag, makes you diverge from the main road, choosing White Bridge and Butterlip Meadows instead, and a rough paved way, as much water-course as way, with purple geraniums and spotted orchis set in golden kingcups among the sedges on either side. And by this rough way, getting still rougher and wilder as you go on, but with snatches of exquisite grace interleaved—the wildness to conciliate your rougher moods, and the grace to harmonize with your more loving—you finally reach and clamber up the rocky sides hemming in Sour-Milk-Ghyll Force, otherwise Easedale Force.

A broken and tumultuous fall is this; one fall indeed not, but a multitude of falls—a knotted string of cascades—rushing down the black rocks from the lonely tarn high up in the barren hills, and pouring out its life with as much of untamed wildness as the Rydal Falls have of artificiality. Nothing can be more thoroughly contrasted than these two waterfalls, so few miles apart and to be seen almost within the hour; and of the two, surely the untouched natural life is the nobler and more beautiful.

A little higher up, through reaches where the pale yellow moss is reddened with sundew, and where stag's-horn moss and club moss and the cock'scomb-shaped *lycopodium complanatum* give worlds of delight to those big boys and girls, the botanists, you come upon an amphitheatre, in the centre of which lies Easedale Tarn as it might be the arena. The outline is serrated like an elephant's tooth, and the sides are folded and wrinkled, and there is more the appearance here of landslip than in many other places, and a richer manner of natural beauty. It is especially lovely with the sunlight lying on every rock and stone—a cup-full of sunlight indeed, round which the mountains are as pure and full of colour as if they were of metal; the tarn reflecting every image and adding while giving back. Then up to Codale Tarn, of course not by the gentler way—never take the gentler way—but up the very face of those wild Carr's Crags; the true rocky scramble, with the true rocky incidents to give it proper pleasure—the ash-

tree growing out from a rift, and bending over the stream—the rocks bleached and bony—the whitened skeletons of trees stripped of their leaves by the wind and the hail and the frost, never to be clothed again by the sun and the shower—the fling of ferns across the grey—all the dear old features of the craggy path, till you come to Codale Tarn, lying under the shadow of its own particular pike. Whence, if you have a mind, you may go to Stickle Tarn and Dungeon Ghyll, and down into Langdale, or over the Stake, as you will. To-day do none of these things; turn back by the way you came, to the foot of Helm Crag; and passing among farmsteads and gentlemen's seats, shady narrow lanes, and fenced fields full of cattle, fall into the main road again at the pass of Dunmail Raise.[5]

A dreary way enough lies before you; with Grasmere, pretty, pastoral, sleepy, and green, bathed in the summer sunshine, the haymakers just beginning their pleasant labours, and the cows and sheep dotted picturesquely about its pasture lands. Helm Crag is now only a corner-stone of large dimensions,—the Ancient Woman and Sage Sidrophel taking the place of the Lion and the Lamb, as expected—and Steel Fell, sharp and straight as its name, rises with a threatening kind of front, behind it. You have passed Fairfield which has been so long your landmark; but Seat Sandal flows out perpetually into new lines, ever rugged and rough both in form and dip, whatever the change

[5] Hutchinson has a very quaint theory respecting the growth and meaning of this name, which we will give abridged so far as we can. Popular assemblies were called mallums, afterwards mallum-motes, folk-motes, ward-motes, wittenage-motes. Justice used to be administered by the presiding Druid, sub Dio, within the circle of the ray, equal to our bar: hence arraign (at ray in), arrested (at ray est). Even religio is ray-ligio (bound by the ray). Near Cockermouth is the hill Muta or Moota, and on the top Moota-man. Carlisle assizes are still held in the mote or moot-hall, and we still moot a point. A general meeting was a mallum-mote; and in these motes every arrest or act passed was called *dun-wallo*, the will done or enacted, our present parliamentary phrase the outgrowth of the same. Dun-mallard, near Ullswater, and Dun-mail-raise, evidence the same thing. Dun in old law records is a hill, and Dunmallo was the law of the hill. That heap at Dunmail Raise is our only monument, says Southey, and that doubtful, because it may be merely a division made between the two counties.

of position. The Raise beck, which here divides Cumberland and Westmoreland, makes sweet mountain music at the foot of Steel Fell, singing its noble song with a clear, loud, freeborn voice that stirs the blood within your veins almost as the blast of a trumpet might, till the highest point of the Pass is reached, and you come upon the ancient pile of stones, now welted together with fern and moss and covered with the sweet charities of time and nature, which, they say, marks the spot where the poor county king, Dunmail, was buried, when he was defeated and slain by the Saxon Edmund, and his kingdom given to the Scottish Malcolm. As you descend and round the last spur of Seat Sandal, Helvellyn, stern and fervid, sweeps down its barren lines in terrible majesty of power; the upheaved mountain wall to the west breaks into more distinctive members, and new vistas reveal themselves; and then, towering up above all the rest, and a long way off, a dim blue top comes out from among the grey clouds, and the dim blue top is SKIDDAW.

Below lies the little lake of Thirlmere,[6] with its two promontories bound together by a bridge,[7] shaped like a bridge of boats set stem to stern; and you pass by, not through, the City of Wythburn, a miserable hamlet with nothing curious about it save its ambitious name, past Thrispot, and the humble little church belonging to the district—

> "Wytheburn's modest house of prayer,
> As lowly as the lowliest dwelling—"

well in keeping with the place and people. Rough Crag and Raven Crag—the last is one of those richly-wooded and ringleted-looking crags so often to be met with in the lake country—stand boldly forward on the west of Thirlmere, where also is the Haunted House and the terrible ghost-story as reported by Harriet Martineau. And quite to the left is a mountain shoulder, with the well-known features betokening the probability of a tarn

[6] Thirlmere has many names, Leatheswater and Wythburnwater, and anciently Brackmere. "At the foot of Wythburn fells lies Brackmere."—GOUGH'S *Camden*.

[7] Said to be Roman, but more than doubtful.

within the dip; as indeed there is—Harrop Tarn, with Dobghyll[8] proceeding, and that noble mass of rock, Tarn Crag, overhanging.

Go across the boat-like bridge to the west side of the lake, to where Lancey Falls are to be found among the trees and ferns:[9] not prettily tame, like the Rydal Falls—not with the same amount of passion and tumult in their rush, as in Sour-Milk Ghyll—but with an adorned luxuriance, a generous and graceful beauty, whether flowing through fairy nooks, or lost in shy entanglement of root and rock, or leaping out in bold cascades, laughing so that the old hills catch up the sound and fling it back with dimmer music—these seldom-visited falls are as worthy of odes and pictured praises as many others of which so much public account has been made. Feathered with woods but not obscured—craggy and wild but not bleak or bare—bank and jutting stone moss-covered and fern-adorned but not softened into effeminacy, or their natural beauty crippled by false art—dark, cool, lonely, and lovely, their wild grace at once rich and free,—it is time well bestowed to take an hour or two from the journey, and spend them in golden moments by the side of those falling waters. If it is a still day, Thirlmere lies absolutely unrippled, the reflection so entire that you cannot, at first sight, tell where the line of water begins, and what is real and what only repetition. These marvellously clear reflections are characteristic of Thirlmere, kept by Helvellyn from the east wind, and by its own crags from the west, closed up by Nathdale[10] Fell and the

[8] Under Bull Crags, not far from the ghyll, is a tall flat-topped stone, called the Justice stone, where the dalesmen of Wythburn, Legberthwaite, and St. John's-in-the-Vale, used to meet to settle public matters, such as the letting of the sheep-runs, repairing roads, &c. An old man now living at Wythburn remembers being taken by his father to the last of these meetings. The stone is half-way between the city and Armboth, and nearly opposite the little promontory called Clarke's Lope, where one Clarke tried to get rid of his wife, but was drowned himself instead.

[9] Some rare ferns are to be found here: among them the *asplenium viride*, or green spleenwort, a limestone fern growing on a thin vein of limestone running through this district.

[10] Pronounced Naddle.

St. John's Vale hills against the north, and by Dunmail Raise from even the tender south; and wonderfully perfect they are. The rich and stately trees of Dalehead, the desperate front of Helvellyn, the bounding leap of Brotto's Ghyll, and Eagle Crag like a bird's wing—not in its sweep but in its grey striated lines fringed with growth of wood for feathers,—all by turns appear, loaded with additional colour in the mirror below, and all are suddenly swept out, as an artist would sweep out a picture with one stroke of his brush, when a small light breeze glides swiftly across the lake, and shakes it mischievously into smiles.

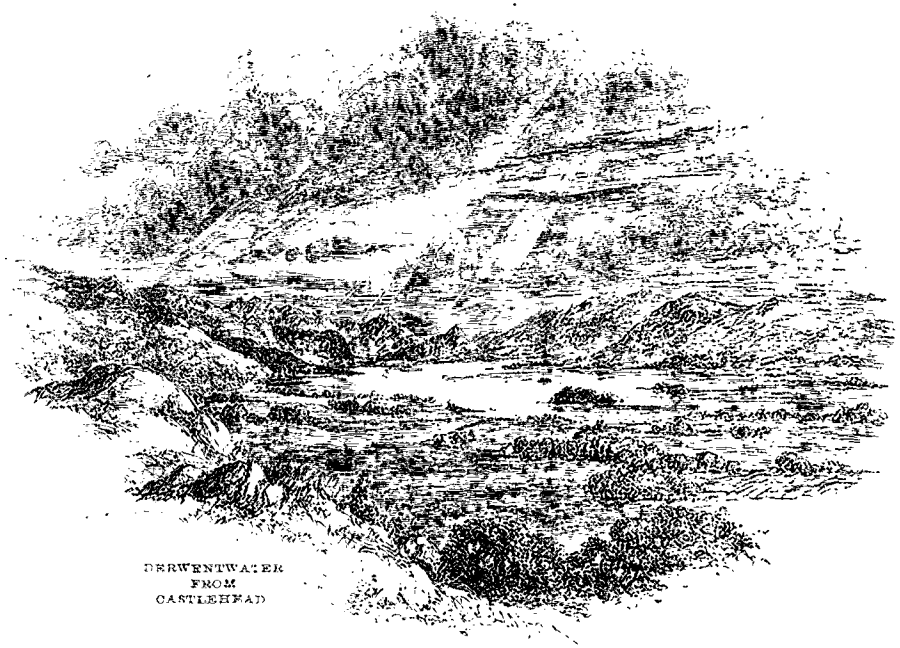
Keep still to the left for Shoulthwaite Moss; passing now under Raven Crag—Great How, where Wordsworth's boys built their snow man, covered with trees, on the right; Wanthwaite Fell, a lower shoulder of Helvellyn, still further to the right; Nathdale Fell, which runs like a hog's back between the vales of Nathdale and Saint John, in front; and beyond Nathdale the blue mass of Blencathra; to be soon followed in full profile by Skiddaw. Turn back before the scene is changed, and take in the whole of the lake,

THIRLMERE

winding and river-like, to the very foot of the Raise; a view to be well noted when seen, and not the less noted because not one of the more popular or widely known. As you descend, the Castle Rocks appear—Green Crag properly—where the Bridal of Triermain was held; and where now, instead

of Arthur's love and Guendolen's proud beauty, instead of the revelry and knighthood of the magic time, is only a heap of cold grey stone, touched into golden glory by the westering sun; which the imaginative and short-sighted may believe to look like a ruined castle, but which the clear-eyed make to be only a heap of cold grey stone. But, from the Threlkeld side, and in a not too brilliant sunset, even they, the clear-eyed, may be deceived, and think they see the remains of a ruined castle in the broken rocks of Green Crag.

Then, by sweet flowery lanes rather than an ordinary Queen's Highway, out from the Vale of Thirlmere (Legberthwaite properly) into the Vale of St. John's, and by wooded Castlerigg (which you must pronounce Castrigg if you wish to be understood by the vale people) where the great Derwentwater family had once a house on the heights above Walla Crag; and down the long, steep, wooded slope to Brow Top, Skiddaw showing his huge bulk more fully, Latrigg standing like a watchdog by its side, Blencathra sharp and picturesque, the Bassenthwaite Fells distant and dim, and Bassenthwaite Lake like a silver line against them and the sky, the Greta, most musical, most beautiful of rivers, flowing on its careless way like a happy child singing in its play: all caught up, one after the other, as the eye wanders lovingly from each to each. There they all are—the lake, the mountains, the islands where the sweetest wild flowers are to be found and the loveliest pictures to be made, the bays where the water-lilies grow, and where fairies used to live in the days when life was young and love was not ashamed of faith—there are the sweet meadows, and the little golden becks running over their golden sands—there smile the sunny slopes of Catbells—there peers up to the sky the royal face of Causey Pike—Grisedale Pike, and the sharp Newland hills, tell pleasant tales of summer rambles—and the bold dark mass of Borrowdale's wilder cluster shuts in the heart of the Lake Rose against the world beyond. For it is in truth the Lake Rose, this VALE of DERWENTWATER—the loveliest flower in all the garland—the brightest gem of the whole grand crown!



DERWENTWATER
FROM
CASTLEHEAD

KESWICK AND DERWENTWATER

CHAPTER IV

THE Vale of Derwentwater bears quite a different aspect to that of either Windermere or Ullswater. The first—a long narrow tongue or inlet from the south—modernised and beautiful, but tame, save at the head; in all its lower and middle lengths rather a promise of what is to come than the fulfilment of hopes—strikes one as a lovely garden, or park, where the very wildness is well kept, and nature is constrained to neatness. A delicious translation for the town-weary Cockney, but too well-dressed for the true-born mountaineer, and oppressive in its modern luxury to those who remember this country in its simple homeliness of forty years ago. The second is liker the ideal northern life, and has a certain savageness and solitude about it which makes one forget

its two grand hotels with their startling London prices, and the grim exclusiveness of its one stately owner, careful rather for exclusiveness than for simplicity. Even its inconveniences are pleasant as a summer day's experience—its no market and its no shops, and the need of sending fifteen miles to Penrith for a cap-string or a fishing fly, its butcher's supply coming once a week, and no oftener, and its postman in his little cart the general Mercury and the great event of the day. All this is very delightful; though, to be sure, it is only a playing at the life of long ago, with the steamboat hissing on the lake, and crinolines swelling on the mountains; but it charms during a short stay where no vital inconvenience is felt, and gratifies the imagination. Still Ullswater, like Windermere, for all its grandeur is only partially mountainous; noble in the upper reach, beautiful in the middle, but tame if lovely in the lower, going off into softness and rich living and the broad plains of castle-crowned Penrith and the flowing wealth of rivers. It is not the amphitheatre that Derwentwater is, though it may be that it has grander lines about it; as in the lines of Helvellyn, which belongs to Ullswater, and which are nobler than those of Skiddaw.

Yes, Derwentwater is the gem of the whole. Whatever there is of beauty special to the other districts is here in ripest fulness. Crag and fell; the evidence of the mountain top and the secrets of the dale; gentle river and brawling stream; the turbulent ghyll and the grander force; the lake hiding itself away in bays starred with water-lilies and blue with lobelia, or dashing round rocky promontories where it beats up in waves that are almost billows in the heavy winds of winter, or bossed with islands endeared by legends and beautified by poems; distant prospects leading down to the dark blue sea, and over to Cumberland's old enemy, Scotland, beyond; and home views across one's own garden that touch the heart like the face of a fair child: nothing is wanting, and nothing is left unfinished, as where the hills rise up only as a kind of hood at the head, but wander off into undeveloped fells at the foot. Here they are set all round the vale in equal majesty—a rampart or a crown, as one's mood would phrase it.

Again, the Keswick lake is not all the valley, as with the narrower and more river-formed. Between the roots of the mountains and the lake-side lies a wide tract, where fields and meadows and rivers and hamlets and sunny slopes and secondary heights, make a pleasant world of human industry and love. There is the hill where Southey[1] lived, in the midst of "great flourishing bears and monsters," as Charles Lamb called his "net of mountains," and its fellow fork where the Vicarage stands—the Greta flowing between; the Derwent hills out by Portinscale; the peopled terraces under Skiddaw, creeping up on to his very breast; the hills towards St. John's, and those on the Threlkeld road, all lovely with gardened homes, and sanctified by human hopes; the broadest district and the most populous in the lake country. The form of the valley, too, is so beautiful in its roundness—not a geometrical roundness scientifically true—but a nearly unbroken circling of hills; its only visible outlet being towards the setting sun, where the Bassenthwaite Fells and Water are the barriers against the Cockermouth plains leading to the sea. Thus the lake itself is not such an all-absorbing feature as either Windermere or Ullswater, or yet Coniston. The first is ten, and the second nine, miles long; the last six; with sometimes only the road and sometimes a meadow or a lawn between them and the mountain bases. Derwentwater is but three miles at its fullest, and lies away by itself at one end of the valley, leaving the rest free for man. So that it is only part of the life of the place, as the mountains are only part, too, shared with the woods and the fields, and the

[1] Besides Southey and Wordsworth—the last only collaterally—Keswick has a claim on Shelley and Coleridge. Poor Shelley and his Harriet lived for some time at Chesnut Hill, where he used to go and see Mr. Southey, "like the ghost of his former (Pantisocratic) self," and eat Mrs. Southey's buttered cake, which he wanted to "eat for ever;" and Coleridge, who was often at Greta Hall, wrote the second part of Christabel at Keswick, if not other things. Southey brought up Sara Coleridge as his own daughter, for he was a generous man to his own kindred if less than loving to the world at large, and the most thorough-bred *gentleman* of the whole lake school.

pleasant bye-lanes among hedges and corn-rows, and evening saunters through the hay-fields.

From the little hill of Castlehead—its love-name hereabouts is Castlet—that wooded crag just out of Keswick on the Borrowdale road, the most expressive of the home views is to be had. Follow the sweet wood-path, winding and cool as a wood-path should be, up to the craggy apex where the picture bursts upon you. For it is truly a picture, of which the framework is the sky. Skiddaw stands to the right, isolated as ever, but with more sharpness of aspect than is its usual characteristic; even little Dod looks impudently independent, and no longer the "cub" resting by its parent, of ordinary times; and that cone born of the mountain's very heart, that peak within a peak, Carsleddam by name, shows such a fierceness of front, and such a red wrath of background, that it might be a bit of Helvellyn, instead of a member of the mildest mountain patriarch in the country. Through the trees to the right Blencathra shows itself half shyly; while to the left Bassenthwaite Lake lies like a shining belt against the sky, joining Skiddaw and its own special fells, Barf and Whinlatter, with a line of silver. In clear weather Criffel's dim top is to be seen beyond that line; but this is rare, and not to be expected by the every-day tourist. The mountains round the lonely Newlands Valley look sharp and peaked and full of temptation to adventurous ramblers; full of danger, too, let it be distinctly understood. Causey Pike, with its royal fatuous face[2] upon its crest, and Ghyll Mickle at its side, looks well from here; and between it and Rawling End comes up a small pointed head, which, seen at the other side, has a noble body attached known to guides and tourists as Knot Pike. Red Pike, one of the Buttermere hills and as ruddy as its name, is in the distance, High Stile, its companion, following; a small bit of Robinson and another, still smaller, of the rich sounding Goldscope look up over their

[2] George the Third, double chin, snub nose, receding forehead and all, can be made out quite well in the crowning knobs of Causey Pike.

neighbours' heads; and then come the slopes of Catbells, and the wilder fall of Maiden Mawr;—Gait Crag and Castle Crag below. But the highest points of all, Scawfell[3] and Scawfell Pike (the Wastwater giant), are far away, almost as dim and blue as the sky against which they stand. Great End and Bowfell, belonging to the same group, are also seen, but indistinctly; Glaramara is to the left of Bowfell, heading Borrowdale; and then comes the Lodore range, massed into Walla Crag, so far as perspective goes, which completes the panorama.[4] Below, is the lake, with the reflections as clear as if shadowed in a mirror, save where a light breeze creeps tremulously, as if on tiptoe, just across the surface, or where a boat trails a comet-like stream of widening ripple in its wake; or perhaps where those shadowed places called "kelds" tell of a coming storm, according to the saying: "It is no hay-day to-day—the kelds are on the lakes."

But ah! how lovely is that lake! Go down to the boat-landings, where the pretty wood of Cockshot on the one side and the sloping space of Crow Park on the other, catch the sunlight with their two expressions of mystery and revelation; and go through its pleasant places one by one.

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[3] Scawfell is generally said to be the centre of the Borrowdale system, perhaps, because it is the highest point, and so appears as if it ought to be the centre. But a careful study of Flintoft's model will show Great Gable rather as the centre; the point whence the Langdale ranges and the Wastwater mountains (Scawfell itself and the Screes, and the rest), the Ennerdale mountains, and the Buttermere (but those last at Crummock are broken across, as if against the grain, in a very strange manner), all radiate as the spokes of a wheel radiate from the nave. This last is a simile often used, but it is too good to be discarded for a newer and less fitting image.

[4] Travelling from right to left, against the sun, and so coming back, save for the wooded knoll on which we stand, to Skiddaw, where we began. It is of course impossible to give this view as a panorama. Therefore, the best and most picturesque part has been taken as the heading for the chapter: namely, Walla Crag and Borrowdale, Castle Crag for the very centre of the picture,—Glaramara, Bowfell, Great End, and Scawfell Pike behind it,—then Maiden Mawr and Catbells, with the lake and islands below.

Here is Derwent Isle, which has had almost as many names as owners—Vicar's Isle[5] when it belonged to Fountain's Abbey, Peachey's, Pocklington's, The Island, and now Derwent Isle; more appropriate if less distinctive; surely the loveliest water-home ever made by man, with its emerald lawn sloping to the south, and its tulip-tree like a bit of tropical life among the northern growths. Friar's Crag, that bold jut of rock and tree, where the monks of Lindisfarne used to come yearly to be blessed by St. Herbert, and where now every artist tries his hand at a sketch, flanks it to the left; and beyond Friar's Crag is the largest of all the islands—Lord's Island, where the Derwentwaters lived. They built themselves a summer bower there, out of the ruins of the old Castlerigg mansion, when they abandoned that estate for Dilston, on the marriage of Margaret, the heiress and daughter of Sir John de Derwentwater, with the Ratcliffe of Dilston;[6] cutting through the connecting tongue of land at Strandshag,[7] which made the island part of the mainland, and throwing

[5] Alice de Romeli, the great religious benefactress of this valley, gave this island and the parish church of Crosthwaite to Fountain's Abbey; but at the dissolution of the monasteries it was granted to one John Williamson, from whom it passed, by successive translations, into the hands of its present owners. It has had many owners, and among others, in Camden's time, German miners, and, perhaps—but this is a mere supposition, without proof or groundwork—some old Roman may have set up his tent among its trees, and defied the Britons in full security from its pleasant shores.

[6] It was one of these Ratcliffes who figured in the old couplet—

> "The Rat, the Cat, and Lovel the Dog,
> Ruled all England under the Hog;"

the Rat being Sir Richard Ratcliffe, not one of the Derwentwater set, but belonging to the elder branch—the famous Sir Richard, of scarcely enviable notoriety. It brings one face to face with strange things of bygone times, to be able to connect such mighty men with an insignificant little island good only as a show place to summer visitors.

[7] In 1769, money of Queen Elizabeth's time—shillings and sixpences, and a half-crown piece of Charles I.—were found at Strandshag (hag means a wooded enclosure or coppice); doubtless buried there in a moment of peril by the Derwentwaters, or by some of their retainers.

over a drawbridge instead, as a safer manner of way in troublous times than a level space of green.

The flat of Stable Hills, where Southey would have built his house if he had had Aladdin's lamp or Fortunatus's purse, looks well from here; and Scarf Close Bay, under the shadow of Great Wood on Walla Crag, has very likely a shoal of banded perch or shy trout sleeping in the sun among the stones. In the spring Ramps Holm is or was once thick with wild garlic, as its name implies; for Ramps Holm is only Garlic Island when translated into English; and the Scarf Stones may be dangerous in high-water time when their heads are covered, if you do not know their whereabouts. Then there is Barrow Bay, and the river inlet to Lodore, which takes close steering to keep the boat clear up its centre, and not run it aground on the mud among the reeds and rushes; and the Floating Island,[8] that strange phenomenon of the hotter summers; and the beautiful Derwent, coming in its last hour, after all its rocky clearness, through a

[8] In the summer of 1863 there were two floating islands—a thing not known before; but the second was part of the same system as the first, and both were portions of the bottom of the lake, torn up by some agency as yet a little undetermined by the scientific. It is evident that one cause is the generation of gases—carburetted hydrogen and azote in equal parts, with a little carbonic acid—underneath the lake bottom in very hot weather, by which means the flooring is at last torn and lifted up bodily, and floated to the surface. But why those gases are generated in that one particular spot is, after all, the real mystery. The older and more intelligent of the guides will tell you of a little stream that gets lost in the ground before reaching the lake, and which disappearance, they say, has something to do with the subsequent upheaval of the island; but this point has not been quite established as yet. The island is a mere soft spongy bit of vegetation and earth, such as the bottom of the lake close in shore would be, covered with water lobelia (*Lobelia dortmanna*), common quillwort (*Isoetes lacustris*), and shore-weed (*Littorella lacustris*); the same plants, in short, as grow round the margin of the lake everywhere. There seemed great chance at one time this year of a very large portion of that Lodore side of the lake bottom rising to the surface; for, owing to the heat and long drought, the water was exceedingly shallow—the yellow part of the bulrushes standing nearly a foot out of it; and, had the same kind of weather continued, we should probably have had a floating island of unheard-of magnitude, shaking its loose sides upon the water.

mere swamp where the herons find their food, and where there used to be snipes and wild ducks and the like, until population and civilization drove them all away to wilder places. And there are the points, like tongues, darting up towards Grange and Borrowdale; and the lead-mine at Salt Level Bay, where there is a steam-engine with heaps of grey refuse, and the water soiled and whitened for a broad space outward; and the Brandelow Woods under Catbells, where old-world smugglers used to live, and run their kegs of brandy ashore—bold Will Watches, bolder than honest, and with a monstrous amount of false sentiment about their memories. And then there is St. Herbert's Island,[9] the sweetest of all.

Every one lands on St. Herbert's Island, and wanders through the close-grown paths to the summerhouse, where picnic parties, needing a roof over their heads, spread their table-cloths and bring out their veal pies and cold chickens; and every one studies the new aspect of the mountains as seen from this Omphalos of the lake. Catbells looks steeper than in general, if

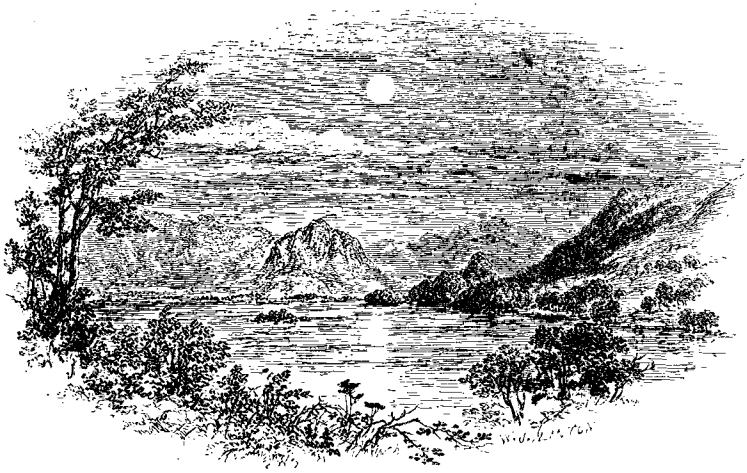
[9] Almost every one knows the beautiful tradition attached to this island, where "Herebert, priest and confessor," came when he withdrew himself from the world of men and action, to live in the life of God and contemplation—retaining only one earthly affection: his love for St. Cuthbert of Lindisfarn, or, as Bede calls it, Farn Island. When St. Cuthbert came as bishop to Lugubalia, (which we now call Carlisle,) St. Herbert went over to him for godly talk and affectionate communion; and then it was that the elder saint prayed God to grant his younger brother's prayer, and to let them both depart from life on the same day. And the promise was given. On the same day, which was the 19th day of March, "their souls departed from their bodies, and were straight in union in the beatific sight and vision, and were transported hence to the Kingdom of Heaven by the service and hands of angels." For centuries after, the Vicar of Crosthwaite, attended by the priests and monks of every church and chapel and convent round about, went in grand procession up the lake on the 13th April, to celebrate mass on St. Herbert's Isle, to the joint honour of the two sainted friends; granting forty days' indulgence to all the pious who accompanied them. Fuller's notice of the story is this, "Herebert, Priest and Confessor, may justly be referred to this county; for there is a *lake* therein (Bede calleth it *pregrande stagnum*), nigh Keswick, made by the river Darwent, wherein *three* islands are found, in the least of which this Herebert led an eremitical life."

not so high, and Maiden Mawr is wilder; Skiddaw is infinitely mild and paternal, and the valley between it and the lake is crumpled up into a few dotted lines; Bassenthwaite seems to be endless miles away, and Blencathra is sharp and aggressive; the front of Walla Crag, and the rocks about Lodore, are rich in colour and of threatening aspect; and the great purple caverns of Borrowdale seem close at hand, as if you could fling a stone against the very brow of Castle Crag, blocking up the way. In some conditions of the atmosphere the smallest accident of the hills, whatever it may be, is as clearly marked and as vividly coloured as if it was a toy model you had before you. In others you see nothing but the presence of large masses and the shadowy places of the dales, while all the details are rapt away into misty dreamland, and that southern gorge is the home of only spirits and genii. Sometimes the home of pale ghosts, or of furies let loose, when the clouds come down, and the wind and the rain go forth to meet them. Those great purple caverns —that deep throat into which you plunge with such insatiable longing—how often have the weary-hearted stood here on the very spot where St. Herbert prayed, and cast down the burden of their sorrows where he took up his cross!

Now back to your boat, past the hole by the Otter-rock where the big eel was caught one day, and into Derwentwater Bay—or Waterend Bay, Waterlily Bay, or Sir John Woodford's, as you like to call it—but under any name the sweetest haunt to be found within the four seas. One of the chief beauties of Derwentwater is its clearness on account of its shallowness: and of all its bays and shallows this is the clearest and most transparent. The water lies over a pavement of jewels of all kinds and of all hues; ranging from pale sea-green passing into white, to the deepest purple of the shade next to black. It is a "wonder work," that lake pavement inside the bay; so is the lovely wood surrounding it; so is that broad roofing of lily leaves, red and green, beneath which the Undines of the lake sway the white cups to and fro in the evening ripple; and even the broken steps leading up into the private grounds, with the battered old stags upon the gate-posts—even

the stone arm-chair on the rock at the corner, with its rustic history belonging—have a fascination and a fitness not to be found anywhere beside.

Then, skirting past pleasant Silver Hill, where the sun always seems to shine,—taking care not to get wrecked on either of the little Ling Holms at hand, but keeping within the shadow of the woods, so lovely at this particular spot, as, indeed, they are all along the western side—steering up and out again the reedy stretch of the issuing Derwent, the Greta joining close by but not meeting in the lake—past the wooded Promontory and Crow Park, and then to the landing-place again ; the inventory of the lake complete.



FROM SIR JOHN WOODFORD'S GROUNDS

Of the history of Keswick[10] not much is to be said, for all that it is the largest and most important of the Lake Country towns—the metropolis, as it is the centre, of the district. It used to have three special branches

[10] Kesh is the local name for the water hemlock, which grows very abundantly here ; so that Keswick is literally the head, or bay, or village of the water hemlock. In early times, Keswick was not the favourite place it is now. The town was almost wholly inhabited by

of industry—the woollen trade,[11] the black-lead mines in Borrowdale, and the gold and silver mines in Newlands;[12] but the woollen trade has dwindled

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miners, and Leland, who seems to have hated our north country bitterly enough, calls it "a lytle poore market town cawlled Keswike, a mile from St. Herberte's Isle, that Bede speaketh of;" but Camden's summary was more gracious: "On the edges of this lake in very rich land," he says, "surrounded by dewy hills, and defended from the north winds by Skiddaw, a very high mountain, lies Keswicke, a small market town, many years famous for the copper works, as appears from a charter of King Edward IV., and at present inhabited by miners, whose smelting house is by Derwentside, which, with his forcible stream, and other ingenious inventions, serveth them in notable stead for easy bellows-works, hammer-works, forge-works, and sawing of boards, not without admiration of those who behold." (This is quoted from a quotation.) A contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1751, is very severe. He says out boldly, with no chance of being misunderstood, that "the poorer inhabitants of Keswick subsist chiefly by stealing, or clandestinely buying of those that steal, the black lead, which they sell to Jews or other hawkers." Hutchinson, in his Tour, gives his verdict, too, on the adverse side. "Keswick is but a mean village, wholly indebted to the amenity of its situation to the notice of travellers," he says; and he sums up all that is to be said in the facts, that the accommodation is very indifferent, that no tradition is preserved of St. Herbert, that there are eagles in the cliffs near Bank Park (at the head of the lake), and on the shores a saline spring of very salubrious quality (at Manesty, probably), and that a cliff, projecting over the lake, is called "Eve's Crag" from its likeness to a woman. Which was his own dream surely, whatever else he may have had warranty for!

[11] There are still some hands employed in this, but very few compared to old time, when spinning and weaving and carding went on in all the cottages, and home-spun ginghams and fustians were the rule, not the exception.

[12] The Newland mines were discovered in Queen Elizabeth's time, by Thomas Thurland and Daniel Hetchletter, a German from Augsburg: the upshot being a law-suit between the Queen and Thomas Percie, Earl of Northumberland, the Lord of the Manor, which ended in favour of the former and her prerogative, because more silver and gold than copper was found, so they said, and the royal metals belonged to her, the baser only to the Lord. Fuller, in his *Worthies*, has a very quaint note on the Newland mines. "These Mines lay long neglected, choaked in their own rubbish, till renewed about the beginning of Queen Elizabeth, when plenty of Copper was here afforded, both for home use and for forraign transportation. But Copper itself was too soft for severall military services, and could not alone (no single person can prove a Parent) produce Brass, most useful for that purpose. Here *taste* and *see* Divine Providence; which never doth its work by halfes, and generally doubleth gifts by seasonable giving them: *Lapis calaminaris* (whereof hereafter in due place) was then

now, and is almost dead; and the "rune" cut into the flagstone, which was to keep it flourishing for ever,

> "May God Almighty grant His aid
> To Keswick and its woollen trade—"

was before the entrance to a pencil-mill when last heard of; for the pencil manufactory, a little slackened of late, survives all other changes, though the working of the wad-mines has ceased. As for the Newlands mines they were long abandoned, but are now in full yield again; while a new lead-mine has been opened at Salt Level Bay, and a sufficiency of ore found to make the working profitable.

The buildings are not specially noteworthy. There is a town hall—called Moot Hall locally—very much like any other town hall in England, where eggs and butter are sold at the Saturday market,[13] and where certain courts and public meetings are held—notably the weekly petty sessions or magistrates' meetings, and the annual Court Leet, on the business of the manor and its lord. It has one or two special objects of interest: one, the

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first found in England, the *Mother* of *Brass*, as *Copper* the *Father* thereof." "We must not forget the names of the *two* Dutchmen (good *froggs* by Sea, but better *moles* by *land*), who refound out these *Copper mines*, wherein also some Silver (no *new milk* without some *creame* therein)—viz., Thomas Shurland and Daniel Hotchslabter, of Auspurge, in Germany," whose nephews bought land (probably in the county).

[13] This was a privilege got by Sir John de Derwentwater, the then lord of the Manor, from Edward I. There are also certain fairs for cattle, cheese, and hiring, held at various times of the year. The old Morlan fair for leather has long since been discontinued, though the shoemakers still get drunk on the day (the 2nd of August) in memory of the occasion. The Morlan fair gave rise to the proverb, "Morlan fluid ne'er did guid," because of the damage done to the leather by over much rain. And, indeed, the summer floods of the lake country are sometimes very terrific. One of the old chapelry priests was drowned in the ditch near the High Hill, on a Morlan flood, not so very many years ago; and there have been times, quite of late, when the two lakes were joined together, and the Portinscale road had to be traversed in boats. Morlan is an instance of the gradual corruption of words. It is Magdalen properly, first brought down to Maudlin, and then still further clipped to Morlan.

bell on which the clock strikes, which has an almost illegible date of 1001, and the letters H. D. R. O. on it; supposed to have been a curfew-bell of the period, and brought from Lord's Island; and the other, the very stones of which it is built, for they too came from Lord's Island, being the ruins of the Derwentwater House when everything went to decay after the attainder and that tragic execution. It has a more modern interest in Flintoft's masterly model which is exhibited here, and which every lake visitor ought to study if he wishes to understand his whereabouts. It is really a masterpiece, this model, perfectly truthful and admirably explained.

FOUND AT CARRMOR

Farther down the town is a museum[14] of Saxon antiquities, and Greek and Roman remains — coins, swords, celts, urns, bronze eagles, and the like; some fine geological specimens, a double octave of musical stones—the first discovered—and the usual curiosities of such a place; the door flanked and guarded by two huge whale-bones as the supporters, to the eternal awe and wonder of the rising generation.

And there is — no, there was — a row of quaint, old-fashioned almshouses, where eighteen poor and indigent folk were supported, according to the will and bequest of Sir John Banks, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in 1640, and a native of Keswick;[15] but the almshouses have been swept away now, and a Bank is built on the site, and the remnant of the eighteen poor and indigent folk

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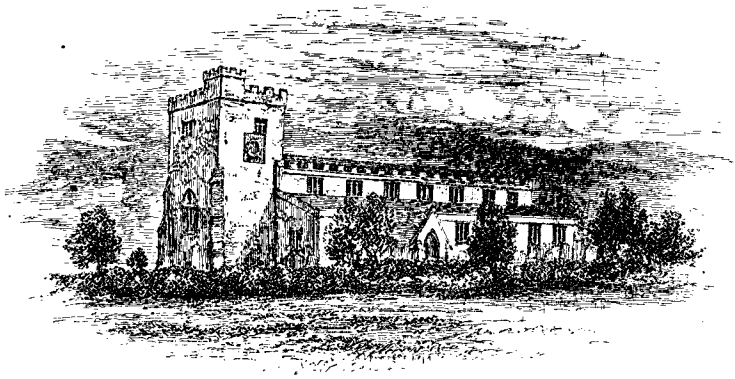
[14] Better known as Crosthwaite's Museum, a really remarkable collection, not only for matters of intrinsic value, but as a monument of the industry and research of one of our Keswick worthies. Peter Crosthwaite, like Jonathan Otley, was a self-made man; and both these local celebrities do no little honour to the self-making and self-educating system. They were both Dalton kind of men: not an unusual type in the north country.

[15] Fuller says he left a sum of money "to set up a manufacture of coarse cottons in the town of Keswick."

has been drafted off to the omnivorous Union, ready for the engulfing of any amount of lives.

Outside the town is Southey's house, Greta Hall by name, where he lived the life of a gentleman and a scholar, wrote the "Doctor" and made his "Cottonian library," played with Dapper the dog, and flung stones for exercise into the Greta; and at the other, the east, end of the town, are, St. John's Church, pink and pretty, and the most picturesque parish library to be found anywhere: as well adapted to our modern ways as any of the most beautiful college-halls of olden times.

And then there is the mother church,[16] St. Mungo's, or St. Kentigern's, if you prefer the latter name instead—a saint much honoured in the north country—standing alone towards the base of Skiddaw, away from the town and the old church village of Crosthwaite alike. It is the Lake cathedral,



and was nobly "restored" some eighteen years ago by Mr. Stanger. Strangers flock round Lough's monument of Southey, with Wordsworth's sonnet at the base; and archæologists find solace in those old relics of the Derwentwaters—two battered figures of a knight and a lady in composite, which, in

[16] Alice de Romeli's gift to Fountain's Abbey, so far as the rectory was concerned; but the patronage of the vicarage reserved to the see of Carlisle.

the days of ignorance, used to be called Adam and Eve, but which were doubtless images of the ordinary generation of man once living up at Castlerigg and known as the Lords de Derwentwater, but now lying under a speckled marble slab close to where the school children sit and make the responses. On this dark speckled slab are some brasses, two being the figures of a knight in armour and his lady, with the inscription in black letter beneath:[17]—"Of yo^{r} Charite p̃^{y} for the Soule of S^{r} Johñ Ratclif, knyght: and for the state of Dame Alice his wyfe: which S^{r} Johñ dyed y^{e} ii Day of February An Di M^{o} D^{o} xxvii. ô whois soule Jhu have m^{cy}." There are also some painted windows not to be passed over with disrespect; and an old font, very curious, said to have been given by Alice de Romeli. A certain part of the church (the east end of the south aisle) is known as the Derwentwater, or Lord's Chapel, also the Magdalen Chantry, where the souls of the translated Derwentwaters were daily prayed for under the special patronage of "Sancta Maria Magdalena de Keswyke." And then there is a peal of bells. Such a peal!—pouring a very cascade of music through the vale,—when the wind blows gustily, sinking and swelling with the breeze in mingled passion and suppression infinitely beautiful. The bells are all inscribed, as was

[17] This monument, and an old carved chair in Crosthwaite's Museum, are almost all the remains left of the Derwentwaters, so long the chief family of the place, and even now regarded with romantic tenderness, perhaps because of the sad tragedy of the last of the race. For it was not the simple fact of his execution that made the story of the young earl so pitiful—it was his youth and gallantry and chivalric character; it was his wife's devotedness, both to the cause for which she sacrificed her husband, and to that husband himself, when the stake for which he had played was lost, and only the player was to be rescued. It was the story of love and heroism—a story as old as time, and as noble as human history—that has invested the name of the Derwentwaters with so much interest, and that has kept them still the traditionary heroes and local magnates of the vale, no matter what great name or greater wealth comes in their stead and on their land. To this day the Aurora Borealis is called "Lord Derwentwater's Lights," because they shone with unusual brilliancy the night after his execution. The common people said it was a sign of the wrath of Heaven for his execution, but the religious said it was the fiery chariot of his soul taken upwards; and the last got the greater consolation.

the custom of old time; but if their music was no better than their poetry, the world of hearers in and about that old Crosthwaite Church would not be much benefited.

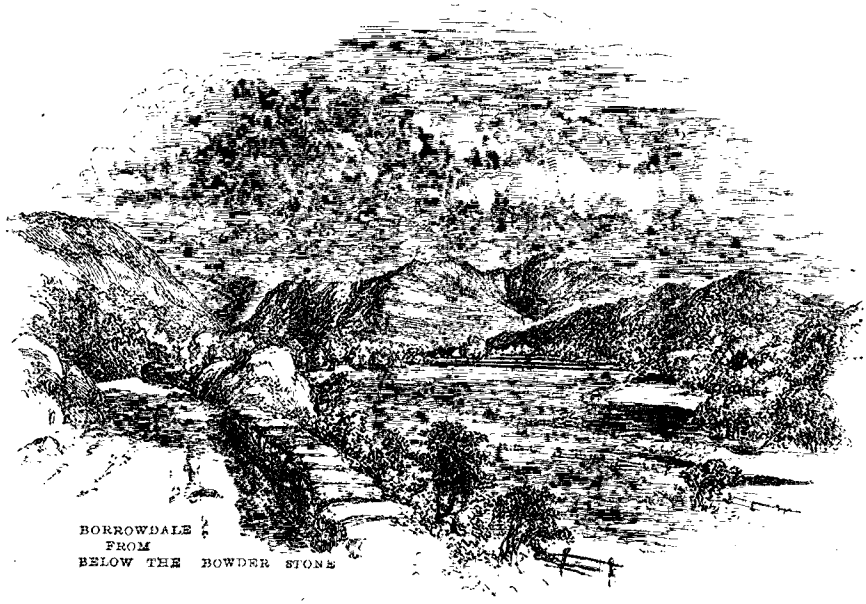
The manner of electing churchwardens and sidesmen in this church is of old-time origin.[18] The assembly of electors commanded to gather themselves together at Crosthwaite Church on the afternoon of Ascension-day, is to be composed of the Vicar of Crosthwaite, the eighteen sworn men (sidesmen), the churchwardens, the representatives of the house of Derwentwater, the sealer and receiver of the Queen's Majesty's portion at the mines, the bailiffs of Keswick, Wythburn, Borrowdale, Thornthwaite, Brundholm, and the Forester of Derwent Fells; and these are to choose and elect the eighteen men for the year to come, and also the churchwardens. The oath to be administered on the Sunday following, between the morning prayers and the Litany, is as quaint as the rest, but too long to be given here. There is also a free or national school near the church—abutting, indeed, on to the churchyard wall—with certain local privileges helpful to the young of the place, and which the

[18] There was more to do in those early times than simply to provide for the rightful distribution of the parish funds, or to look after the scholars and their master; for the north countrymen, slow to move in everything, were the last to accept the new dispensation. Clergy and laity, almost to a man, supported Aske's rebellion—the Pilgrimage of Grace; and Sir Ralph Sadler wrote in 1569 to Lord Burghley that, "the hearts of all the commonalty of the North country were altogether blinded with th' olde popishe doctrine." These Romanistic proclivities got the poor Eighteen into temporary trouble; and the authorities appointed for the better ordering of the religious observances of the county, did their best to drive them into the way of simplicity and the Reformation, and to destroy the lingering love of papistry and papistical splendours still existing. No great harm came to any of them, and no lives were lost. Fuller, speaking of Cumberland martyrs, says, in his dry sarcastic way, "This country affordeth none in the Raign of Queen Mary. First, the People thereof were mezell'd in Ignorance and Superstition. Secondly, such as favoured the Reformation were connived at by Owin Oglethorpe, the courteous Bishop of Carlisle, who crowned Queen Elizabeth. However, Cumberland had one Native, who going up to London, first found a husband, and then met with martyrdome therein: viz., Elizabeth Foster," born at Graystock, burnt with six others in one fire at Smithfield, January 27, 1556.

eighteen sworn men manage to the good or evil of the institution and scholars, as the worse or better element among them prevails. Sometimes there are disagreements between the Eighteen and the master; one objecting to the over-severity and the other indignant at the over-leniency; one fuming that his son does not learn fast enough and another fretting because his daughter is going to be such a fine scholar she will make but a feckless woman. Self-government has its disadvantages.

The ancient and original village of the vale is Crosthwaite; that little hamlet below the Vicarage-hill to the right, where there is a fine old house called Monk's Hall, now a farm, and a tree with a tradition at its roots. This was the parish hamlet when the Christian religion was represented by noble architecture and social inequality; when the monk dwelt in a celled palace, and the serf herded with the pigs and the goats. It is now nothing but the decrepit old name-giver, palsied, withered, and worn out.

But withered and decrepit as it may be, it still lives in the glories which neither time nor circumstance can change: it still looks up to Skiddaw's calm, grand front, still sees the burning sunrise flushing it a glowing crimson as the day steals on and over the mountain tops and then flows down to the valley beneath; still sees it paling gradually from red and purple to grey and green, like a fire burning itself out to ashes, as the sun sinks down behind the Bassenthwaite lake and the sea beyond; still sees it white and silent as a frozen statue in the winter—green as a young flower leaf in the spring—belted with gold in the summer, but the gold broken into by purple shadows and greyer markings—and in the autumn time burnished with all the richest colours nature can give — purple and red and gold and bronze — till it is one large garden of beauty and fragrance. And so the times wear on, and man and all his fashions change from year to year, and from day to day; but palsied, withered, and decrepit old Crosthwaite village lives in the presence of the Eternal—the Eternally Young and the Eternally Beautiful!



BORROWDALE FROM BELOW THE BOWDER STONE

THE KESWICK WALKS

CHAPTER V

YES, the Vale of Keswick is the opened rose itself, and all the other lakes and mountains are the leaves and buds. Noble sprays, some of them, full of rich tones and delicious sweetness, but none equal to the perfected flower. And Borrowdale is the heart of the rose; the inner golden recess where the bees seek their food and the butterflies their enjoyment; the point where so many lines converge and where we rest before taking wider flights beyond; for, indeed, the most noticeable thing in the whole vale is that cluster of dark blue mountains up at the head of the lake, if it be not the solitary Northern mass of Skiddaw set up like a kind of mountain Jove above the rest.

Borrowdale[1] is generally only ranked as one of the "walks about Keswick." Though the heart and nucleus of the mountain system, it is regarded mainly as the way to Langdale by the Stake, or to Wastwater by Sty Head, or to Buttermere by Honister; not often as a place of sojourn or of intimate knowledge. And yet it has within itself beauty that would reward long months of loving roaming. For instance, the walk from Grange, ending at Stockley Bridge at the foot of Sty Head Pass, is without an equal; especially if you choose an evening full of rich sunset tones, and know the worth of the loveliness about you.

[1] The manor of Borrowdale was once part of the Castlerigg manor, belonging to the Derwentwater estate, but probably given by one of the family to the church; for, in some accounts, it is said that, "the monks of Furness held, of the honour of Cockermouth, in pure and perpetual alms, Borrowdale, which, by the dissolution of the said monasterie, fell into King Henry's hands, and was, at the time this survey of the Derwent Fells manor was taken (1578), still in the possession of the Queen. The abbot and convent of Fountains late held the other Borrowdale of the said honour, in pure and perpetual alms, which came to the said king by the dissolution of the abbey; and, by the said King Henry, granted to Richard Grame and his heirs." Another account gives the manor to William Whitmore and Jonas Verdon, by grant of James I., and they, by a "deed dated the 28th of November, 1614, sold and conveyed to Sir Wilfred Lawson and thirty others therein named, all the said manor of Borrowdale, except all those wad-holes and wad, commonly called black cawke, within the commons of Seatollar, or elsewhere, within the commons and wastes of the manor of Borrowdale aforesaid, of the yearly rent or value of fifteen shillings and fourpence, since which time it has been held distinct from other royalties of the manor."

Great fun used to be made of the Borrowdale people when intercourse was rarer and local distinctions greater than now, (Clarke, writing in 1789, says that twenty years ago a cart was unknown in Borrowdale,) and many of the old Gotham traditions were fastened on them as on the Troutbeck men. True or not, it is believed to this day in Keswick that the cuckoo wall, which was to build in the gowk or cuckoo, and so ensure eternal spring, was actually begun at Borrowdale; and "Borrowdale gowk" is a term not infrequently applied to the heavy Borrowdale men. There are other stories, as that of the red deer which was certainly a witch, because it escaped the hunters; and that of the mule which was certainly a peacock (a beast heard of just then for the first time), for what else could it be? and other rough old tales, expressive of the superior enlightenment of the towns and their consequent contempt of the dales. The "tongue," too, is of the broadest, and even a born Cumbrian has difficulty in understanding the real, ripe, racy, Borrowdale vernacular, which

Castle Crag in Borrowdale

Grange,[2] though not in itself beautiful as a human dwelling-place, is yet pretty to look at with its long soft line of double bridge leaping over the river. And the river flowing beneath, against that banked waste of stones, is as lovely as its name. Skiddaw and the lake behind look their best from here; Maiden Mawr facing us, leading off into the bolder mass of Gait Crag,[3] is at its noblest; Castle Crag, wooded from base to summit, and standing like a fortress[4] to guard the pass, is picturesque as ever; and the greater mountains at the head look dim and full of mystery, as belongs to their grandest aspect. A little farther inward and you come to the choicest part of the valley, wild with crag and fell, yet rich with trees and flowers and flower-full meadows, and lightened by the life and music of the bright Derwent, flowing on like a noble song. You are near the bend of the road just facing Castle Crag (the place chosen for the large view), one of the loveliest of the walk, and singularly like a bit of Norwegian road. The wooded hill standing out from

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calls a heron "Joan na ma crank," and a glead or kite "Jackey Slope." The attachment of the dales people to their native place is at all times marked. In the parish register of the chapel is a notice that a youth who had quitted the valley, and had died in one of the towns on the east coast, requested that his body should be brought home and interred at the foot of the pillar where he used to sit as a schoolboy; and many more of the like could be found by any one interested in the search. To go back to the old cuckoo scandal. In Cumberland and Westmoreland an April fool is an "April gowk;" and the local proverb for the first of April is, "Hunt the gowk another mile." There are also May goslings; or "geslings," for the first of May; but for that day only. If you try to make a May gosling on any other, your answer will, or ought to be—

"May day is come and gone,
Thou art the gosling, and I'se none."

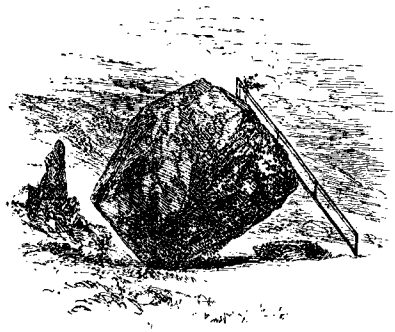
[2] Grange was the store place of the monks, their granary or harvest-room, where they kept their grain and salt and tithes secure against all depredations; being guarded by the lake to the north, and by the then almost impassable mountains behind. The mountain passes, be it remembered, are quite things of modern invention.

[3] Goat Crag—often improperly spelt Gate Crag.

[4] Castle Crag was a Roman station, commanding the pass behind and the valley in front; but I believe that no Roman remains have yet been found on it. Some of the guide-books say they have, and that they are to be seen in Crosthwaite's Museum—a fallacy.

the rest is Castle Crag, black with shadow and burnt with sunshine—a sunshine that catches each pointed rock and craggy face upon the edges, and makes them aflame with ruddy gold, while it deepens the shadows into unfathomable blackness. Over Gait Crag and Maiden Mawr is poured a thin golden haze—that thin soft haze which, more than any other atmospheric effect, transforms the mountains from their real being, and cheats the eye from its truth. At the base of Castle Crag runs the Derwent, winding away from fields red with ripe grass down to the quiet lake beyond; and side by side with the river runs the road, grey to its blue, motionless to its flow, but repeating colour and line as an echo repeats the spoken word. The opposite crags are bright and clearly defined in their "coats of many colours," the bramble is coming into flower, and a lovely festooning of ivy of the small-leaved kind runs in and out among the stones of a beck-side wall; while the air is perfumed with young meadow-sweet—"queen of the meadows"—just coming into flower, every now and then interrupted by wafts of honeysuckle clinging round the trees.

Back, a little way, to where the shingle of the slate quarry is tumbled in road-side masses beautifully blue against the warmer grey of the rocks above, and up the side path to the great Bowder Stone, which has been likened[5] to all things on earth to which it has no manner of resemblance. Then, on again, to almost the same spot as that of the large view, but looking up the vale instead of across it, to the station whence the view at the head of the chapter is taken.



[5] "Upon a semicirque of turf-clad ground
A mass of rock, resembling, as it lay
Right at the foot of that moist precipice,
A stranded ship, with keel upturn'd, that rests
Careless of winds and waves."—WORDSWORTH.

This is the universal quotation; but never meant by Wordsworth for the Bowder Stone.

It is impossible to worthily describe the craggy rocks clothed in fern and heather; the grey blue of the slate quarries; the woods and fields and fells in all their sweet and subtle shades of green and grey and gold; and, to crown all, the glorious sunset filling everything with intensity as well as delicacy of colour. Man is only a part of nature: how, then, should he fitly translate the infinite? The western crags and hills are apparently solid black, but a black which, when looked into, is rich with purple and green and the finer tones of orange; on the north the contrast of the bright green bracken touched here and there to red and gold, and the blue slate darkened to indigo or lightened to cold grey, show clear and crisp against the dim uncertainty, the slow, shy, rich revealing, of the southern side. The broad grey bed of pebbles fringed with larch is warmed to purple, and the quiet pools among the waste are like sheets of beryl; while Glaramara stands bathed in delicious radiance, as if the shadow of a rainbow was passing over it. Every tenderness and variety of tone and colour is there: from the richest orange to the deepest purple, and all possibilities of red and green and blue between; but all toned down now into an amethystine violet, like a mass of molybdena, or "peacock ore" a little veiled, or the feathers on a dove's throat. The cup-like hollow which looks so like a tarn-bed, but is not, is softened to a mere tender marking — a shadow darker, but more bloom-like than the rest; the great Bull Crags glow and burn as if the very heart of them was on fire within; and the river hurries through the valley like a thread of gold — a little gentle streamlet, too meek for wrath and too weak for work. At least, so it seems now, shrunk to a narrow line against the wide belt of pebbles: wait till the floods break loose, and then see what that tender little stream can do.

A few steps farther, and you see the way of the Three Passes: not the paths themselves, but the openings of the dales; where the Stake Pass goes up by Stonethwaite and Langstreth, under Bull Crags and Eagle Crag; where the Sty Head Pass winds up over Aaron End, beyond

Seathwaite; and where the Buttermere Pass goes over by Honister Crag. There is also another, less known and less cared for—a stony way between High and Low Scawdale which leads into Newlands, and whence the sunset effects are supremely grand. Follow this way to-night, and when you are at the top of the pass, turn back and note them.

Rosthwaite and the valley, narrowed now to a mere line, lie cool in the evening shadows—cooler and deeper for contrast with what is above. For the Borrowdale Fells, just over against the little village, are one broad band of reddened gold; and beyond, but looking far too close to have all Thirlmere in the dip between, is the Helvellyn range, a burning purple in the chrysolite-coloured sky—the very intensity of passion in the wonderful beauty of an eternal calm. While you look the shadows lengthen and the band of red gold contracts, an exquisite greenness mounting or rather flowing up into it, a green through which the gold faintly strikes like the changing hue of an opal; Helvellyn gets more sombre in colour, but clearer in outline—each form distinct against the liquid heavens—less passionate and more sullen as the minutes pass. Every gradation of hue is before you, from the cold green and grey of the shadowed fell, which yet, when you look into it, is full of lingering touches of warmth, through the blue and violet and red of Helvellyn, up to the gold of the sky. And here, the intense orange in the line next to the mountain fades from orange to yellow, and from yellow to primrose, and then through a pale cream tint to almost white; till, looking higher, you see the pure blue, and the rose-red clouds turning gently westward to catch the last of the sunshine. And then the shadow finally conquers the golden band of the fell top. Helvellyn burns itself out and gets dark and slaty; and the glory fades from the sky, to be caught back and flung down in reflected light from the higher crimsoned clouds. And then the white moon rises behind amethystine Glaramara; and the daylight flows into the moonlight, in the commingling of indistinguishable beauty.

And, in the moonlight, walk up to the head of the dale, and see the

glistening masses of refuse by the "wad" mines[6] under Ghyll o'Combe[7] on Base Brown; and the black group of the famous yew-trees, the "fraternal four;" and, farther on, the white streak of Sty Head Ghyll—Taylor's Ghyll it is generally called—muttering to itself long before seen; and the sharp road up Aaron End. And now you are in the very home of the gnomes and the genii, and may hear their voices sighing in the hills, and the hurrying of their feet across the water as they float like vapoury mists from out their caverns, and swarm about the mountain-tops and down the rocky fells. If no dear ones are waiting on your prudence you may walk away into the gloom of Wastwater over Sty Head Pass by moonlight. It would be worth doing on a reliable summer's night; something to remember for ever, and to set as a seal against the loving glories of the evening. But, alas! prudence never had much to do with the moonlight yet; so, if you are wise, you will turn your faces homeward, and lament; and the owls and the corncrake will lament with you.

This is Borrowdale in the dry summer weather. See it when the

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[6] These are the famous blacklead mines, so long held to be the only ones in the world, where fortunes have been made—and some lost—and which have been the origin and beginning of the prosperity of Keswick. The mines are very variable, a "sop" of large value being sometimes stumbled against, and sometimes nothing found for months. But so many substitutes have been discovered of late years, not to speak of the great Russian display in the Exhibition of 1862, that the value of the Borrowdale wad is a little diminished; or, if not its value, yet the dependence of the public on the yield.

[7] Gillercoom, as it is spelt, is a singular instance of the degradation of sense by sound, and the manner in which the true meaning of a word gets lost by phonography. Gillercoom Hollow is the name of the depression on the top of Base Brown, whence issues the fall, "Sour-Milk Ghyll." Now a ghyll is not a waterfall rightfully—a ghyll is only a chasm or deep cut between two rocks or through a hill, down which is naturally the place of a waterfall. Above the ghyll, or pathway, of Sour-Milk Force is the *Combe*, or crest of the hill, over which the water of the force comes down. The ghyll, therefore, is the ghyll of the combe, and the hollow is still called Gillercoom (Ghyll o' Combe) Hollow—the hollow between the ghyll and the combe. Sour-Milk Force in the Ghyll of the Combe, became Sour-Milk Ghyll only; and Ghyll of Combe Hollow became Ghyll o' Combe, so intelligently spelt in the guide-books as Gillercoom.

rain has fallen for twelve hours,[8] after the rising of the "Borrowdale sop,"[9] and you will find the whole conditions changed. Lodore, which had scarcely a cupfull of water trickling through its stones, is now a turbulent and turbid Force in the place of a limpid stream rippling musically from stone to stone. The river into which it subsides—a mere silver line before—is now a boiling whirlpool, white or brown as it holds itself together in its sullen flood or breaks passionately into spray and foam upon the rocks. The fall comes down, parting into three fierce streams before they join again in one; with just one or two black rocks putting out their heads above the waters; but all the rest are covered, and their places marked only by the fiercer rush and the louder roar. The lake-side meadows are standing swamps; and the river by Grange is no longer a waste of stones, but a waste of waters breaking up into thundering waves—not the mere dashing of petulant spray against the rocks. It is the same higher up. There are no stones now in the river-bed by Castle Crag; the larches stand waist-deep in the water; the road is flooded up to the horses' girths, and the waters dash into the carriage and pour through it. The mountains are loud with water-courses; and not a trace of that gorgeous colouring of twenty-four hours ago is to be seen. All yesterday Skiddaw was hidden under a straight-ruled smoke-coloured coverlet, which came nearly down to Applethwaite; to-day it is washed clean out of the picture as the storm traverses the vale. So with Glaramara and the mountains at the head of Borrowdale. You see nothing

[8] The accounts of floods, and disasters and irreparable losses following on the summer rains, are far too numerous to be quoted here. Any of the older guide-books and county histories give them, but it is a thing of which south country people have no idea, and of which a simple and unexaggerated statement would look like romance to those uninitiated.

[9] The "Borrowdale sop" is a small, single cloud, at first no bigger than a man's hand, but gradually gathering size and substance, which rises at Pierce Ghyll Head (a ghyll and force by the Sty Head Pass, on Lingmoor side), and floats away round by Sty Head Tarn and Sprinkling Tarn. Should it take the direction of Langdale, and fall over into the vale of Langdale, it will rain within twelve or twenty-four hours, even though the sky be cloudless, and the glass high; but it marks the continuance of fine weather, if it floats over into the vale of St. John

but a driving hoary mist, or a fiercer wrath of rain pitiless as hail; nothing but trees bent in the wind, and waters foaming from the hill sides, and the rain pouring down a level torrent, and the paths of the mountain ghylls filled with raging mountain streams. This is what twelve hours' rain among the mountains has brought.

LODORE

"Round the lake" is perhaps the most beautiful of the home walks about Keswick, more especially if able to gather up into one knot all the scattered points of interest lying by the way—the ascent of "Castlet," already spoken of; the two cascades, Barrow and Lodore; the Bowder Stone and Borrowdale, for those who have not been there before. Of Castlet and these last two no more need now be said, though, indeed, their loveliness is as fresh to-day as it was yesterday and will be to-morrow; fresher than the words to paint it. But there is Walla Crag beyond Castlet, of which volumes might be filled, and never end by doing it justice. For what mere verbal description can photograph its purple scaurs and blackened rifts, its clefts and boulders,

and that pleasant tossing of green about its base? Walla Crag has the place of the declared Beauty of the Derwentwater range. Then, it is more interesting than any other from its associations; for there is still that steep and dangerous way called the Lady's Rake, up which poor Lady Derwentwater escaped with her jewels, to do her loving woman's utmost for the release of her lord; and perhaps it is the human interest associated with it that has given it such a special holding in the hearts of the Keswick people. In old times, too, a large white stone in among the boulders used to be pointed out as the Lady's Pocket-handkerchief; and it was firmly believed in a certain nursery then filled with rosy-cheeked credulity, that the Lady had dropped her handkerchief in her flight, and that it still hung among the crags, where no one could get at it. It was a sad blow struck at faith when it became known that the handkerchief was a stone to which a certain Crosthwaite and one Atkinson were said to climb every year, and paint with a material paint-brush and white lead. The last story may be as apocryphal as the first. That Great Wood of Walla Crag, as it is called, is full of delicious walks; some leading up among the crags, and some keeping to the low ground among the ferns and wild flowers and shy birds and shyer wood beasts; and one, the sweetest of all, going by a field through the pleasant coppice of Keswick Springs into the road at Brow Top; very lovely, and lonely enough for lovers.

But now you are bound for Barrow Falls and "round the lake." Still under Walla Crag, you pass by where a mountain streamlet, set with ferns and flowers, dashes through the cool wood; and then the bare brow of Falcon Crag—keen and wild as its name—cuts against the blue sky sharply. The lake shines in the yellow sun, and the ripple just whispers to the pebbles if no wind is astir to-day, and the vale rests in calm radiance,—a blue lake under a blue sky, and golden fields shined on by a golden sun. And then you come to the gates of the Barrow grounds,[10] and by the well-kept gardens to Barrow Falls, just behind the house. What a possession for a dining-room

[10] Barrow means a hill or tumulus.

window!—an out-look right into the heart of a waterfall, not a hundred yards away!

The falls make a double leap, one hundred and twenty-four feet in all; with a resting-place in between, something like a flight of steps with a landing in the middle. The upper fall throws itself off into foam and spray, like a shower of snowflakes; the lower twines its water into strings, and keeps its forces close. The space is too much cleared of trees, perhaps; and, though not so artificial as the Rydal Falls, yet there are signs of the spirit, if not traces of the blast, which once made the leap grander than what time and nature had ordained. But even improvers cannot entirely spoil a waterfall. There are still the golden sands and the rocks, the clear pools and the green depths within the shade, the old tree-stems covered with moss and the moss bearing ferns and polypodys, the wild flowers in the sunshine, and the wild birds in the bushes. And though the Barrow Falls look too much like what they are —a private cascade in a gentleman's private grounds—yet they are very beautiful in substance, and would be more beautiful if left wholly to the gracious care of nature.

Lodore, of apparently unknown height, for some call it three hundred and sixty,[11] some one hundred and fifty,[12] and some one hundred[13] feet only, has a grander impress. Broken and fierce — less thickly wooded than Stockghyll and of a longer range of fall—the rift deeper and wider and the boulders larger—here is a turbulent scene enough; but disappointing; save to those who see it not only immediately after heavy rain but even during the shower. For the supply from Watendlath Tarn runs down perceptibly in half an hour, and then there are only big old rocks and small spaces of fall, and olive-brown pools clear and very shallow, and lipping rills, in place of the rush and the hurry and the wild outpouring, and the funnels of foam driven underneath the pools in long whitened streaks, and the mad outcry and hurtling of the waters. It is not often in perfection during the

[11] Otley's Guide. [12] Handbook of Keswick. [13] Black's Guide.

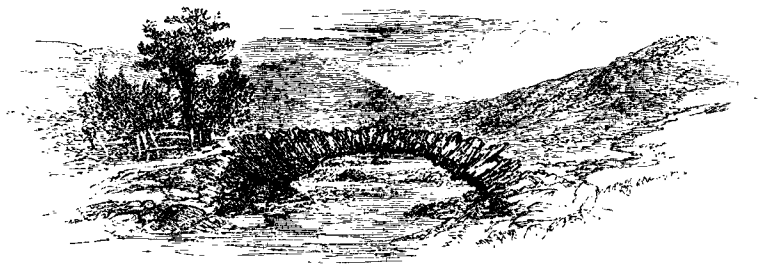
summer, excepting in the July rains, such as those spoken of; and again, as with so many points in this country, only residents and natives know its beauty by heart. The dark crags—Gowder Crag on the left, and Shepherd's Crag on the right—are fringed with trees to the top; and here and there an oak sapling or a young mountain ash has taken root among the very boulders themselves, some of which, covered with moss, look like great green velvet balls, and some, left bare, shine in the sun with prismatic colours. The blackened sides of the rift are wet with spray, and there are dark corners under cavernous ledges, and shallow places barely covering the pebbles. Sometimes huge stones overarch each other, and the water dashes through and over as if spinning from a wheel; sometimes a thundering leap comes madly down; and sometimes a rock stands stolidly in the way, and forces the dashing stream apart; and then the tumult subsides, and only a clear small stream runs among the stones through the meadows to the lake.

Now on, towards Grange, past the place where Gowder Crag fell into the road two years before poor Gray's visit, to his mortal terror lest it should fall again as he was passing, to where the Borrowdale gorge shuts in its vale against the world; and then across the double bridges of Grange, where the old monks used to store their harvests; and so by steep climbs and sharp descents on to the high mountain road of Catbells.

The lake lies far below, and boats are gliding over its still waters, making long tracks of light and disturbing the sharply-drawn reflections as they pass. Swineside is unfolding its summer mantle of golden gorse, and the Newlands Mountains, with their quiet vales and glens, entice to further wanderings; down in the swamps where snipes and herons are to be found, by Ullock Moss, the yellow iris is blooming with lavish grace, the wild columbine bears its doves upon its breast, and orchids and rare ferns are to be found by careful seekers; but purple foxgloves, musical with great brown bees within their bells, and hedges rich with honeysuckles and wild roses, offer themselves to all. Then through a delicious bit of road, dark with wood, and fragrant as no other road in the world—turning aside to the old landing

place of Nichol Ending by the lake, and coming back with a heart full of pleasant memories, and some not quite so pleasant;—as of that diseased, deformed, half-idiot lad, poor wretch! who used to be always there hammering at his boat, and who had but two loves in the world, of which his boat was one, and the Portinscale cockatoo the other; — then through the pretty village of Portinscale,[14] where the white cockatoo still flies among the trees, and speaks to the passers by; over Derwent Bridge, which, high as it is, the floods have often washed over, and where those mysterious and fatal "cradles" were always causing the death of drunken men and unwary children; and so home: with the evening rays reddening the mountain tops and turning into diamonds all the window panes on Brow Top and Chesnut Hill.

This is one of the Keswick walks, beautiful in all seasons and at all times—ten miles only in length—but a microcosm of loveliness: being to the vales what an epigram is to literature, or a sonnet to poetry—the compass small, but the sense and feeling entire.



WATENDLATH BRIDGE

To Watendlath and round by Rosthwaite is also within the powers of the ordinarily strong. You pass under Walla Crag again, striking up to Ashness Bridge where Barrow Beck flows noisily and artists stop to make a sketch of Skiddaw and the two lakes in the valley below; though, to be sure, Skiddaw is a little hidden on the Latrigg side by Falcon Crag, under which you sit. Then through the Barrow woods, taking care to diverge to

[14] "Portings-ghyll," say some.

those two magnificent chasms in Thrang Crag, where you stand—your only support the small, frail, ash-tree leaning outwards—looking at the view across eternity. After which you go on again through more wood, till you come into the narrow vale of Watendlath.

The first aspect of the valley is very wild, but the second tells you that the mountains do not exceed in actual height, and that the main elements of grandeur are the narrowness of the pass and the tumultuous forms of the rocks. There is room only for the narrow, stony way of the river, which jumps from rock to rock in a straight line, hemmed in by a rude wall on the one side and by the living crag on the other; for the narrow, stony way of the cart-road; and for a slender slip of meadow at the side, golden with buttercups and peopled with kine; the masses of rock overhanging helping to make it all look narrower still. Before you reach the hamlet, you turn aside to see a curious and lovely little cascade, where the rocks are curiously hollowed and waterworn, and which is a small miniature of the future full length of Lodore. For this Watendlath beck, issuing from the Watendlath Tarn (into which originally falls a little stream from Blea Tarn on the Thirlmere fells), makes the Lodore fall in its ending.

The tarn and the hamlet belonging are noticeable chiefly for their seclusion; not for wildness, nor for grandeur, but for seclusion—life in a recess with no outside relations—a bit of primitive isolation, the next step from which would be to savagery. The valley is very high, but the mountains are higher still, and there is no way back to the world again save by the hill tops to Borrowdale, or over that spongy flat of mountain table-land to Thirlmere: so you must sit for a short time in the porch of a farm cottage where every one sits, and, if you can, sketch that old woman in her scanty purple dress, with her blue-checked apron over her head, painfully gathering sticks. Some among you may think that more comfort and less picturesqueness would perhaps advance that poor old flickering life a little; but others, if artists of a certain school, hold to the blue-checked apron and the scanty purple dress, stained by the weather to such a delicious tone. Now go over

the quaint little bridge to the tarn, and look at the green rushes extending almost half way across, with their red edging of water-lily leaves; and then up High Ladder Brow, and over the fell top,—most probably in the rain—to where the beautiful Borrowdale valley [15] opens below you. The hills are smoking, and clouds are hanging round them in all directions; Scawfell's head is covered and Glaramara is veiled; but what of that?—the young green ling and the fruitless tufts of bleaberry hang laden with jewels, as the sun dashes aside the nearer mists like a loving face smiling through tears and sorrow. Be grateful for the smile, and glad of the sunlight which gives such splendour to the rain-drops as you come over the fell, wet and tired, and so through the wood to Rosthwaite.

THE DRUID CIRCLE

The Druid Circle is another Keswick possession worth seeing. Not for any particular beauty in those forty-eight old cobble-stones set up on end, and looking like so many enchanted creatures sitting in mute perpetual council, and which the saying is that no one can count twice alike; nor yet

[15] This is the manner in which old writers spoke of the view of Borrowdale from High Ladder Brow. "Dark caverns yawn at its entrance, terrific as the wildness of a maniac, and disclose a narrow strait, running up between mountains of granite, that are shook into almost every possible form of horror, and resemble the accumulations of an earthquake, splintered, shivered, piled, amassed." In reality it is simply beautiful, and no more maniacal than Windsor Park.

for any particular loveliness in the way thereto; but because of the associations and traditions attached, the thoughts to be evoked, and the magnificent panorama to be studied. You can get there by either the Ambleside or Penrith road: if the first, up Brow Top, past Castlerigg, and through the pretty Castle Lonning; if the second, by Brigham and the old Penrith road, till you come to the waste, where these dumb stone creatures sit in the sunshine, waiting for the hour of their deliverance and the return of their gods, all bound in Ragnarök together.

What a crowd of feeling rushes on us, as we stand on the sacred place where our savage ancestors so often offered up their sacrifices, and poured out their Custom of blood and agony to propitiate the God whom we know now to be the God of Love! What a long and varied chapter of nobler education since those dark times to the present turning of the cleaner historic page! No better than the Zulu Kaffir or the tatooed Maori, the Druid priest and his flock of trembling worshippers represented only the darkness and the stumbling of ignorance, only the debasement of fear and the cruelty of superstition. And now, the light that has broken through the darkness!—the knowledge that has guided the heart of fear, and the feet of stumbling!

This Druid's temple was well chosen for its purpose. Commanding the finest mountain view to be had lower than from a mountain top—itself the centre of an amphitheatre closing it in on all sides—the lake hidden, and every sign of opening or way of escape concealed—we can fancy what it must have been, when rendered even more awful by reverence of place, and when thick woods still further shut out the light of liberty and the chance of deliverance. The inner circle, supposed to be the priest's place,[16] looks directly towards the Vale of St. John and the broken outline of Nathdale Fells. Helvellyn, fierce and dark, stands as the great barrier against

[16] Wright repudiates the theory that these Druids' circles were temples, or places of sacrifice and worship, inclining to the belief that they were burial-places instead, though puzzled with cemeteries of such magnitude as Stonehenge, and of such intricacy as Avebury.

Eastern hope and life; and we understand now the meaning of its terrible lines, and what is the spirit in-dwelling, and how it has become the representative of cruelty in the mountain system. Is there such a thing as brute matter? Cannot even the hills and the woods be filled with the abiding spirit of life, good or ill according to its generation? Beyond Helvellyn, over Wanthwaite Fells, is Mell Fell, looking like a huge tumulus, suggestive of death to the men of old time. The ravines and precipices of Blencathra show all their wildness, and Skiddaw and Latrigg scarcely soften the fiercer front of their neighbour; the Newlands Mountains rise sharply against the sky; and Walla Crag shuts out the Borrowdale range with its dark and clean-cut prison walls. Mountains all round, and never a glimpse of the quiet lake, nor the wide plains beyond!—nothing but a living cell of rocks and hills, with no escape and no reprieve!

Think what this place of the Druid Circle has seen. Picture the long procession gathering from the mountain caves and rude forest homes, as the white-robed priests and the holy maidens, oak-crowned and with torque and band of gold, marched slowly through the vale, leading the white bulls for sacrifice and bearing the golden sickle and the unspotted cloth, while chanting their temple songs and striking their barbaric music. Old warriors, scarred with the mark of many a fight and bowed with years and the labours of their savage life; armed men in the prime of their manhood, their long hair floating on their shoulders, and their garments, of the skins of beasts, hanging loosely round them; fair-haired women bearing their children in their arms; youths and maidens; all swarming in from their fastnesses to attend the high festival held in honour of the gods they worshipped and did not know. And what festivals!—the shrieks of the slain, their organ chaunt; and the blood of the victims, their incense swinging from the altar; and muttered invocations to dread names, their Litany of Love; and blind terror, and bewildered guiding, and the heart bowed for fear, and the hand clenched for death, their High Mass and Church Service; and the earth a charnel-house for the sustenance of heaven,

and man the sport of the gods and their victim, for all their creed of hope! Oh, those dumb, eternal mountains! what tragedies of crime and terror have been enacted year by year before them! Yet there they stand, unchanging witnesses of good or ill, patient in their power and of supreme and infinite compassion; the same now and always, whatever storms of life beat up about their feet.

The same and yet how different! There are mountains which mean only summer days' excursions, and children gathering bilberries, and lovers wandering through the bracken, and skylarks singing overhead; and there are others which the fury of the elements never wholly quits, but which have ever in the heart of them an elemental spirit of wrath and a terrifying Presence; and there are others, like High Street, where the aspect is one of command and authoritative rule; and others, like Helvellyn, penetrated with the crying souls of victims and the masterful spirits of torture. And then, again, there are places like this of the Druid Circle, where every expression is of loneliness and terror, and the solemnity of priestly rites, and the helplessness of man in the grasp of superstition.

Whether it is that the Druids chose what they saw befitted them, or whether they have left their spirits in their temple yet to this day, who can say?—but sure it is that their "Circle" near Keswick makes quite a different impression on the soul to anything else in the district; and that some such thoughts as these, more or less distinct, flow as naturally through the mind while standing there, as the thought of children in a daisy-field, or of young lovers in the spring time. And for this reason, the best time and manner in which to see the stones is on a dark, lurid, lowering summer day, when the clouds are full of thunder and the mountains full of wrath, when all the forces of nature look fierce and aggressive, and the whole earth teems with secret life and the souls of the slain struggling to come forth. Or else on a wild winter's twilight, when the wind is thronged with demons, and in every blast you hear their voices, and in every flying cloud behold their forms. And you understand the meaning of these stones as well then

as in the heavier aspect: the only difference being in the heaving struggle to get loose, and in the riot of escape.

No such thoughts could come from that lovely walk by Skiddaw Terrace, through Millbeck and Applethwaite, (said by the etymologically crazy to mean Ea-pul-thwaite—water-water-place,) and home by the pleasant fields of Ormathwaite, the "cleared place of snakes." This is one of the favourite Keswick walks; and no wonder. First there is the Bassenthwaite road, worth going on if only for the sake of passing by such places as "Crookeldy Bridge," and "Dancing Gate;" and then there is the turn sharp to the right, and the steep way just under Carsleddam—so close under, that you look into the very heart of Skiddaw, and see the form of its bones and the colour of its blood. Millbeck is the first of the hamlets on Skiddaw Terrace, and the bridge there has long been a favourite with artists; while farther on, Applethwaite and its ghyll—called locally Wordsworth's Ghyll, because the great poet was once pleased to express his approbation of the same—might stay the wandering feet and arrest the roving eyes for many long days together: such mountain climbs and wooded rambles and sketches of picturesque, unhealthy old houses, and such a view as cannot be matched from any mountain side in the world. But the view is the same as that had during the ascent of Skiddaw; so the description of it will come in more properly there.

The gully and the river divide the village of Applethwaite in two; and by the water-side in that cleft you may see a bank of nettle-leaved bell-flowers—"Canterbury bells," growing as richly as if cultivated in a private garden; and count the lovely icicles in winter and the pretty cascades in summer, and rejoice in the very home of beauty and picturesque wildness. The village of Applethwaite, with its gardens and its lanes, its fruit-bearing trees and stretches of gorse-clad mountain, its mill and the rift with the rivulet within, is a gem of its kind—the real hamlet of the hills.

The way home (more rightfully the ways home) is as beautiful as the rest. Either down the lane, and through the Ormathwaite fields and wood,

and by the Lairthwaite fields where the bearers and mourners in the funerals from under Skiddaw "raise the psalm,"[17] and so to Keswick by the Vicarage Limepots; or by Gale which lies under Lonscale, and through the Latrigg woods, and by Goosegreen and the Greta. Very precious whichever way is taken. And all this time, remember, you have the lake and its islands and the Borrowdale mountains before you; and the grey town, with its pink church, spreading out to the foot of Brow Top and backed by Walla Crag; and the vale with its green fields and its white terraces below you; and the great green head of Skiddaw towering above you. Can you ask anything more beautiful?

No section of a book can give even a list of all the walks about Keswick. They would take a volume to their own share, and then leave half untold; but we can mention a few of them in the catalogue and guide-book style. There is the way from Keswick to the Portinscale road through Howrah's, with a noble view of Skiddaw like a consolidated thunder-cloud sent from the north, and where you can track the course of the Greta, and see the Borrowdale mountains, but not the lake: and that pretty church lonning with the mysterious "dub" attached, called Priest-cuddy-Hole,[18] of strangely dark and mystic meaning: and there are the fields about Portinscale, bringing one to all sorts of pleasant places full of sweet surprises: and Gutherscale and Skelghyll are worth seeing: and the by-ways about and through Newlands. Swineside is a fair young hill to be compassed and surmounted; the Faw Park woods are the sweetest ever grown between the sun and the generous earth; and out by Braithwaite and Thornthwaite you come to episodes of beauty which fill your heart, and make you press the hand within your own with a tenderer grasp. Ah! go which way you will, in and about that beloved Vale of Derwentwater you must perforce go into the very heart and home of beauty!

[17] This striking custom is still kept up. At a given spot in the road, before nearing the church, the clerk, who heads the funeral procession, gives out the Old Hundredth, and the mournful wail may be heard far and wide through the valley.

[18] A cuddy is a donkey, as well as the familiar abbreviation of Cuthbert.

BASSENTHWAITE WATER

BLENCATHRA, SKIDDAW, AND BASSENTHWAITE

CHAPTER VI

THE Skiddaw[1] group comprises Blencathra, Souter Fell, Carrock Fell with its strange Sunken Kirks, the Caldbeck Fells, and Skiddaw proper with its various members; for every peak and larger crag in this country has a local name, sometimes known only to the shepherds, but sometimes, as with the various peaks and crags of Skiddaw and Blencathra, made historical.

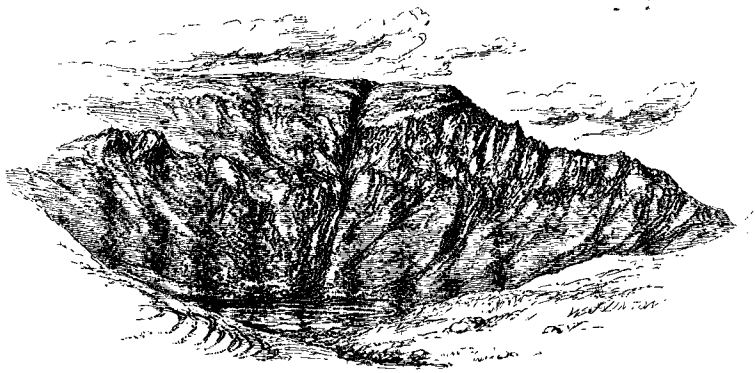
[1] By some made to mean the Great Hill; by others, the Horseshoe Hill, "from its fancied likeness to a horseshoe (yseyd);" and by others, Seoed How, from sheath or screen—the screening or protecting hill. Robinson, rector of Ousby, hazards the etymological conjecture, "Skidday, or Sky-day, so called from the height of it."

Blencathra, though apparently independent, is, in reality, only a portion of the Skiddaw group; as may be seen by the model; where the Skiddaw range stands apart in a mountain crown or circle, Blencathra, and the others merely belonging to the whole. The way to it lies by the Greta, along the Penrith road, leaving the gardens of Low Bryery, so neat and Dutch-like, to the left, and thence, by many a pleasant turn, to Threlkeld,[2] where some old traditions still live and the links between the present and the past can yet be counted. It was here that Sir Launcelot de Threlkeld had his third house; for he was wont to say that he had three—Yanwath (near Penrith), for profit and warmth and comfortable winter quarters; Crosby, which gave him a park well filled with deer, and days of knightly sport and revelry; and Threlkeld Hall, which gave him tenants for war-time. Three tolerably desirable possessions for a landowner of the olden time barely able to read his mass-book! But Sir Launcelot was a noble gentleman; and, if riches may be measured according to desert, had neither men nor money beyond his merit. It was he who married the widow of the ruthless Clifford, and who proved such a good stepfather to the young heir—the shepherd-lord of Wordsworth's "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle." And in days when murder was part of every gentleman's fitting education, and the slaughter of the innocents for the better seizure of their estates by no means a reprehensible act, the tender guardianship which he, a stepfather, bestowed on a lad by whose death he would have benefited, stamps him as a Christian far removed from his time, and as a knight who had won his spurs on a better than the battle field.

There is a steep way up Blencathra which those may go who covet superfluous fatigue; but the more rational path is farther on, by the little hamlet of Scales. Yet, though more rational, by no means ignominiously secure, for it is only a narrow ledge running over the shoulder like a great muscle starting out, and is not always a pleasant track to walk in, especially when the wind blows with such force that you may be blown fairly over by a

[2] Thrall-keld (serf or slave spring)? or Thor's Hill Keld?

stray blast waiting like a thief round the corner of a rock. Still it can be done without real peril; but it is not always pleasant, and might be a little unsafe to the very timid. If it is a windy day, the oak and the ash will be white, the fern feathers driven and laid, and the great dock leaves doubled up, as you turn into the hill-side path, which, followed to its end, would land you in the small town of Hesket New Market, out by High Pike and Carrock Fell; in which case you would pass by Souter Fell, and, if you wished, by Bowscale Tarn, both famous in local traditions, the one for its spectres and the other for its undying fish.[3] But if you want to go to the top, you must keep straight up the shoulder for Scales Tarn and Razor Edge: with such way of descent as you may choose.



RAZOR EDGE

That small and noisy stream to the right, coming out of Scales Tarn, is one source of the Greta: but only the Glenderamakin as yet, not the

[3] "Both the undying fish that swim
In Bowscale Tarn did wait on him;
The pair were servants of his eye
In their immortality;
They moved about in open sight,
To and fro for his delight."

These, too, like the old stone dolls in Crosthwaite Church, used to be called "Adam and Eve." We never knew of any one who had seen them, but they are none the less there.

Greta until it meets the St. John's Vale beck, the ancient Bure. It makes a wide circuit before it comes down into the valley, going all the way to Souter Fell and Mungrisedale before finally subsiding into the Greta. Following then the direction, if not exactly the course of the stream, you soon come upon the thing you want to see—Scales Tarn, under the shadow of Tarn Crag, one of the bolder processes of Linthwaite Pike, itself the boldest of the whole mass, saving the Edges. Here, the saying is, the sun never shines and the stars are visible at noonday. Of your own experience the little lake will probably be covered with shining spangles, not of direct sunlight though, and no stars will be visible—not even in the blackest part under that jagged height, so precipitous and overhanging that the very sheep learn caution and make no tracks across.

It is very lovely to watch the ripple of a tarn; a wonderful lesson in wave curvature, if small in scale yet as true as the wildest ocean storm could give. Ever changing in line and yet so uniform in law, the artist and the hydrographer might learn some valuable truths from half a day's study of one of these small mountain sheets of water. Now the broad, smooth, silky curves flow steadily across; now a fine network spreads over these, and again another network, smaller and finer still, breaks up the rest into a thousand fragments; then the tarn bursts out into tiny silver spangles like a girl's causeless laughter; and then comes a grey sweep across the water, as if it shivered in the wind; and then again all subsides, and the long silky flow sets in again, with quiet shadows and play of green and grey in the transparent shallows. It is like a large diamond set in emerald; for the light of the water is radiance simply, not colour, and the grass, with the sun striking through, is as bright as an emerald. We can never get beyond crystals and metals as the image of the supreme excellence of water and earth.

Now up from the tarn, by a sharp pull, to the Threlkeld side of the mountain, where are some notable transformations. From below the various parts of Blencathra look like the shoulders of Skiddaw, but bonier

and scraggier; part of the same upheaval, but the wilder and more troubled part, as is always the case with one side of a mountain. Seen from above, these shoulders turn to Edges topping deep and precipitous ravines; the ridges, like Striding and Swirrel Edge on Helvellyn, only sharper and more dangerous, leading up like the crests of a wave to the grassy mountain top, as smooth and soft as the Sussex Downs. Gold and black are those ravines, sweeping down in enormous mountain bays; and the top is sharp too, and broken, and not good for weak nerves to venture too near the edge; but the pictures seen from these high mountain bays are wonderfully grand, and worth a little daring and danger. The whole Helvellyn line is there, from Wanthwaite Fells to Helvellyn Top, with Fairfield and St. Sunday's Crag accompanying; and there is the enchanted vale of St. John, and Nathdale Fells set like a backbone between the two valleys, and the valleys themselves, calm and rich, and still. Great How and Thirlmere are beyond, with Steel Fell barring the way, and the Dunmail Raise gap just visible; and, far in the distance, are the Coniston Fells, and a shining strip of sea beyond. A mass of blue heads are the mountains about Ambleside and Troutbeck and Hawes Water; and then come the two cones known as the Mell Fells, and the great spine of all, Crossfell, like a dim line of cloud backing up the horizon.

They say that the castles of the Penrith plains may be seen though a pocket telescope clearly. If you have none, you cannot go maundering about the Danes, or the Border deeds of the Mosstroopers; or how Anne, Countess of Pembroke, Montgomery, and Dorset, set all her smaller world at nought; of the magnificent Toryism of the old Lord Lonsdale; or any other platitudes of the same nature, sure to be uttered by those more historical than the rest. But you can make out instead Carlisle as a vapoury marking on the earth's map in between the dip formed by Atkinson's Man and Carrock Fell; and the lonely living of Caldbeck.[4] The green shoulders

[4] Caldbeck is one of the bleak outlying stations of the lake country—lonely and

of Skiddaw and its forest—where is never a tree, but only moor-birds and ling and a geological peculiarity to be noticed in its place and a certain shooting-box of enviable circumstance—rise up in endless succession; and then comes a glimpse of the sea between Lonscale and Grisedale Pike, with a fierce bit of Blencathra itself—"stern Blencathra's skyey height"—all radiant green, and bleached stones like the bones of the creature laid bare; and the sunlight falling on it heavily, chased by large cloud shadows, and chilled by the raving wind.

If you are strong, you may go down by Carrock and Bowscale Tarn, ending in Caldbeck and its fells and moors. Or you may take Skiddaw on your way home; or you may descend by Knot Crag upon Threlkeld, which would however be too much of a retrogression; or you may find out the

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desolate, but with a past, a history, capacities of wealth, and beautiful nooks. Ranulph Engain, the chief forester of Inglewood, granted a licence to the Prior of Carlisle to build an hospital there to secure travellers from thieves and storm, on their way through the wild Caldbeck fells to more civilized parts. When this was done, the church was founded, and dedicated to Saint Mungo, who had already given his name and benediction to a famous well which still exists near the churchyard. Gospatric, the son of Orme, gave the patronage of the rectory to the Prior of Carlisle, from whom it passed to the bishop when times and rulers and church services were changed. The district is divided into Caldbeck-Uptown, or Uppertown, and Caldbeck-Underfell. The Cald (keld)? beck rises in Braefell from half a dozen heads, coming down from Park End, past the Faulds and Whelpay (a wolf's name in disguise), by Pategill, or Paddergill, Rattan Row, and Hudscales, to one of the loveliest places under heaven, called the Meeting of the Waters; and here it falls into the Caldew that has come out of Skiddaw Forrest round by Mosedale (where it has received the Bowscale Tarn stream) and Hesket New Market, to finally lose itself in the Eden, or Water of the Hills, just below Carlisle. Caldbeck has riches, too. The old saying, "Caldbeck and Caldbeck Fells are worth all England else," is not without some foundation; for there are mines at Swineside, and even "gowd scope has been found there." As for beauty, the Howk, or Fairy Kirk and Fairy Kettle, the Meeting of the Waters already spoken of, and, within a walk, Iveghyll or Ivesgill Mill, and Sebergham, may stand as fair even after Keswick and the lakes. But it is a desolate old place, for all that; and, towards Carlisle and Wigton, the very essence and extreme of bleakness and poverty, save for those who like and understand the wildest form of moorland life, and can take interest in nature without a single adventitious grace to her share.

birthplace of the Glenderaterra, and follow its course in the cleft between Skiddaw and Blencathra; or you may come down the green steep that leads directly upon Waste Cote, and through the Brundholm Woods by Greta[5] side, where you have one of the best, though not most characteristic, views of the lake and vale.

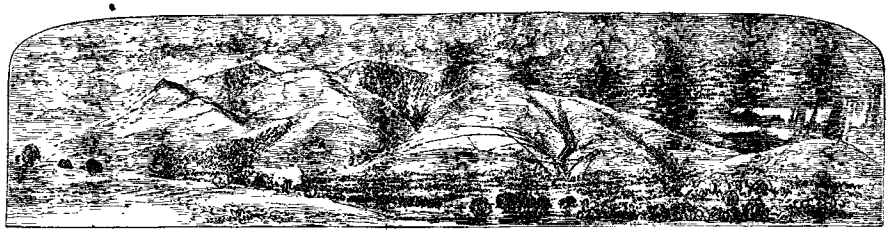
These woods, set up on a height, with the river down in the vale below, and the lake and the mountains as the distant view beyond, are infinitely lovely. Had they been farther south they would have been peopled with nightingales; as it is, every bird that lives and sings in the north seems to find its home here. The river, too, is a real woodside river—broken, rich, varied—parts full of happiness and love, like that glorious bit beneath the trees, where, when you have crossed the little wooden bridge, you must needs

MILLRACE—BRUNDHOLM WOODS

[5] Called Greta, say some, from the word to greet, or cry; for, indeed, it is a very sounding river, wailing or singing, according to one's mood. But a clever friend suggests as its etymology instead—Great-Ea, or the great water; and older etymologists give it as the Greot-Ea, the rocky water. It is formed by the St. John's beck, formerly the Bure, which issues from Thirlmere, and the Glenderamakin, which, falling out of Scales Tarn, winds away round Souter Fell till it joins the St. John's beck, not far from Threlkeld. In old accounts, Keswick is said to be situated near the Bure, and, in some guide-books, this river is said to "issue from the coves of Wythburn;" but the name is, in fact, lost now, and no one knows anything of the Bure: neither of that from the coves of Wythburn, nor of that, still more apocryphal, from the top of Castlerigg: both of which may be found by the curious in old books of the county.

sit down on the bank among the flowers, and dream of the one you love; and others full of sorrow; and others—like the Mill Race—eloquent of human industry and the ceaseless round and noble glory of toil. Factory life seems to be robbed of half its squalor when the surroundings are such as these. But now indeed the Greta loses its character of the wood-side river, and becomes the serviceable river to the town; and for all its length hereafter, from Brierley to Calvert Bridge, and thence to the Keswick Bridge, it has something set it to do; perhaps nobler in the end, than showing the law of river flow, or teaching the perspective of reflection, or even emblemizing the phases of human life, and the changes of human feeling.

And so you will have accomplished Blencathra: beautiful in itself, with grand prospects from its heights, and by no means difficult to surmount, yet, strangely enough, not one of the "fashionable" mountains among tourists. But, having accomplished it, perhaps it has scarcely been with thorough satisfaction. For, though there may have been sunshine and cloud in abundance, which should, apparently, have made effect enough, yet the shine may have been of that poor and hard kind sometimes seen in the mountain districts—a flaring not an enriching light, taking out all the more delicate shades of colour and hardening all the softer touches, reducing the tender gleams to one monotone of lifeless yellow, and leaving only a level glare in the place of those thousand subtle changes which make the true beauty of a mountain day. And though the wild clouds may have been for ever sweeping over the sky, and burying broad tracts of the hillside under their depths of shade, yet the shadow has been perhaps as hard and soulless as the rest. There have been no gentle pencillings of tender grey through which the light might flow shyly down; no prismatic aureoles crowning the shining crags; the clouds have come sweeping along, as if they strode mailed and armed through the sky, and dashed aside the heavy glare with a hand as harsh and unloving as itself. For moods of nature are as various as the tempers of men; and this harshness of sunshine is not an infrequent experience on summer days in a strong east wind.



SKIDDAW

"O its fine black head, and the bleak air a top of it, with a prospect of mountains all about and about, making you giddy; and then Scotland afar off, and the border countries so famous in song and ballad! It was a day that will stand out like a mountain, I am sure, in my life!" That was Charles Lamb's impression of Skiddaw top: not going into guide-book particulars as to what he saw thence. Perhaps because he neither knew nor cared for the formal baptism of small blue points scarce seen in the dim horizon.

Skiddaw[6] is a mountain peculiar to itself in all things; of special place and special formation, of a different view to anything else in the whole district, and of quite a different character of ascent. For, instead of the gradual revealing of most other mountain ascents—the new lake that peeps out here—as you go a few feet higher the hidden tarn that lies below you there—the ranges you first look up to and then look down on—and the new knowledge of position and relation that you attain—here you have nothing but the one same view of Derwentwater all throughout, until you get to the top and look

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[6] "Skiddaw, Lanvedin, and Casticand,
Are the highest mountains in all England."

This was Camden's proverb; Clarke's is:—

"Kidstow Pike, Catstycam, Helvellyn, and Skiddaw man,
Are the highest hills ever clomb by Englishmen."

Its real height is said by the Ordnance surveyors to be three thousand and twenty-four feet above the level of the sea.

over the plains to the sea, and over the sea to the border land of our old enemy beyond.

It is an ascent of which very little can be said by way of description. For, when we have spoken of Derwentwater and its islands in the sunshine,—of how the mountains stand all round it, a liquid purple if in shadow, or flecked with gold if the sun shines fitfully through the clouds, or brave in one broad gleaming sheen if the heavens are free and the light of the day unchecked—of how the lower hills get gradually lost and are at last reduced to the level of the plains—and how the fields and woods and gardens become more and more map-like as we go higher, the houses less distinct, and the lake nothing but a tarn with a few dark spots on it,—when we say that new ranges of hills come gradually up behind the others, a very sea of mountain tops, but with less individuality than many other ranges seen from nearer heights, we say all that the first part of the ascent reveals to us. All, that is, leaving the beauty untold. But, from the beginning of the way up by Latrigg and Gale lying under Jenkin Hill which is the shoulder ascended, and whence the Skiddaw Terrace view spoken of before is seen—*the* view of the ascent—from the beginning to the end of that chapter by the King of Saxony's Well, a world of beauty if not a world of startling surprises lies before you. And without difficulty in the going; which is a recommendation with many; which indeed is the chief cause why Skiddaw is so popular, for the most timid horsewoman can ride to the top, without a really hard pinch anywhere. It is just a smooth rising front of moorland, with a lovely home-view lying below—a great, green amphitheatre beyond, Skiddaw forest—and then the stony, bleak, wild top, the distant prospect, and the glorious outburst.

There lies the Solway, yellow in the northern distance, with the blue mass of Criffel[7] beyond; there can be sometimes seen the Isle of Man,

[7] "When Skiddaw wears a cap,
Criffel wots full well of that."

and by the specially favoured, so specially that they are almost apocryphal, the coast of Ireland; the town and castle of Cockermouth—not Whitehaven, because of Scilly Bank, but the line of sea-coast about St. Bees; the Newlands Mountains and those of Buttermere; the Ennerdale range; Scawfell, and part of the Screes in the dip of Black Sail; Black Combe, just appearing in an opening between Great Gable and Kirkfell; the Coniston range, and the sea and plains beyond. Some do speak of Lancaster Castle, and some of Ingleborough in Yorkshire, and some of Snowdon—"Snowdon and Criffel nodding to each other" (?). You may think yourself fortunate to make out the whereabouts of Penrith against Crossfell, and of Carlisle from the Point of Ullock, whence also you will see Bassenthwaite Lake, which has been hidden before by the intervening heights. Helvellyn and Blencathra stand close up to you, and between them you see Place Fell and High-street, belonging to Ullswater. But the air is too bleak to bear a very long survey; indeed you are obliged in self-defence to shelter yourself behind the maen, or Man, on the top, whence you see the northern side, and where the grey granite, found at only one other place in Cumberland, crops out from among the Skiddaw slate in the hollow below. The descent is as long and tedious as the ascent was gradual, and tedious too, for the real mountain climber; relieved, perhaps, by stumbling on a sandpiper's nest in the path, and by the loveliness of a fine ravine near the bottom, where the fern is like forest trees of fairy size, and the rocks are of all colours in the summer sun. As you walk home the yellow light is lying, brighter than gold, on the yellow fields towards the lake, and Walla Crag is black and purple and crimson behind the golden surface poured like a liquid wash over its whole breadth.

There is a way down the "breast" of Skiddaw, coming on to Millbeck, which is practicable if steep, and shorter than the ordinary round; and another way down by Bassenthwaite,[8] or Broadwater as it was anciently

[8] Bass, local name for perch—Bassenthwaite, the place of perch.

called, which tourists often take; but Bassenthwaite is generally left for an independent tour. Indeed, poor Bassenthwaite gets scarcely its due. Like a pretty girl by the side of a professed beauty, few people see the sweetness which would have charmed many but for the blinding power of contrast. And, as there is a fashion in all things, not one tourist in a hundred knows anything of the real beauty of Bassenthwaite. Yet, even Blea Soughs, and all the other swamps about, are beautiful in their way, and used in olden times to give pleasant skating in the frosty winter weather, and grand days and nights to snipe and wild-duck shooters. Bassenthwaite Lake is a famous place for wild fowl; and keeps "open" in frosty weather longer than any other. It is an early recollection, that a couple of wild swans once flew over Bassenthwaite; and a flock of wild geese stands out to this day as a childish memory of much wonder and not a little awe.

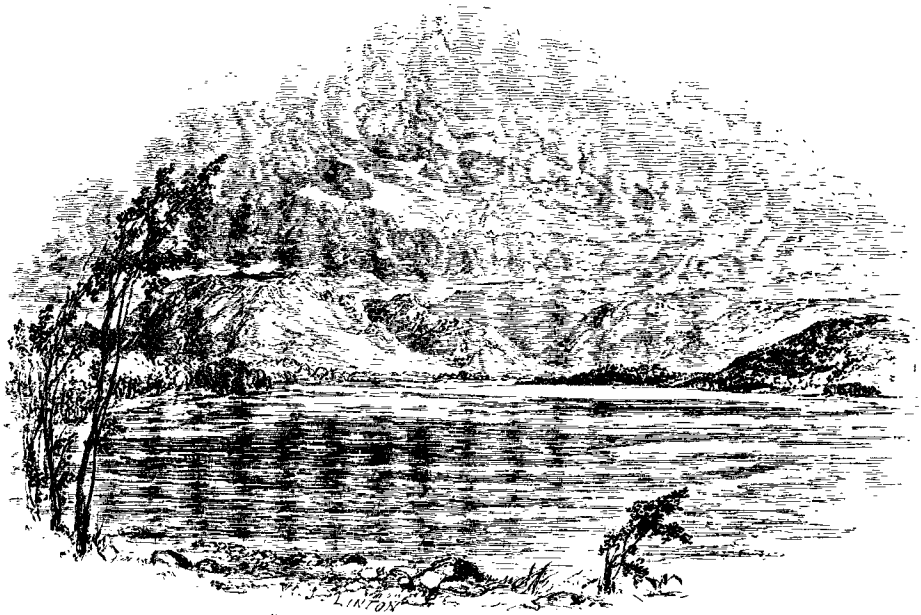
Skiddaw looks grand when you are beneath him—his big limbs and comely proportions and the roundness of much flesh showing to stately advantage; and even little Dod sticks its cap of fern and heather knowingly awry, and looks out upon the world as if it were a creature with a will of its own, and an independent social position. As for Longside it is a mountain in itself; and a tourist's day might be far less profitably employed than in exploring Longside and the Skiddaw points adjacent. Very few people know anything of the view from Bassenthwaite Hawse, looking towards Isell and Embleton, with the lovely Derwent flowing through, and the valleys spread out in all their sweet pastoral richness like great gardens; and still fewer know anything of that wild bit of desolation, Uldale Moor, or of Little Tarn and Overwater, or of Brae Fell, beneath which you may pass, if you are so minded, on your way to Caldbeck, or bear more to the left if you dread the rougher road. These are out-lying members not adopted yet into the lake family, but by no means to be despised by the true lover of nature, the artist, or the naturalist.

The Keswick Mountains look well from the Skiddaw or north side of Bassenthwaite; so do its own special fells—Barf and Wythop and Whinlatter; but you cannot see the famous bays—Bowness, Braidness, and Scarness;

you must wait for these until you are on the other side—until you have passed through the toll-gate where the skeleton of a horse, framed in the house-side, indicates a veterinary surgeon hereabouts; and by Armathwaite the seat of all the Vanes; and over Ouse Bridge which crosses the Derwent—flowing down now as a fully developed river to Cockermouth and the sea.

Stop at Castle How where was once a Roman encampment; but you will not find anything better now than enchanter's nightshade and wild geranium. You will see only the way of that pitiless railroad; the places of the five little islands covered at half-flood; and the scored mass of rock under which you stand, in a fairy kind of bay. But you ought to know the uncatalogued secrets of the lake-side: where the yellow flag—the *iris pseud-acorus*—is to be found, and where the rarer ferns and bog mosses; and when you are under the Wythop Fells, where the woods are full of fox-gloves towering like great purple thyrsi among the trees, you ought to be thoroughly at home, and to know your paths and where to set your feet. At Beck Wythop you see the three fine bays opposite, Wythop Brows rising nobly behind you, and the Point of Ullock showing grandly as a back-ground with the Long Side of Skiddaw across the lake; and when you are under Barf, you see the Apostle Crag. The solemn, shrouded figure comes out with bowed head and reverent mien, as if actually detaching itself from the rock—a vision seen for not a dozen yards; and then the magic ceases, and the Apostle goes back to stone. Then by Thornthwaite and its pleasant mountain woods, and through Portinscale, home; watching a whole battery of rolling clouds pouring across Walla Crag—the mountain a burning orange and the sky almost pure gold, Wanthwaite Fells radiant in the sunshine, and Helvellyn clear and glorious like a mass of many-coloured ore.

LONG-SIDE—FROM CASTLE HOW



ULLSWATER—FROM SHARROW BAY

ULLSWATER

CHAPTER VII

THE heroic way from Keswick to Ullswater[1] is straight over Helvellyn; but for those who do not care to go by the Miner's Path to Glenridding, there is the unheroic road of Wanthwaite Fells, which yet they will find quite sufficiently rough for even boastful mountain travellers; surely the longest

[1] Has Ullswater anything to do with L'ulf, the Wolf; Lyulph, as we call it? A Lyulf was the first Baron of Greystoke; did he give his name to the sheet of water behind the mountains? All the Whelpdales and Whelpays of this country may be referred to the wolf theory, and perhaps Ullswater is Wolf's Water, among the rest; unless it is, as Robinson says, a pleonasm, the prefix meaning water—el, hel, ul, hul, wel, elv, elf, all the same thing—and therefore literally water-water.

and dreariest line of fell road in the kingdom! Fine views of the Vale of St. John and of Threlkeld, of Skiddaw, Blencathra, and the bright Greta, are to be had at the outset; while, as you proceed, the broad expanse of Hutton Moor, with Crossfell blue in the distance, has a charm of its own—that charm of wide range and free breathing belonging specially to the moors. Yet it cannot be called beautiful, as painters use the word, save in its generous expanse and the tender flow of the bounding lines. Turning to the right, and happily leaving that ugly cone of Mell Fell out of sight, the open wild is suddenly changed for the mountains and the narrow pass again; and the road drops down the sharp hills of Matterdale[2] on to the hamlet of Dockwray, and from Dockwray down the steep descent of Gowbarrow Park;[3] through woods where old thorns are literally smothered by honeysuckle, and the rose-trees are crimsoned with bloom, and the air sweet with orchis, till the blue water shines clear through the trees, and you are by the lake side.

Ullswater is a long, narrow, irregular lake, in shape not unlike a smaller pattern of Lucerne as has been so often said; though, of course, immeasurably inferior both in size and circumstance. It is divided into three unequal reaches, which give it the form of a Z if you change the angles into curves; of which Skelley Neb and Hallin Fell close in the lower, and Birk Fell foot, where it runs out into the water, and Styebarrow Crag, head the middle part where the pretty little island of House Holm stands half-way between, so that you might almost draw a line through for

[2] Mathair or Mothair—pronounced maer and moer, and coming down into mere and moor—means the mother and source or reservoir of water. This is Dyer's derivation of Mathair. Another makes Matterdale, Mater-dale; and Patterdale, Pater-dale; and Miss Martineau relegates such christening to the aves and paters said by the trembling monks on their way across Wanthwaite Fells. Matterdale had its little chapter of heroism in 1630, when the tenants there defended a suit which went to deprive them of common rights, and in the defence spent half their estates. One man is said to have walked to London in three days, in wooden clogs, on business in this suit. The sacramental wine used to be kept in this chapel in a wooden keg: perhaps is so still.

[3] The place or country of the wild swine; once swarming with foxes.

the division. Even the highest reach, trending away to the Patterdale hills, has a fourth small independency, very pretty and minute, but never counted as a separate division. This winding shape and the intercepting of the mountain feet, make it impossible to ever see the lake as a whole; but the partial view, as you come down between the flowering bushes, is very grand. Birk Fell rises out of the water sheer and sharp before you—a mass of intense gold and purple; High Street is behind in cooler grey, showing clearly now why the Romans chose it as their main road to Penrith, for the long level of its top and the tremendous command it gave of all around and below; the Kirkstone hills, backing up Brother's Water,[4] or Broad Water as it is sometimes called, are at the head of the lake, grim enough when you are near them, but softened now into dim mysteries of loveliness; Helvellyn and its main buttress, Catstycam,[5] are behind that wooded crag of Styebarrow;[6] and, as you advance, Dolly Waggon Pike puts up its pert peak, and challenges notice as much by its form as by its name.

Turn now to the left to see *L'ulf's* or *Lyulph's tower* and *Ara Force*; but if you are of the "true sort," you will care nothing for the first—a mere modern make-believe, with glazed windows among the ivy and cucumber frames at the tops of the towers—(the views from it, however, are fine, and it has a pair or two of antlers worth seeing, which somewhat redeem its inanity)—and when you have seen enough of it, take boldly to the fell and

[4] Called Brother's water, they say, from the circumstance, twice happening, of two brothers being drowned in it together.

[5] Cat-stie-cam, the hill-way of the wild cats,—modernised, corrupted, and vulgarised into Catchedecam, which has no meaning whatever.

[6] This is not the Pig Hill, but the Stie-barrow,—way-hill, the road over a barrow or height. In old times, when the road round the lake was yet a thing of the future, pack-horses used to carry all the goods of the country by a way behind the Styebarrow, which thus, it may be supposed, got its name. Speaking of Styebarrow—sometimes spelt Styboar, and which he calls Starbery Crag—Brand says that the view is, "nobly aweful;" "the women remarkably beautiful;" with "intelligent looks;" "clothed in majesty and politeness united with simplicity of manners."

clamber up among the crags and bracken to the spot whence our page-view is taken. The wood, with its birch falling in fountains of green, its light-limbed beeches, and oaks no longer young and golden but green and adult, its hornbeams, its planes, and its twisted thorns, makes a beautiful line as it follows the course of the stream; indeed, all the lines, whether of cloud or wood or mountain, flow into and fulfil each other in the most marvellous manner—marvellous because, with their constant repetition, there is never monotony, nor does their harmony at any time flatten into sameness. The slope of fell opposite, its belt of pasture-land dotted with cows and sheep and its head of larch kept by the grey wall from wandering down into the field, looks quiet and home-like; while away into the distance the mighty hills, stern, sublime, and silent, seem to take the soul away from human living altogether and to place it in close keeping with the great things of eternity. The teaching of the lake country is everywhere solemn and earnest, but perhaps nowhere is there so much solemnity, at once grave and tender, as about Ullswater. There is greater stillness here, and less stir and throng of visitors perceptible, than with either of the other large lakes; the hills press round with closer grasp; the dales are more lonesome, and there are fewer rich estates; the mountain forms are more impressive, partly because the vale is narrower; and there is still left here the sentiment of old world life, of simpler times, of society less complex and humanity more child-like than now, such as used to be the characteristic of the whole north country, but which fashion and the universal railroad have swept away from Windermere, and are on the eve of sweeping away from Keswick. But here, at Ullswater, man may stand face to face with nature as yet undisturbed and unchilled. All this crowds through the mind while looking at the lake lying below Gowbarrow, and counting up the mountains, naming them one by one. And when you are there, a few deer will probably come about you and stand at gaze, much as they might have done when the Norman baron hunted them with sound of horn and twang of bow, and a villein's life was held of less importance than theirs.

The great mass of fell to the left, stretching into the middle of the lake, is Birk Fell; a part of the larger side of Place Fell which appears above it. The mountain behind the foot of Place Fell and across the head of the lake, is St. Sunday's Crag; at least, the higher part is St. Sunday, the lower is Birks, and the lowest, over the foot of Place Fell, Bleas; the one meaning Birches and the other Blue Things. Over Bleas again, in the centre, is the line of Deepdale Park; and over that, in the extreme distance, Red Screes, the Kirkstone Pass mountains, with Scandale Head to the right. Then, still travelling with the sun, Dove Crags and Hart Crag, a little peep of Rydal Head above Birks, and Fairfield[7] to St. Sunday's right. At the water head, under Birks, is Hall Bank, while Styebarrow bounds the greater part of the western bank of the lake. At the top of Styebarrow is Glenridding Dod. Above that, to the right of Fairfield, is Dolly Waggon Pike; then the long round line of Bleaberry Fell, with Striding Edge behind; and then Herring Pike, rather more forward, in shadow above the sunny side of Glencoin.[8]

Coming down from the fell, you go through a meadow fragrant with orchids, the sweet-scented and the butterfly, and gilded with yellow cocks' combs, bronze-tipped—passing a curiously shaped mass of stone in the river bed, browned with moss and looking like an enormous mushroom, where the Ara dashes down in winter from Great Dod grandly—and up to a beautiful initiatory leap, not included in an ordinary visit to the Falls, and thus not made a show-place productive of sixpences to the guide at the sham tower. But very wild and lovely, nevertheless, and the more so, for its comparative loneliness. Then, back to the little wooden bridge, over an inky rift where the water dashes below with a deep and sullen roar, and down to the side of the stream, to look up at the rift from below, and to get dizzy as you look. The rocks are cloven in great square blocks, amethyst and brown and iron-red,

[7] Faar-feld?—sheep-pasture.

[8] Sometimes spelt Glencune, Glen-ma-coin, or coyne; Glen in a corner, hidden away and secret.

green and orange and purple; in places covered with ferns and beaded sprays and swinging fibres trailing over; here, a holly tree hanging down head foremost over the stream, clings to the ground above, like a live thing clutching for support—there a growth of moss, dank and dripping, is thrown like a velvet robe over the nakedness of the stones. The eaves and caves of coloured stones, like various marbles, are reflected in the quiet pools, clear and olive brown, where the golden sands drift to the sides in fine sifted heaps, and wastes of coloured pebbles, large and smooth, lie for margins. The wild wood all around is carpeted with moss close pressed, and wood-sorrel leaves as close as moss, and more freshly green; old trees make pleasant seats in their great roots, and some up-torn by a long past storm, lie across the stream. But the scars of that old strife of elements are covered up now by the generous giving of the spring time and the love of the rich summer; ferns and foxgloves plume the mossy trunks where never leaf or bud of their own will grow again, and hurt is once more, as so often, transformed by grace to beauty;—as so often!

On again, through a woodland tract of surpassing sweetness, to where the noise of the water comes louder on the ear; and then you stand upon the spidery lines thrown across the head of the fall. The little bridge quivers under you, as the waters thunder in a leap of eighty feet, and the spray flies off into the space below like a fine prismatic veil. Birk Fell is seen through the trees at the left, the blue lake lipping its base; and snatches of richest loveliness are to be had on either side; as you follow the winding path which leads below the fall, whence you can look up and see the full form of its grandeur. A tree has wedged itself into the chasm, spoiling the symmetry while adding to the wildness; but the whole course is full of beauty of a noble kind, shading off into exquisite grace and sweetness and the gentleness of power suspended, when, after making this one wild bound, the water comes quietly down in soft and tender flow, in sweeping lines and smooth resting-places, where scarce any motion is perceptible. Grand or gracious throughout its length, mournfully tender in its legend, the Ara and its

Force may well attract your footsteps often, and enchain your hearts with love.[9] It is a place where the young would love their hope the best, where the mature would cling most proudly to their choice, and the aged dream back over the past and the lost, with tenderest memories; it is a place for all time and for all ages, for all moods and for all minds.

ABOVE THE FORCE

[9] "In a castle which occupied the site of Lyulph's Tower, there dwelt in days long passed away, a fair damoselle, the wooed of many suitors. Sir Eglamore, the knight of her choice, was in duty bound to prove his knightly worth by seeking and accomplishing deeds of high emprize in distant lands. He sailed to other shores, and month after month disappeared without bringing tidings of either his welfare or return. The neglected Emma fell into a bewildered state of mind, her sleep became infected with his image, and sometimes in dreams she threaded her way to the holly bower on Airey stream, where she last parted from her errant lover. One evening, when she had betaken herself thither, her faculties wrapped in sleep, Sir Eglamore unexpectedly approached the castle, and perceived her, to his great astonishment; upon advancing, she awoke, and fell with the suddenness of the shock, into the stream, from which she was rescued by the knight only in time to hear her dying expression of belief in his constancy. Straightway he built himself a cell in the glen, and spent the remainder of his days as an anchorite."

Then again to the right, and by the lake side to Patterdale [10]—St. Patrick's dale,[11] in the days before vocal hieroglyphics came into vogue: surely never the dale of Pater Nosters for monkish fears!—a road something like the famous coach-road of Windermere, but not so soft or cultivated; wilder and richer, with more boldness and variety of form, more grandeur, and owing nothing as yet to art. No coquettish houses stand in studied shyness along its banks; no trim gardens, with cultivated growths of ferns and wild flowers, give pictures of artificial simplicity; but all is left very much as it might have been in the elder times (we cannot dissociate ourselves from those elder times here!) when aurochs and wolves and wild boars and the Baron's stags ran wild over the fell tops and fought with the eagles for food: much as in the still older days when the Roman legions marched over High Street with blare of music and flash of steel and the imperial eagle glancing in the sun, while the Britons hid, trembling and yet admiring, in the dales below. For all about Ullswater, on both sides, are multitudes of glens that run up behind the mountains, and thread them like garden paths about their feet; which mountain veins are the principal feature of this lake: more marked here,

[10] Beside Mounsey, the "King of Patterdale," the little chapelry has a notability to boast of in the person of Mr. Mattison, the curate, who for sixty years officiated at that small "chapel with the yew tree," at the foot of St. Sunday's Crag. His ordinary income was generally twelve pounds a year, and never over eighteen; he married, and had four children, all of whom he christened and married, educating his son to be a scholar, and sending him to college. He buried his mother, married and buried his father, christened his wife, published his own banns, and died worth one thousand pounds. But he had no biographer like Wordsworth, and no one ever appended the Wonderful to his name. Patterdale is a chapelry in the parish of Barton. All the land in the district once belonged to Ivo de Taillebois; all save Yanwath out by Penrith, which was the de Threlkelds' held under the Greystokes. But it went, in the seventeenth century, to the Lowthers, as did the rest. And from the Lowthers it has got parcelled out into different holders: Ivo de Taillebois, rude, strong, and illiterate, but great and generous, being represented by quite another manner of lord in the Patterdale world.

[11] Surely Patrick's-dale; see the *Calendarium Inquisitionum post mortem*, when in the thirty-first of Henry III., Patricksdale is found to belong to "Will'us de Lancastre." Also called so in the Bishop of Carlisle's Register at Rose Castle, so early as 1581.

and at Hawes Water in a minor degree, than anywhere else. You come now to one of these glens; first passing by fields full of ripe brown grass ready for the scythe, starred with white ox-eye and splashed with gold and purple—the purple mountains matching the meadow crane's-bill, but deeper and darker in tone, and the golden sunshine struck back from the yellow shine of the buttercups;—past scores of cows standing knee-deep in the lake, and some under the shade of the rose-trees and honeysuckles; up through fragrant woods, and on by that steep path to Linkin Dale Head, whence issues the Glencoin beck, dividing Cumberland from Westmoreland.

The day was fitful when we went up the glen, but full of effects to be noted as studies of sun and shadow. As we turned back to get a view of the lake, the sun flashed out and flung a double rainbow over by Place Fell, and a bright metallic light caught point after point, making the dim grey masses as if of emerald, gold-flecked, throwing a golden shine on the naked crags and forming golden islands on the distant hills, falling with a greener radiance on the water, but barring the fields with streaks of purest gold. A tree became a golden fountain in this bright metallic sunshine, and the thin smoke from the house below was coloured to a rainbow-edged aureole. At the next outburst the light, no longer yellow, was white like exaggerated moonlight, pale and bleaching but intense; making the near fells of hoary silver against the deep violet mountains behind, and taking out the colour from everything it touched—the whitest and most bleaching light possible to fall from the yellow sun. And then all faded as a mist drove through the valley, washing out gold and silver and emerald and rainbow tints into one uniform grey; the wood-pigeons which had been calling softly to each other in the woods ceased suddenly; and when we turned to the steep fell the clouds were again gathering thick and heavy before us.

Over shoulder after shoulder our narrow mountain path led us, not too tenderly. Once, where the way had been broken down by a torrent, we were obliged to cling to the face of the rock as we scrambled over

the slippery bit carefully; and always we were obliged to take heed to our steps, and not carry our eyes too high. And now the rain came blindingly, and the wind blew spitefully, as we stood and looked at the barren sweeps about, beautiful in form and full of noble lines, but bearing neither tree for shelter nor food for life—only holding the "back door" to the famous Greenside mines, which pierce the mountain through to the other side. On, higher, tramping blindly into clouds and through peat bogs, till we finally fell upon the actual entrance of the mines, coming upon it suddenly, not knowing where we were, or what we had to find. The artificial desolation about—the stones and rubbish cast away—the broken rocks—the water-wheels not at work—the fragments of old iron and riven planks, useless and worn out—the utter silence and solitude of this place of man's life and labour (it was Saturday evening, and the workers had gone home), where, at the present moment, his labour was represented only by its destruction, and his life was a sign of the past—all made the natural desolation yet more striking. No sign of animate existence was anywhere, save one solitary sheep walking in a bewildered manner along the stony causeway, and the smoke curling up from a mine chimney, as from a volcano, in the mountain beyond.

And yet many scores of men[12] are employed in these rich lead mines, and neither care nor science spared to make both labour easy and life secure. Tramways are laid for the wheeling of the waste, which is thrown down in a huge dead mass beyond a desolate crag; the stream is banked and built up scientifically, so as to give most power with least expenditure; a rivulet is made for a rude mountain torrent which rages in the times of the autumn rains and the spring snow meltings, and an archway is built expressly for it, so that it may not tear down that zig-zag moun-

[12] The discontented "conservatives" of a hundred years ago used to say that, "Patterdale men were rich before these mines were opened, but since then they had become poor, for having taken to drinking, consequent on earning more money, and then by losing health and estates."

tain road—one of the most tremendous possible for laden horses; and strangely beautiful in all this wildness is a very field of the oak and parsley ferns and shining-leaved alpine lady's mantle, set in the stones under a crag as grim as the seal against the gates of death. Nothing is more striking than rare growths found in the midst of desolation. We cannot divorce the idea of care and protection and fitting circumstance from what we prize; and even a mountain fern, to which we attach an arbitrary value, seems out of place in a mountain wilderness, and as if it needed more tender handling than only the liberty of nature and the leave to grow.

The lightning-shaped path leads to what looks from above like a flat glass pavement let into the earth; a refinement on the ancient habits of gnomes and kobolds; but which are merely miners' houses with shining slate roofs made into flat glass pavements by the glamour of light and perspective. The rain and mist had now cleared, and we saw the Miner's Path leading to Helvellyn top (and over to Keswick also); we saw the steep sides and sharp edges set round the crown of Helvellyn; we saw the vale of Glenridding, rich and beautiful before us, backed by hill and crag tossed up in waves against each other—St. Sunday's Crag most masterful of all—and feathered by woods seeming to fall softly to the very edge of the lake; we saw the Kirkstone mountains, where it was still wild and cloudy and dim and full of sorrow; and then we plunged down the steep descent, having to the right the Glenridding beck, coming from Red Tarn and Keppel Cove Tarn in the heart of Helvellyn, rushing down beside us. All in mountain loveliness of place and circumstance is this stream; with fern and flowering bush and feathery ash and sharp escapes and quiet harbours, as beseems a mountain stream; but so soiled by miner's work that we could trace its white line far into the lake, and the whole bay is whitened where it enters, as if meal or lime were poured into it. The Greenside mines, however, are worth the cost of a soiled streamlet and the destruction of a few yards of lake beauty. Then we went by a pleasant bit of copsewood down into the highway again; passing

St. Patrick's Well—a fountain under a peaked niche, almost like a foreign saint-shrine—and going under Styebarrow Crag, where the King of Patterdale, Mounsey of Patterdale Hall, made his famous stand against the Scots,[13] and drove them back from Ullswater. He headed a mere handful of dalesmen against a stout armful of moss troopers; but he won the day, and bore the title of king for ever after.

Up at the head of Patterdale, where the valley lengthens out towards Brother's Water, are Deepdale and High Hartsop; perhaps the two most beautiful of the many beautiful dales about Ullswater. But different in character; Deepdale, a barren sweep where the snow gathers thick in winter and the wind rushes down in summer, and High Hartsop wooded, sheltered, and rich, like a gentleman's private park rather than an uninhabited, and, save one small enclosure, uncultivated wilderness. A mountaineer could take both dales in one walk, for they lie side by side, divided only by the mountain wall of Deepdale Park—a rough but not insurmountable barrier. As independent walks they are within the compass of any south country-woman who can go beyond her own garden. Let us first speak of High Hartsop.

The road leads by the Goldrill[14] and the bridge, where the river bends into a broad pool over a growth of brown weed, like the repetition under water of the trees above; the ashen grey stems of the beeches are reflected in purer black and white in the stream, which is yellow in the sunshine and purple in the shade; Place Fell, red and purple and copper coloured,

[13] Are Glencoin and Glenridding verbal testimonies to their encounters? Glen is not an ordinary term in Cumberland or Westmoreland topography; was it taken there in memory of the Scots whose word it is?

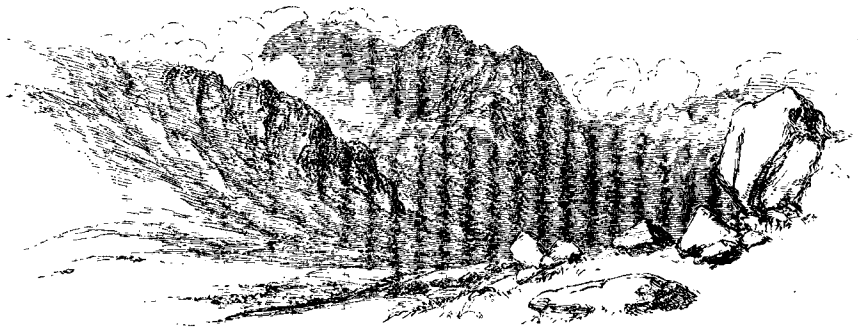
[14] The highest source of the Goldrill is said to be either at Jack Brig, where the three parishes of Barton, Kendal, and Windermere join; or on Kirkstone Fell. At Goldrill Bridge a vein of yellow ore crosses the rock in the bed of the river,—hence the name. Six streams enter Ullswater on the west of the lake from the glens; two only of importance on the east—the Goldrill, and Sandywyke Beck, from Martindale, opposite Gowbarrow.

rises behind the trees and meadows like a huge side of metallic slag; the dull colour and harsh forms of the knotted figwort break through the lighter and more tender growths by the bridge and the wall; and most probably you will see a yellowhammer flying across, carrying a golden line through the green of the trees and against the metallic brilliancy of the mountain: a dominant chord of colour, subordinating all the rest. As you go forward St. Sunday's Crag is to your right, and in front are Hartsop Dod, steep and conical, and Codale Moor showing its front seamed with that jagged pathway. You pass the wooded range of Deepdale Park, and that quaint little Bridge of Arches[15] where a third segment has been built seemingly only to buttress up a garden plot; and you come to the strange blighted tree which the lightning has shivered into planks as it stands; still following the Goldrill—worthy of its name—and making out the form of the Lion Crag over against the fall which comes from Angle Tarn; keeping to the right-hand of Brother's Water, under the wooded hill, and by the water-lilies and marsh trefoil.

The road now leads by Hartsop Hall with its church windows and old trees, once a place of importance, but at present only picturesque; and then into High Hartsop, the dale itself, the loveliest and the richest in the country. Dove Crags, which back this glen, are softened into a tender mass of bloomy lilac which may be miles away, and may be gentle slopes no more difficult to conquer than Primrose Hill: but as you go on, the subordinate forms come out from behind this tender veiling, and show a thousand different heights, angles unapproachable, crags unscalable, sharp points, and rugged clusters, all the tumbled ruins of the wildest bit of crag in the vale. You are in an amphitheatre. On one side is a curious hollow, like a giant's arm-chair, where the king and his guests would sit when they watched the tournament below; and in the centre is a ruined castle—far more like a ruined castle than the Castle Rocks of St. John.

[15] Deepdale-Beck Bridge, rightfully.

It is a very rare and a very singular mountain nook altogether; richly wooded and wildly broken, and sleeping as stilly in the shadow of the great hills about as if it was in truth the enchanted place it seems. Hart Crag is behind Dove Crags, and Fairfield is in the distance to the right; and, if you have a stout heart, you may follow the course of that jocund stream which comes bounding down among the trees and rocks like a wild white horse leaping to the plains, and so clamber up, the best way you can, either over the tops and on to Fairfield, or back and down to Deepdale on the other side. Either way you will have your reward; if beauty, and pride in a daring feat well accomplished, can reward you. Let us hope it can; even better than riches, if not so well as love.



DEEPDALE HEAD

Deepdale has none of this richness. It has not a tree at its head, save a little rosebush hanging over the stream, and here and there an old twisted thorn, bowed and bent by the wind with which it has battled so many years; and the crags are not broken up into such picturesque masses, nor flung abroad with the careless grace of High Hartsop, but slope steeply, with the old wave-like sweep—like Scandale enlarged, or the trough of a tremendous billow struck to stone. As you stand in the centre a cloud rises slowly before you, strangely counterfeiting the forms below as it gathers itself up off the heights and folds itself together, then drifts away into open space. The wind is roaring down the gorge, and you know now why the thorns are bent and twisted with that crippled look of pain which these

wind-dwarfed trees always have, and why the rocks are so wan and bleached, worn into such fretted faces, and so heavy and time-troubled. The wind that sweeps across the vale with such fury on an ordinary summer's day is a sign of what it must be in winter time, when the elements have a harder grip on the throat of nature, and press the earth with a heavier foot. Water-courses wander down in all directions, like silver veins in the purple rocks; but sometimes a broad green stripe, with yellow spots about the edges and crimson threads among the yellow, tells of a hidden stream dissipating itself silently under the roots of rushes and spearwort and tufts of pale yellow moss—over which be careful of your tread, for you may get mid-leg into water before you are aware. Parsley fern and bracken, plentiful if not strong, give the only softening growth to the wildness of Deepdale; for the gold and green and grey and red of the lichen on the bleached rocks can be scarcely said to soften, though they may beautify; and ever as you go deeper in—till you stand against the very back plates of the gorge—the sense of its wildness and desolation increases with you—the sense of your own loneliness—and how your present place is severed from all the uses of the world outside. More desolate and lonely still, if a solitary lamb cries piteously on the crag, its mother lost and silent—if the wind raves with frantic wrath—and if a bank of dark clouds is gathered against a back-ground of fiery red, with a thunderstorm already breaking in the distance.

A beautiful way back is to be had by scrambling over part of St. Sunday's Crag, behind Eagle Crag (there is always an Eagle Crag to all mountain masses), across the rifts where the mountain torrents have worn deep wrinkles into the softer mountain face, which the wind has planted with quickens and thorns and rosebushes and fern down the sides, and out on to the wide heights, above all human cares and free from human fears. And here on these wide heights we once saw a thing of no special importance, but which gave a "local colouring" of richest tint to the scene. A troop of horses, with arched tails and flying manes, came thundering past us, making the earth literally shake as they went, and scaring the sheep and lambs into frightened

groups, too frightened even to cry. It was really a grand sight, these reinless horses careering over the mountain tops, leaping the chasms and spurning the hillocks, plunging knee-deep through a black peat bog, which they tore and splashed into thick cascades, all finally dashing round and behind a crag, where we heard their hoofs striking the hard rock as they thundered down its face. Soon after, a handsome boy, flushed and panting, his hands and rough jacket pockets filled with wild flowers, his manners shy and modest however awkward, came running across the ridge. He was hunting the horses off the fell to get them home; and though it was nothing but a troop of farm-horses driven down to work by a farm servant, still it was a very interesting sight; the more so, perhaps, because of the beautiful face of the boy, one of the noblest of the noble north-country type.

Now wander on over the fell till you come to the head of Bleas, where you will break upon the lake and its islands and the sweet vales of Grisedale and Glenridding, with the miner's smoke and the miner's slag and the bare tops of Helvellyn and Catstycam, and Dolly Waggon Pike beyond. A scramble down the crags, a swamp or two to cross with light steps, and you are in the beaten track again; and one more stanza of the poem is complete.

Two things ought to be seen in the lake country: sheep-washing and sheep-shearing—the last by no means so pretty as the first, neither so animated nor so picturesque, but still to be seen by all who have the opportunity. The day before it begins the sheep and lambs are bleating with more than usual passion, for the dogs are bringing them in off the fells, separating them into lots, and dividing the little ones from their mothers, to the really pathetic distress of both. Then the lambs are left to the care of heaven, and the sheep are pent up in a shed together; whence they are dragged out by boys as they are wanted, and flung on their backs into the lap of a clipper seated on a long kind of settle—"sheep forms" they are called—who tranquilly tucks the little pointed head under his arm, and clips away at the under part of the wool, taking care to keep the fleece unbroken; the art being

to hold the middle way, and neither to graze the skin by going too close, nor to loosen the fleece by cutting above the welted fibres. All four feet are now tied together, and the beast is hauled round as a solid kind of rug, when its back is sheared in the same way, the fleece hanging down like a bit of carpet or small crib blanket. When the whole is off, its legs are untied, and it is lugged—that is the only word to express it—panting and terrified to the place where the man stands with the ruddle pot and branding-iron; where it receives its distinctive smear and letter of assignment, and is then dismissed to its huddled group of companions clustering together at the remotest spot in the yard available.

This is merely a bald catalogue of the scene; the real portraiture would be very different. For in this must be included the farm buildings overshadowed with trees, and the low-roofed farmhouse covered with ivy and bordered with English cottage flowers; the sheep dogs lying in the sun, with a lazy manner of indifference as having nothing to do, it being holiday time for them and a transfer of responsibility—some about the feet of the men, and some stretched, wide awake in fact however fast asleep in seeming, as outposts by the gates and along the walls, to keep the sheep in closed ranks; the one special strong man—generally a dare-devil looking fellow who might be a smuggler or a poacher but who is only an extra powerful shepherd—whose particular duty seems to be to supply the jokes and rough horseplay, and to carry the shorn sheep to the ruddle pot: for they are difficult to manage now when they have no wool, and must be held by sheer strength; the one or two handsome Scandinavian faces, straight and fair, sure to be among the number; the lithe figures of the boys learning of the men, and handled gently even by the roughest; the pretty young house girls, looking so quiet and gentle, dressed in their Sunday best and carrying great jugs of beer—the strongest that can be brewed—laughing and yet shy, as they penetrate into the mass of men and animals in the yard; the cows milking by the byre doors; the purple hills and the calm lake; the home fells whitened with the shorn sheep let loose scattered over them like daisies, but very unhappy yet, not recognized

by their lambs and utterly humiliated and ashamed; the harmonious combinations into which all things group themselves, animate and inanimate; and the hot summer sun shining over all: these are the incidents which make sheep-shearing a striking thing to see. But perhaps, for reasons not needed to be particularised, more pleasing if you stand to leeward, and out of earshot of what is said. For the first fortnight in July you may take your choice of the farms all over the country, small or large according to your liking; wanting no other guidance than the incessant bleating you will hear from daybreak to sunset, with the loud barking of the sheep dogs and the rough voices of the men directing.

A fine steep walk up Place Fell shows you Codale Moor in all its rudeness, Hartsop Dod like the roof of a house rather than an honest mountain, Red Screes and the Kirkstone Pass, and the deep shadowed hollow where the way comes down from Scandale by that white line of water: a weird-looking place even in the kindly sunlight, like an ogre sleeping in his arbour after dinner, but all the same an ogre when he wakes. And none the less weird for the strange faculty the mountains have of changing themselves and their positions. If you lose sight of them for a hundred yards they are something else when you turn back; independent members have come out, and guiding landmarks are hidden; an angle of forty-five degrees has become a perpendicular descent, if it has not sloped away into a mere gentle swell; what looked an accidental shadow turns out to be a rift between two heads some miles across; and no Protean tricks of old times were ever fuller of misleading disguises than the aspects of the hills according to the change of one's own position.

From this station on Place Fell are to be seen many points of interest and some old acquaintances: the pass to Hayes Water by Nether Hartsop to the left of Hartsop Dod; the zigzag way up Codale Moor—the very essence of bleakness and roughness; and the lonely Kirkstone Pass beyond Brothers' Water; the beautiful little hiding-place of High Hartsop under Dove Crags;

and Deepdale running up beneath Fairfield; Grisedale and Glenridding, and where Glencoin lies behind the wood; the Goldrill, banding Brother's Water and Ullswater together, and turning up in all manner of unexpected places and fugitive glimpses: all paved and underlined by the bright green fields, among which can be made out a certain stately garden, looking from here like a bald geometrical map, or like the pieces of a card puzzle scattered abroad. Helvellyn's square top now appears, and Catstycam, and the miner's smoke by Herring Pike—perhaps blown down by the wind into the gorge—and the sweep of the mountains coming down into the dales; which, as you ascend higher so as to take in only the leading lines, are more and more like the typical bird's wing. And now the path leads right away over the shoulder of Place Fell, and the lake and the farther mountains are lost altogether, but the bird's wing and the wave form remain in every higher hollow and mountain side; and still everything is clear and yet tender with excess of softened light. As you go, the rugged sheep yet unshorn, with heavy brown fleeces trailing to the ground, some with half their wool rubbed off which makes them still more ragged, but the newly sheared white and milky, look at you wildly, and then bound away like goats; and sometimes a skilfully ruddled lamb, catching the sunlight slantingly, glows all a-fire like one of Linnell's Sussex sheep. And now you are on the top of Place Fell, on broken ground, spongy and treacherous, with a world to choose from, and only your own will and powers of endurance to set the limits. So you wander on at random, falling upon all manner of wild bits, till brought up suddenly by the deep chasm of Boredale Head.

At your feet lies a wide, green sweep, tenantless, houseless, lifeless, so far as you can see, with the lake flowing past in a blue line at the outlet, and the Penrith plains beyond, shining in the sun with map-like clearness. High Street, now a green-grey wall patched with purple and white, is above the Martindale range[16] where the wild red deer are still to be found; and across

[16] The martin is the clean mart, and the foumart is the foul mart or weasel; and Martindale is the dale of the martin, which once ranged on these hills with red deer and wolves. "We have no great numbers on the south side of the Trent, but yet in the county of Westmore-

the lake, as you go on, the well-known head of Skiddaw comes up out of the blue, and soon the longer side of Blencathra; while every stone and glittering spar and purpled edge of turned peat-moss nearer home, is translated into living jewels by the lavish sun. And wandering, wandering over the moor, and to the head of all the great sweeping dales flowing like green troughs into the lake, you at last find or make a way for yourselves down the roughest clamber that even cragsmen can call a path. And so by the lake side track at the base of Place Fell to the meadows and your home.

By the foot of the lake the road leads you to quite another manner of country. Landing at How Town with Fusedale at its back, the Hawse running like a hog's back between the two valleys of Fusedale and Bannerdale, and keeping along the lake-side way—rounding Sharrow Bay (the view at the head of the chapter), you come into a lovely land. For after passing through a narrow lane thick with flowers and where the woody cranesbill grows in rank profusion, you come to Pooley Bridge,[17] which is to Ullswater what

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land in Martindale there are many." This was Manwood's experience. Martindale used to pay three pounds out of its township for the priest's wages, and the last curate of the parish, or of these parts at all, called "sir," was the Reverend Richard Birket (apud 1689). The old designation of the clergy before the Reformation, was always "sir;" knight being added as the military or civil distinction. Nicolson, Bishop of Carlisle, at the beginning of the eighteenth century says, "Since I can remember, there was not a reader in any chapel who was not called 'sir.'"

[17] Pooley Bridge, like Ullswater and Patterdale and Helvellyn, is in Barton parish. Barton was a strange uncouth place by all accounts. It was one of its customs, not peculiar to itself though, that the master should give his scholars a prize to fight cocks for, the scholars too subscribing their cock-pennies, and the match coming off at Shrovetide or Easter. In some schools the salary partly depended on this custom, for of course the cocks to be fought did not come up to the value of all the "cock-pennies" subscribed. The village is now quite an obscure little place, but the churchyard has one oddity in a certain epitaph worth transcribing:—

"Under this stone! reader, interr'd doth lye
Beauty and virtue's true epitomy;

Newby Bridge is to Windermere—the archway by which the waters march from beautiful obscurity to stately service. Here the Eamont—the Water from the Hills—is spanned by a fair stone bridge, "where was once a fair stone cross with steps or seats all round it," and on the top the Dacre arms: which cross was repaired May 2, 1679, by Thomas, Earl of Suffolk, as inscribed on the weathercock. This is not surely the same bridge which was built in 1425, the New Bridge then, in which the Bishop of Durham took such interest that he "granted an indulgence of forty days to all persons truly repenting of their sins, and confessing, who should contribute any of their goods given them by God to the building of a bridge over the river Amot, in the parish of Penrith?" From Pooley Bridge the view up the lake is marvellously grand, but nearer at hand there is beauty and interest too. Dunmallet, once a Roman station, and now a strange artificial looking hill—"a remarkable hill, but itself rather a disgusting object," as some one calls it—stands up like a tumulus of trees; the Dalemain woods, where the squirrels and the robins and the thrushes and the linnets live in perpetual joy and gladness together, stretch far into the distance; while not quite six miles away lies Penrith, full of interest to the antiquary, both in itself and in its neighbourhood.

For here on the banks of the Eamont, and about two miles from Edenhall, are the giant's caves, Isis Parlis, where it is reported one Isir, a terrible giant, once hid, dragging men thither, like Cacus, to devour them at his better leisure: though another version makes this Isis Parlis the keep of the castle where Tarquin lived, whom Sir Lancelot du Lac came down to slay and destroy. The giant's grave is in the churchyard: two stone pillars twelve

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At her appearance the Noon Sun
Blush'd and shrunk in cause quite undone.

"In her concenter'd did all graces dwell;
God plucked my rose that he might take a smell.
I'll say no more, but weeping wish I may
Soon with thy dear chaste ashes come to lay.
Sic Effievit Maritus." CLARKE'S *Survey*.

feet high, placed there in memory of Ewain Cæsarius, knight, a famous warrior *temp.* Athelstane—some call him king in the time of Ida—anyhow a magnificent man, fifteen feet high (as the distance between the pillars proves), who killed wild boars like sucking pigs; in memory whereof older writers speak of four boars sculptured between the pillars. Not far from them is the Giant's Thumb, another big stone, to mark the spot where Ewain's thumb was buried, and which was an old rose-cross very rudely done; as, indeed, is all that remains of the workmanship altogether.

Then there is the Countess's Pillar, where Lady Anne Clifford parted in such bitter grief from her good and pious mother, erecting this stone cross as a memento, with this inscription: "This pillar was erected in the year 1656 by Anne Countess Dowager of Pembroke, for a memorial of her last parting with her pious mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2nd of April, 1616; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4*l.* to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham every 2nd day of April for ever, upon the stone table placed hard by. Laus Deo!"

And there is the Harts Horn tree, or rather there was, where "mutual the victory, mutual the defeat——"

"Hercules killed Hart o' Grease, and Hart o' Grease killed Hercules." And of which the story ran, that when Edward Baliol, King of Scotland, came over to Westmoreland to stay with Robert de Clifford in the year 1333 or 1334, visiting his castles of Appleby, Brougham, and Pendragon in succession, they ran a stag by a single dog out of Whinfell Park to Red Kirk in Scotland, and back again to the same place. The stag leaped the park palings, but fell down and died: the dog tried the leap after him but failed, and fell and died the other side. So they nailed the stag's horns to an old oak hard by, where they remained for three centuries after—the bark growing over the horns, and, so to speak, engrafting them; but in 1648 some Vandals in the army broke off many of the branches, and ten years afterwards some Goths took down the remainder at night. Here, too, are the ruins of Penrith Castle, where the Duke of Gloucester once lived so

magnificently, but which belonged to the Nevills, who lived as magnificently as the king himself; if all things were equal to the "six oxen eaten at breakfast at Richard Nevill's house in London." The date of the castle is unknown. It seems older, say they who understand such things, than Edward V., but no castle was in existence in the times of John or Henry III.; no mention of it is made when Edward III. seized Penrith in 1300, and none made in the Scotch incursions. It was held for a few weeks by Lambert in 1648, and then dismantled by order of Parliament.

And there is Mayborough, supposed to be Druidical; and King Arthur's Round Table which some say was a jousting place; and Long Meg and her Daughters in Aldingham parish (Keld-ling-ham, "habitation near the Hanging Stones"), which they say was a judicial court of the Druids, where they prayed to the All-healing Power, and burned their criminals in wicker-work baskets. And then there is Brougham Castle,[18] which has so often passed to the younger branch, and which was added to (not built) by Roger de Clifford, who left his seal and signature in an inscription, "This made Roger," over the inner gateway, together with his own arms and those of his wife, Maud Beauchamp, the Earl of Warwick's daughter, sculptured elsewhere. A pond called Maud's Pool is in the grounds to this day. And then there are the castles: Greystoke Castle where the proud Howards have succeeded to the De Meschines and Lyulfs of olden date; Lowther Castle, or Louder, the castle of the Dark Waters; and Edenhall where the Luck is kept as religiously as if fairies did really give it to the butler, singing as they went

> "If this glass should break or fall,
> Farewell the luck of Eden Hall."

And, in truth, once when it rolled to the ground, shaking but not

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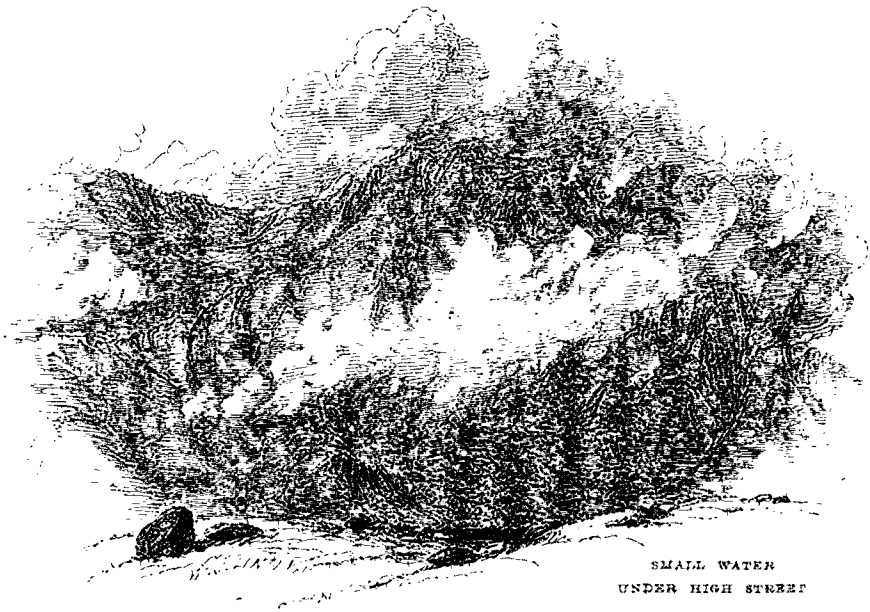
[18] "At Burgham is an old castel that the commune people ther sayeth doth synke. About this Burgham plowghmen fynd in the feldes many square stones, tokens of old buildinges. The castel is set in a stronge place by reasons of ryvers enclosing the cuntery thereabowt."—LELAND'S *Itinerary*. Brougham was the Roman Brocavium.

shivering, misfortunes came upon the family of Musgrave thickly. And there is Dacre Castle, or more rightly D'Acre, now a mere ruined farm, but once the seat of men as famous in their days as the best in the land; and Brougham Hall, where our youngest, sprightliest, and cleverest statesman and philosopher lives, but which is modern, with no tradition at its back. And then there is the Beacon Tower and Crossfell farther off. These are only a few of the things to be seen in and about the Red Hill (Penrith is archaically Pen Rhudd, or the Red Hill); but, not coming quite naturally in a book on the Lakes (though they form part of the instruction of a guide book proper), they must be left on one side. But Penrith would repay long and sound study, where there was any love or understanding of antiquity.

FROM GLENCOIN



SMALL WATER
UNDER HIGH STREET

HAWES WATER AND HIGH STREET

CHAPTER VIII

THOSE who love the mountains can understand the pleasure of slinging on bag and knapsack and setting off on foot for the discovery of Hawes Water. For all these expeditions are in a manner discoveries, if undertaken without a guide, and steering by map and compass only. The way from Ullswater to Hawes Water and back—across Swart Fell, over Moor Dovock, and by the side of the lake (Hawes Water) to Mardale Green, returning by High Street, Hayes Water, and Angle Tarn—is a comprehensive and instructive walk; containing, as it does, so many of the characteristics of the country—the wild moor, the open plain, the lake, the hidden tarn, the mountain top, the craggy climb, the hill-side stream, and the rugged pass.

The first thing to do is to take boat down the lake to Sharrow Bay. Let us suppose it one of the hot, still, passionate July days, when the water is smooth as glass and full of light and colour—but chiefly an intense sea-green in the depths, changing to a clear olive brown, gold-hearted, in the shallower bays; when the mountains have gone miles away in the tremulous summer mist which widens the distances and lowers the heights so strangely in this country; and when the reflections in the water are as clear and still as the objects they mirror: nowhere so clear as in the bays and under the lee of the islands.[1] Islands indeed they are not; rather grey rocks crowned with a few trees, which two steps would cross and a flight of swallows cover. There are several things of interest to be seen as you row down the lake. First, there is that strange fissure called the Devil's Chimney, directly underneath which you may row, and look up the rent which Professor Tyndall would climb, chimney-fashion, without much trouble; and perhaps you may see an otter come tumbling into the water; for they have a favourite resting-place there, on a kind of shelf, where they lie till they are disturbed by strange visitors. Then there is Scale How Pike, a sharp pyramidal point, with Scale Force foaming below, a mountain glen leading up into Boredale at its feet, the long High Street line at its back, and the Hawse splitting up the valley into two parts. And then there is the Kail-pot Crag at the foot of Hallin Fell; a pretty place much frequented by picnic parties—its lovely bay, as clear as if a crystal film was spread over the bright stones, its wood-topped crags, its ferns, and luxury of wild flowers, making it an ideal place for that pleasant admixture of flirting and good cheer. The "Kail-pot" is in the crag; a round hole which the water always washes, and where you could boil a good-sized leg of mutton if the lake was a Geyser, and you had your kitchen fire ready burning.

[1] There are four of these small insurrections of rock on Ullswater: Cherry Holm at the head, where was never a cherry-tree within the memory of man; Wall Holm by the Purse, where no one ever saw a wall; Ling Holm close in shore; and House Holm (houseless), with its little offset under its lee.

And so you row leisurely on; past rude and homely How Town, and its hawse—the hog's back standing isolated like Troutbeck Tongue or Nathdale Fell in St. John's (a common mountain form in the independent valleys); and perhaps a heron flies heavily over the lake at the next reach, while, for contrast, the steamboat walks quickly up with its noisy steps, making three large waves, no more, which break into white foam on the shore everywhere, and shatter the reflections like a broken mirror. And when you see the boat you will naturally think of the time, not so very many years ago, when there was no wheel-road along Ullswater at all; when all goods were carried either on pack-horses behind Stybarrow (Styboar, it was called then), or by carriage-boats up the lake; and when Patterdale was as much out of the world as the wildest nook now in Styria or the Caucasus. And, if you are not singularly logical and close, you will somehow mingle up into one confused picture as, in a way, representatives of the past and present, the red deer still to be found wild at the head of Bannerdale and on Kidsty Pike, and which you hope to see, and that smart hotel, with its sumptuous fare and its lordly charges, which you have just left; which musings will bring you to Sharrow Bay, where you repeat again your lesson of the mountain names at the head of the lake, and again confess that, whatever their names, no description of yours can fitly set forth the grandeur of their outlines, the variety of their details, the glory of their colouring, or the magical effect of the hot July noonday mist upon them.

At the foot, by Pooley Bridge, is a very different view. Here, all is soft and fertile; with cornfields and broad pasture lands, fair towns, rich castles, and stately rivers bearing golden treasures to all as they pass—the life of the plains and of lordly owners, where past service[2] and present honour, the founder's fame and the descendant's wealth, meet in full measure round keep and castle—where Penrith carries back the light of history to the old Roman times and the Druidical before them, to the days of the Norman

[2] "The great Earl of Warwick disdained not to be Marshall Steward and Captain of t' honor of Penrith and villages adjoining."—SANDFORD.

conquest and the Scottish marauder,[3] the last historical flicker being lighted at the Cavaliers' expiring flame.

Now follow the track over Swart Fell, watching still the richness of the Penrith plains, and seeing how spectre-haunted Souter Fell, beautiful Blencathra, Skiddaw, and unlovely Mell Fell come out by turns from behind the Ullswater screen; seeing how the noble Dalemain Woods make a resting-place for the eye in the middle distance; and how the little wooded cone of Dunmallet gains a beauty not quite its own, when its formal green head rests against the blue line of Crossfell as its background:—Crossfell, where the Helm Wind[4] blows, and which was once Fiend's Fell, where all the

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[3] The parish register has not infrequent entries of "incursate of pirites, borderers, theifs and murtherors;" and great complaints generally of corn and beasts destroyed by the Scots; to whom poor Penrith was a market town of tempting supply—all the more tempting, as its wares could be had without repayment.

[4] In Richardson's *History of Cumberland*, the following is the account given of the Helm Wind:—"Its appearance, according to my remarks, have been that of a white cloud resting on the summits of the hills, extending even from Brough to Bampton; it wears a bold, broad front, like a vast float of ice, standing on edge. On its first appearance, there issues from it a prodigious noise, which, in grandeur and awfulness, exceeds the roaring of the ocean. Sometimes there is a *Helm-bar*, which consists of a white cloud arranged opposite to the helm, and holding a station various in its distances, being sometimes not more than half a mile from the mountain; at others, three or four miles. Its breadth also varies from a quarter of a mile to a mile at least, this cloud prevents the wind blowing farther westward. The sky is generally visible between the *helm* and the *bar*, and frequently loose bodies of vapour, or small specks of clouds, are separated from the helm and the bar, and flying across in contrary directions, both east and west, are seen to sweep along the sky with amazing velocity. From the bar-cloud the wind blows eastward; but underneath it is a dead calm, or gusts of wind from all quarters; and the violence of the wind is generally greatest when the helm is highest above the mountains. The cold air rushes down the hill with amazing strength; it mostly comes in gusts, though it sometimes blows with unabated fury for twenty-four hours, and continues blowing at intervals for three, four, five, and even six weeks. I have at different times walked into the cloud, and found the wind increase in violence, till I reached the mist floating on the side of the hill, when once entered into that mist, I experienced a dead calm. If the *helm* is stationed above the mountain, and does not rest upon it, it blows with considerable violence immediately under the helm. Shepherds have frequently observed, that the wind rushes down on each side,

unloosed demons used to hold their open-air meetings, till pious St. Augustine reclaimed it to the uses of good angels by building a cross and an altar on the top, administering the Holy Eucharist and baptizing it afresh by the name of Crossfell. A heap of stones there is still called by the country people The Altar on Crossfell.

If it is a true lake-country summer's day, you will find that life has enough to do to hold its own against the sun. The birds are silent in the woods, and the woods themselves, no longer broken up into the separate tints and distinctive forms of spring, are in massed and solemn monotony of form and shade; the mists quiver over the ground, and rise up in a thin grey film, through which the sun breaks with a stifling heat more difficult to bear than the sharper and clearer shine; but you know that in all this dimness of heat and oppressiveness of silence, nature is perfecting her summer flowers and saturating with rich savours her autumn fruits, turning into golden lances the waving fields of oats and corn, and the stiffer ranks of the bearded barley, and ripening into food the poorer fields of grass, left standing for such days as this.

And now you are on Moor Dovock; a wide tract where nothing grows but ling and bracken and peat-bog mosses; but where, at every ten yards, you put up all manner of unusual creatures whose strange cries only increase the loneliness of the place. Strange, that is, unless you are a sportsman; which the writer of these pages is not. The plaintive scream of the plovers, the harsh voices of the moor fowl, the skylarks soaring in their song over head, the startled whirr of the partridges, and the thousand uncatalogued sounds proceeding from things hidden, only serve to make the solitude more entire, because so eloquent of the absence of man. And when you go down into the hollows whence the distant view is shut out, with the grey film between you and the sky, and the voices of these wild creatures like the voices of ghosts,

so that at a distance from the base of the mountain, it blows from different quarters. The helm does not always observe a regular form; neither is there always a helm-bar, for that phenomenon only appears when the wind at a little distance blows from the west."

heard but not seen, about you, it is as if you were standing alone on the edge of the world, with all life behind you, and only space and the unknown spirit world beyond. That wide misty moor—reach after reach the same, till the way becomes almost awful in its monotony—its distant landmarks, ever in the same relative positions, seeming to mock the idea of progress—is to you, almost fainting under the heat and the stagnation of the air, like an enchanted plain, where you are doomed to wander for ever. But at last—what does not come "at last!"—the first forms of the Hawes Water hills begin to show themselves on the right; then you come to a solitary cottage keeping guard over a little space of cultivated ground; and then to the head of Helotn Dale, with the old wave form, and the end of all things in the closed trough-like sweep.

At the edge of the moor are the few lonely dwellings, customary with waste places literally taken from the moor-fowl, and made to grow potatoes and oats for men and bairns; dwellings and people as little part of the social life of the country, as the backwoodsman in his hut is part of the body politic of New York. The people living on the skirts of these wide moors are as peculiar in their way as the dalesfolk; often educated to a scholarly exercise of intellect, while living in a loneliness that is almost eremitical, and in a simplicity and poverty that take you back many generations, and still more cycles of national civilization. At one such lonely place—a house standing in the midst of desolation—a homestead literally snatched from the wild—we, the artist and author of this book, went in to ask for bread and milk; it being well into the evening when we came off the moor, and Hawes Water was still a haven undiscovered before us. And though what we saw and heard there was neither poetical nor dramatic—in fact, not specially interesting to the reader at all—yet it is worth relating as a kind of typical or general representation of the class of person and manner of life belonging to these places.

The house was a poor-looking, but well-built stone cottage, surrounded by a wall that of itself at once inspired the feeling of loneliness; for

it enclosed no gardened space of fruit and flowers, only a neglected barren strip of ground that in the winter would be ankle-deep with mud, and in summer was a dusty cart-track thickly grown with weeds and disfigured by all manner of accumulated unsightliness; an utterly unlovely and ungraceful enclosure, meaning defence of a kind only, no more. Indeed the general aspect of the place was not so much one of poverty or stint as of bleakness and unloveliness: life with the element of artificial or made beauty entirely absent. Of natural beauty even, there was none of the softer or more ornamented kind; only such as could be got out of a wide tract of moorland, with the distant line of hills beyond, and the ever-changing aspects of the sky. There was no bustle of a farmhouse about; no kine lowing, no horses tramping, no bleating of sheep or barking of dogs, and at first not a human being anywhere; but presently, in a field a little way off, we saw a family group haymaking;[5] and when they saw us standing by the house-door, they left off work and came to know what we wanted.

They were noticeable people, these two "house parents." The man—a mere working farmer tilling his small piece of ground for family consumption mainly, coming in to greet us, hot and weary with his work—was refined and thoughtful; a man evidently well considered in his degree; as his wife said with no little pride, though with feigned displeasure, "chosen to be a juryman oftener than was fair, because they knew him, and knew what a fine scholar he was." She was a ruder person, bright-eyed and bonny, but of a less gracious nature; not at the first so frankly hospitable as he—he offering his best with a manly courtesy, and an open-handed generosity essentially noble—but she, woman-like, hanging back doubtingly, troubled at the prospect of short-coming in the haytime, and reckoning up mouths and loaves with true feminine carefulness.

[5] The hay and corn harvests lie very late in these colder uplands. Haymaking at the "back end" of July, or even well into August, is no such uncommon matter; and corn has been seen so late as the week before Christmas, before the reapers came to the reaping.

"I dunno' ken aboot bread, ye see," she said, hesitatingly; "white bread, ye see, 's bad to get at haymakin', and we'se mony to gie' tu."

After a short time, however, she was as kind and generous as her husband: but her kindness was from personal magnetism, and the quick sympathies of her woman's heart; his from the dignity of his own nature, and the service he felt bound, by his manhood, to render to all men alike. They gave us freely of their best; wheaten bread, butter, and a huge jug of milk; and the man took down a large cheese from the "rannel balk" (the beam running across the kitchen) piled up with cheeses for their own use only, and told us "to spare nothing, we were kindly welcome." The place was well furnished in its way—the old settle by the chimney neuk, the press and clock of black oak, the high-backed chairs, and wealth of "delf," giving it a true old-fashioned air and manner of comfort, as understood by these remote farmers. And they were proud of their place, boasting that the Dun Bull (the little inn at Mardale Green) "hadn't a room the like of theirs, and that they could accommodate more folk than them if they had a mind."

But though they were so kind and genial we saw that their hearts were heavy, and in a short time they told us their sorrow—unfortunately too general in these parts—the loss by consumption, or more accurately, scrofula, of their eldest two girls; "as fine lassies as you ever set eyes on," said the mother, weeping, "and as guid anes!" The other girls whom we saw, were apparently ideals of country health and strength, rosy, well-fashioned, as wild and unkempt as colts and as shy, and yet they were not safe; and we saw that at any moment the same disease might show itself in them as had already struck down their sisters: this disease of scrofula, in its two forms of consumption and brain affection, being the curse of the whole country. We shall ever remember that lonely dwelling on the moor, with its quiet, thoughtful, and religious man, its bonny wife, brave and active, troubled like Martha with many cares, yet with a true human heart beneath them all, its great, bright, rosy girls stealing "behind backs" in the milk-house, too rough and shy to "face t' folk," or "quality," with gratitude and respect.

For indeed it is a matter of gratitude, if rightly taken, to see human nature in its fairer and better forms.

Yet they were not uncommon specimens of the more lonely northern folk. In many a secluded home where the outside world never enters, and the whirring wheels of this great material civilization of ours are heard but faint and far off, where the physical life is of the meagrest and the social of the deadest, you may fall upon thoughtful men, well educated to an almost scholarly point, and with a refinement of moral feeling that passes from honesty to real nobleness. Shy perhaps—perhaps, too, not a little dry and hard in manner at the outset—keen with an almost savage acuteness—and by no means disposed to loose-lipped confidences, or to unproved trust—with much of the Scottish caution, and hereditary reminiscences of the times when strangers were enemies still clinging to them,—and yet men who could hold their own against the best and brightest in the land. Ah! they are a fine set of men and women, these northerners—God bless them!

In another desolate place, two little children of four and six years of age were sitting hand in hand on the fell-side, watching a couple of hundred sheep huddled up at the farm-gate for to-morrow's clipping. Not another human being was to be seen anywhere; and when we asked them if they were minding the sheep, the elder answered: "Ay! us and 't lisle dog," quite in a fraternal and family manner, as if "us and 't lisle dog" were all on an equal footing together, and accustomed to joint duties. They made a pretty picture as they sat in the evening light, alone on the wild fell-side, with the frightened flock of sheep before them, and the golden rays of the sun slanting through the mottled sky above; and they, too, told of the entire loneliness, and security of the place.

And now you are at Hawes Water; a long narrow lake turning round at the head like Ullswater, and like Thirlmere almost cut in two by an intersecting promontory. The mountains to the right are set edgewise to the lake, with small dales running up between; but to the left there is only one huge sweep—wooded at the foot, craggy at the head—standing

HAWES WATER.

broadside like Place Fell on Ullswater. This broadside sweep is respectively Naddle Forest and Wallow Crag; where, in the last, lies "Jamie Lowther's" wicked ghost, and which now, in the quiet evening stillness, looks stern enough for any awful tale to hang about it; while the edgewise ridges are really only spurs of High Street buttressing up the long range, as the Ullswater spurs buttress up Helvellyn.

It is a grand walk all along the edge of Hawes Water, under the eaves of the mountain ridges, with that great Wallow Crag on your flank, and Harter Fell and the other rough Mardale mountains before you. And none the less delightful for the unwonted simplicity and primitive lives of the people. Very little of distrust here! If you ask your way, they will, perhaps, lead you right through the house to save you a few steps; and certainly no new fashion of wealth or luxury or even beauty has yet found its seed-bed at Hawes Water. Here is still the ugly, poor-looking gentleman's house, which one sees so rarely now among the pointed roofs and grey stone cottages in the lake district — a cream-tinted, stuccoed square box, adorned by no trellis-work with tea-roses or grape-like westeria, passion flower or purple clematis, flame-coloured pyrus or saffron canariensis, growing up, but standing there in its naked ugliness, a mere windowed

barrack stuck down on a coarse and flowerless lawn, with nothing more beautiful in front or rear than a plot of blue iris or a clump of white rocket. And here, too, is still the tumble-down cottage and the rickety farmhouse, with the byre and the stable and the pigsty all in architectural community together; with the "middenstead" at the house door, and the children playing with fever and ague by its side. Measands Becks is one of these old hamlets: a miserable collection of dirty huts made beautiful by the trees and shrubs and wild-flowers growing about, and which might so easily be made clean by the aid of noisy Fordendale Beck—a pretty mountain stream dashing through, pleasantly continuing that broad white fall on the crags above, and whence, they say, the best view of Hawes Water is to be had. But every view is lovely, for all that the lake is not one of the most frequented, and, consequently, not of established reputation; yet, seen in the calm of evening, with every mountain form repeated with tenfold force of line and colour in the black lake, and all these forms so grand and severe, it is something well worth travelling far to see, and looking back upon with love when left for ever.

But in truth, it is all very primitive and rough; and it is easy to understand how fine gentlemen and ladies who travel with "comforts," would shrink from the only place of entertainment at Hawes Water as they would shrink from an Indian's wigwam; and for some of the same reasons. Then, it is not very practicable for grandees in their carriages; for the high road is a mere walled-in path, where two carts, if they met, would have to make compliments to each other, and one must back into the nearest gate—there would be no passing with all four wheels left sound. The church is picturesque enough, with its gilt weathercock now so seldom seen, but it is by no means a rustic cathedral; the royal hotel—and the only one—is a wretched wayside public-house, where you can get eggs and bacon and nothing else—except the company of a tipsy parson lying in bed with his gin-bottle by his side; and the King of Mardale—the great man of the place, the largest landed proprietor of the home blood, and in

his time the best wrestler and best sheep-shearer of the dale—is a yeoman, whose family certainly came in with the Conqueror,[6] keeping both name and estates through all the long generations since; but he is still, according to the Guide Book, nothing better than a yeoman for all that, though he has some of the oldest blood of England in his veins, and is the virtual King of the Dale. So that, on the whole, the social and political life of Hawes Water is not of the most fashionable or brilliant description.

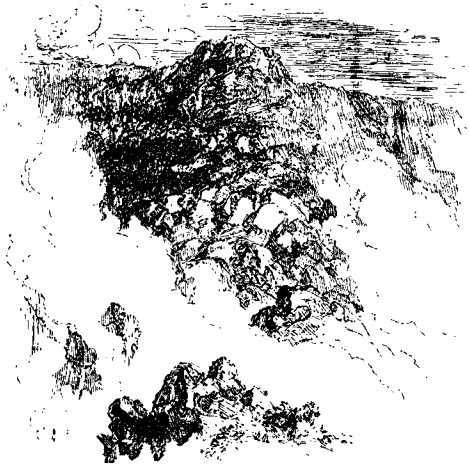
High Street must now be conquered. Your way lies up Mardale Green, having Branstree to your left, Harter Fell in front, and your right path leading under Pyat Rock, a vicious-looking crag serving as a landmark. Between Branstree and Harter Fell is the rough Gatescarth Pass into Long Sleddale; and between Harter Fell and Small Water is the entrance to the magnificent pass of Nan Bield, leading to Kentmere, which you must go out of your way to see, for the pleasure of standing a little nervously under its overhanging crags, and feeling as if about to be crushed between its facing rocks. Then cross the crags again, looking back on the long flat of Mardale Green so often overflowed in the winter time, with that one solitary house at the end (the Dun Bull, its royal hotel, near to the church), and

[6] The Holms, the family in question, were originally Swedes of Stockholm, but came into England with the Conqueror; to be rewarded for their adhesion with certain lands and estates in Northamptonshire, where they lived in such peace as the times afforded, until the days of King John: when troubles came upon them, and the head of the house had to fly for his life. He came down to Mardale, then well nigh inaccessible, and concealed himself in a cave at the foot of Riggindale Crag, called Hugh's Cave to this hour; not half a mile from Chapel Hill where the present Holm lives, as his forbears have lived before him. It has its name of Chapel Hill from the fact of Udolphus, one of the family, founding an oratory near his dwelling-house. The fugitive, when the time of trouble was overpast, bought the present Holm estate in Mardale, and here the Holm family has been from that time to this, never wanting a son to take the estate and perpetuate the name. Many attemps have been made to buy out the old yeoman, but he and his have been steadily true to themselves and their generations, and no amount of modern money has yet been able to purchase those well-worn and honourable title-deeds.

its framework of savage hill; catching the precious breeze as it creeps down the gorge so languidly it does not ruffle the starry spikes of the yellow bog asphodel, or the face of that deep blue Small Water lying under the shadow of High Street. The tarn is pleasant in this clinging summer heat; cool, quiet, and fresh; a perfectly round and symmetrical dimple in the old mountain cheek, which the dews and the clouds come down to fill, and which the Greeks would have consecrated by some sweet legend into a favourite place of pilgrimage for the young Bœotians in the vale. A shoulder of High Street, represented by a rough mass of broken rock over which you must make your way, separates Small Water from Blea Water, another tiny mountain lake which you are bound to risk your neck to see before you begin the real ascent of the day. As you stand on the gentle slope by Blea Water, you will begin to make out your work, which, it is to be hoped, you will be gallantly sure is quite of a mild and tranquil character—a mere nothing for steady heads and strong feet. Kidsty Pike, staring at you in the sunlight with its broad red face, is impassable certainly, save to gnome flies prepared to walk up a shingly perpendicular; but the level line of High Street is no more difficult than a meadow path—when you are once on it; and though there are a few questionable crags, shaped like a lion's head, to the left, between which and the shingly perpendicular opposite you must make your choice, yet believe them easy (if you must go up them) until better known. Wherefore toil on merrily as others have, till you near the questionable crags and stand face to face with the day's event.

If you are like some others known to us, to this hour it will be a dream, as well as a marvel, how you ever got over those crags. Sharp cuttings, higher than your head, have to be surmounted, with such aids as small foot-holds worn into the rock, or toe-points jutting out, or a stout tuft of bracken or ling may afford; narrow sheep tracks, with the rock perpendicular above and the crags steep and pointed below, have to be warily trodden, and the loose stones and slanting slides carefully passed, where one false step would be fatal to life possibly, and to limb certainly;

a set of steps a yard high, and sometimes overgrown with slippery grass, (like a giant staircase with all the corners worn off, the stairs broken, and no balustrades), leading right up the face, has to be taken—or none other; gaps, through which nothing larger than a lean lamb could force itself, are sometimes the only way of passing from a lower round to the higher, unless you can drag yourself up the cleft by mere force of arms and shoulders, or the weaker be dragged up by the stronger, standing on the narrow ledge above; and when dragged up, there is often not room enough for four feet and two bodies between the rock and destruction. The sharp angles will graze you, the gorse will tear your ancles and the junipers will prick your hands; and ever the climb gets steeper and the way more rugged—ever the need of going on without halting, or daring to look above or below, or to question probabilities of success, or to think of what you have done or have still to do, more absolute, if you would keep your nerves in working order at all; till, with a supreme effort, scrambling up a narrow ledge where one slip of hand or foot would be simple death, you get over the last barrier, and stand on the broad turfed down,[7] which is the top of HIGH STREET. But for nights after those crags will come back like monsters haunting your dreams,



[7] So broad and spacious and level is this mountain top, that it made not only the best road the Romans could have had in the district, but for centuries after was used as a general meeting-place for the shepherds of Patterdale and Martindale, Mardale, Kentmere, and Troutbeck, who assembled there every tenth of July as much for fun as business, and with as keen eyes to cakes and ale as to professional purposes. It is a grand stretch of table land, but not one of the best in point of views; though very noble prospects are to be had; as indeed wherever you can go here half a hundred feet above the level.

and it may prove to be a very close question, whether, as with one of us after that day's climb, you are not going crag-crazy.

High Street is like no other mountain in the country. On the top it is more like a common than a mountain, with scarcely a slope to break its level, until it dips down towards Troutbeck on the one side, before mounting Froswick, and climbs up Lade Pot[8] on the other, before finally descending to the Penrith plains. Standing just above the Tongue which splits Troutbeck in two, and not far from the Scots' Rake,[9] you see Windermere and its islands —only part of the lake, cut into by Wansfell Pike; you see Wetherlam and the Old Man, Black Combe, and the sea beyond, and maybe Ingleborough, and Lancaster church and castle, and Underbarrow Scar at Kendal. To the left is the valley of Kentmere, where Bernard Gilpin[10] was born, and whither the pass of Nan Bield leads from Hawes Water; and also to the left, Froswick, Ill Bell with its two peaks like horns, and Yoke,—the last showing only its mighty Rainsborrow Crag, sharply broken and needle-like on the Kentmere[11] side where the reservoir, which is the modern substitute for the old natural tarn, lies

[8] Lad means way, and Pot a circular hole or scoop.

[9] Where tradition says a party of Scots came down upon Troutbeck one bright day in 1715, but were driven back. It was not often that such incursions happened. "Border contests were carried on at a distance from our lake land," says Southey; "where the inhabitants being left in peace seemed to have enjoyed it." Wherefore we have no ballad poetry among us, though one old bard, Llywarc Han, is mentioned in history as a "Prince of Cumbria." He lived to be a hundred and fifty years old, and had twenty-four sons, "wearing the golden chain—leaders of battles," all slain before his death. He was exiled, and died at Bala, at a place still called the Cot of Llywarc the Aged.

[10] Bernard Gilpin was born at Kentmere, 1517, the great, good man, the apostle of peace that he was! Richard Gilpin, before him, was also a mighty man of the place. He was "infeoffed, in the reign of John, by the Baron of Kendal, in the Lordship of Kentmere Hall, for his singular deserts in peace and war." It was he "who slew the Wild Bore that, raging in the Mountains adjoyning (as sometimes that of Erimanthus) much indamaged the country people; whence it is that the Gilpins in their coat-armes give the Bore." So says Fuller. A valiant man this Richard; but Bernard stands, perhaps, the highest in the hierarchy of the just.

[11] It seems scarcely fair to pass over the Kentmere Valley so lightly. One of the widest and most important that we have—and one of the most important of our rivers

below, but smooth enough towards Troutbeck. Langdale Pikes are in the distance; Red Screes and Codale Moor apparently within a stone's throw; but if the sun is in the west, St. Sunday's Crag and Helvellyn will be nothing but dim uncertain outlines in a radiant haze—dark purple masses lost behind a tremulous sea of golden light. Neither, as you go, will you perhaps make out much of Skiddaw or Blencathra, of Crossfell or the more distant plains. The first will be only great blue limits, the last, reaches of mottled green shading off into cooler grey; but on the eastern side, where the sun falls, you can almost count the stones on the hills opposite, if the light is

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giving its name to both vale and town—it seems to demand a longer notice, which, however, cannot be accorded. Yet the course of the Ken is full of interest. Rising at the back of High Street, passing by Froswick and Ill Bell, and through the old Kentmere Tarn, receiving soon after the stream from Skeggles Water, and those from the two little tarns in Potter's Fell—then the Sprint from Long Sleddale, and the Mint from what was once Fawcett Forest—then watering the feet of Kendal, turning its mills, and refreshing its parks and gardens—then rushing onward, taking up the Underbarrow and Beetham becks, and passing through Leven's park, where the clipped yew-trees are, till it wanders finally into the sea, where it forms its dangerous sands, ("Kent and Keir have parted many a good man and his meer"—*i. e.*, mare)—what a history might be written of it, from its first shy bubbling forth among the moss and ferns of the mountain tops, to its last wide, rapid flow into the illimitable sea! So innocent and full of childish play in the beginning, so mighty and full of dangerous wrath in its ending! "Certes, this riuer Ken is a pretie deepe riuer, yet not safe to be aduentured upon with boats and balingers, by reason of rolling stones and other huge substances that oft annoie and trouble the middest of the channell there," says an old writer; to which Camden, reported by Fuller, adds his word, respecting the two waterfalls which presage the coming weather:—"I learn of Master Camden that in the river Cann, in this County, there be two *Catadupæ* or *Waterfalls;* whereof the *Northern*, sounding *clear* and *loud*, foretokeneth Fair Weather; the Southern, on the same terms, presageth Rain. Now I wish that the former of these may be vocall in *Haytime* and *Harvest*, the latter after great Drought, that so both of them may make welcome musick to the inhabitants." These catadupæ are, one waterfall in Leven's park and one in the Beetha, below Beetham. "When the Levens fall sounds more loud and clear they look for fair weather; when" that below Beetham "doth the same, they expect rain. The philosophy of which is no more than this, that the south-west winds, blowing from the sea, bring the vapours along with them, and generally produce rain; consequently, blowing from the north or north-east, they have the contrary effect."—BURNET.

bright and the air still. Miss Martineau's report of the weather general to the top of High Street is, "It donks and it dozzles, and whiles it's a bit siftering, but it don't often make no girt pell;" but even this mild kind of turmoil was not our experience when we went up.

And now follow the Roman Road as long as you dare, treading on the very line where the Latin legions trod so many centuries ago, and seeing the very objects which they saw. And yet how different in spiritual perception! For you love what they coveted, you admire what they abhorred, to you the hills have in them the glory of nature and delight in her love, to them they were but good military roads for the passage of their armies, or natural citadels of the foe to be carefully watched and powerfully beset. One cannot get away from the Romans on High Street. Their ghosts march with us in the evening light, and the summer winds blow the echo of their tread in faint gusts across the air; we see them in their serried ranks, their bright armour flashing back the sunlight, and their music drowning the roar of the wild beasts and the shrill cries of the barbarians below; we hear their strong Italian voices singing snatches of Latin song—some of the younger and patrician trolling out Greek ditties, perhaps those which old Anacreon had sung under the shadow of the Athenian vineyards—and some of the ruder nations breaking in with rougher force of voice than what the Roman gentleman, singing his Greek ode softly, cared to hear; we see them in their insolent confidence as Masters of the World, condescending to the conquest of this remote island of wolves and savages, where the summer sun was scarce brighter than their native moon, and where the snows lay sleeping on the hills far into the morning of May. They throng the level height on these still July evenings—they tramp again through their own road, which neither time nor the elements have yet destroyed, strongest and most masculine of all the nations of the world—they fill the air, and they people the earth; and it is only by an effort that we can banish those ghostly legions from us, and come back to the actual life and being of our tamer nineteenth century. Ossian wrote no fancies. If any one wishes to see ghosts, and to feel and hear them,

let him go up High Street in the evening, and march with the shadowy cohort ever passing from Alonæ to Petreana by that long green strip which was their famous hill-top road.

When you leave the ghosts you fall upon Hayes Water in the hollow below you; Grey Crag overshadowing it, and Hartsop Dod putting up its sharp sides beyond; and then perhaps you stumble against what is even more impressive than the lonely mountain tarn—the fleece of a sheep lying almost undisturbed, and as the creature must have died. Quite in the same attitude and position, though the wool will be spread as if it had been pulled at, while underneath you will see the gaunt skeleton of the ribs as under an artificial coverlet, the skull and leg bones being scattered a little way off. Of all the lonely and desolate impressions of these mountain walks, this finding of dead sheep is by far the most so. It tells such a tale of helplessness and suffering and the wild fight for food, on these dumb heights, with perhaps accidents of winter storms, of hurt, or of mere weakness and decay, that the heart is made more pitiful than if it was not the lot of sheep to die before their time, and as if it was not the appointed law that the rooks and ravens should be fed.

Then you come to Angle Tarn, in its high shallow basin on the lower heights of Place Fell. The first view of it is more beautiful than the second. Seen from the east side it is symmetrical and harmonious; from the west, it is like an oddly-shaped trefoil, with a dotting of island spots across the upper leaves. A step to the left brings you in sight of Brothers' Water, not looking so desolate from here as on the Scandale evening; perhaps because you have now learnt its softer aspects better, and have come to connect it with the life and civilization of Patterdale; but looking only lovely and picturesque, and of tenderest peace and quietude. The west side, where the Scandale mountains fling their shadows, is a deep black lightening to purple, and there is a wild rising of buttresses and spurs round it, all springing from the same platform, and running up to greater or less majesty of development. The steep sides of Hartsop Dod are fine from here; so are those rosy clouds coming up over High Street, which you are now facing, having turned back from the direct

road down Place Fell, for the purpose of descending by Hayes Water and Nether Hartsop.[12]

HAYES WATER

The solitude here is as perfect as if you were alone in creation. Not a sight, not a sound, not even a wild bird or a wild flower—nothing but the close turf, and the peat bogs, and the sharp sides or rough crags or tossing heads of the mountains, with the level sun striking all the eastern side with a hard and shadowless light. Too hard a light; for by it everything is brought out in the same proportion, and as much importance is given to a heap of stones as to a mountain shoulder; a crag is as large as a mountain, and the mountain as near as the crag; nothing is left unrevealed, and the sun thrusts its flaming torch with almost cruel vigour wherever the light can rest. To the

[12] There are many other ways for those so minded. There is one by Troutbeck to the old haunts of Ambleside; another by Codale Moor to Kirkstone; or down the face of Codale itself, by the rough-looking path that serpentines along its knotty shoulders into the road by Brothers' Water; or you may go down by Bannerdale, where you will have a chance of seeing the red deer; or by Lade Pot to Swart Fell; but if you have your resting-place at Patterdale, and wish to see Nether Hartsop, choose the pass by Hayes Water—which is not recommendable, however, on the score of smooth walking or ease of going.

west everything is wrapped away in golden doubt, and there is nothing but dim purple shapes thickly veiled in gold and crimson. On an eminence to the right you see both Angle Tarn and Hayes Water[13] again; one on the right hand, the other on the left—the one all in light, the other in inky darkness—the one barely topped by the fell-side rim, the other set deep at the very base of the hills.

It looks a mere five minutes' run down to Hayes Water, and perhaps a twenty minutes' pull to High Street, which you have left some hours ago; and mountaineers as you may be by birth and habit, even you may be easily deceived by the flattering brightness of the atmosphere. You will find out your mistake by the time you have toiled down to the margin of the tarn, through bogs, and water-courses, and plum-coloured peat-mosses, and rare, but welcome patches of fern, and dry peninsulas of rock; Grey Crag, as you go, slowly clothing itself with gold and crimson as the sun sinks lower and lower. Behind Helvellyn—far behind, so that the light is not interrupted—comes up a bank of cold grey clouds, not yet sunlit; and against them, as a background, hangs a flock of small curl-clouds of the deepest crimson for your last evening splendours, as you cross the stream at its issue from the tarn—crossing by a curious paved stile, stile and bridge and wall in one. Then you descend by a rough path, following the lovely stream flowing on your right, fern-fringed and fairy haunted—resting in pools, or leaping out in foam, or creeping slyly under the shadow of its ash-trees and flowering bushes,—a stream full of poems and fairies and nymphs and children's fancies, wild, beautiful, and untouched.

A sheep maze—(they are everywhere by the fell-side brooks, wherever there

[13] The four tarns seen to-day are very characteristic of the three forms most generally taken. Small Water and Blea Water are the usual fillings in of mountain cups—hollows made in the hills as you would make a thumb-mark in a piece of dough; Hayes Water is the lake naturally collecting at the feet of sharp precipices—the reservoir into which are drained the springs and becks; and Angle Tarn is the water lying in a shallow basin on the hill-tops.

is a deeper pool than usual handy for the sheep washing)—is at the end of the pass; and you will not be sorry to see even this remote sign of human living; for by the time you come down into Nether Hartsop, by Atkinson's Cove, the bank of cold grey clouds will have burned itself from dun crimson into ash colour again; the mountain tops, from having been like sultanas gold and gem-bedecked, will be now like pale nuns wrapped in scapular and veil; and you will be at the end of your powers, if you have spent, as we once did, more than twelve hours in the transit between Mardale and Ullswater. (The "king" said he would do it in less than two, and he gave us three.) Now you pass the blasted tree, looking black and ghostly, and you hear the fall of the stream from Angle Tarn, and even see its white track against the rocks before leaping into the valley beneath; but all is getting very dim and uncertain, for the faint wash of warm tint in the west has faded finally away, and the sky is all silver and blue and quiet grey—grey like the evening moths flitting across the path; the moon and the stars have come out with the soft light of a summer's night; and the earth has folded herself to her rest. And now you are at home; and if you have done what has been written of in this chapter, you will have done what many could not have accomplished in the same manner, and by the same ways—the heavy climb, the length of road, and the unresting pace of two days' severe work.

ANGLE TARN

HELVELLYN AND FAIRFIELD

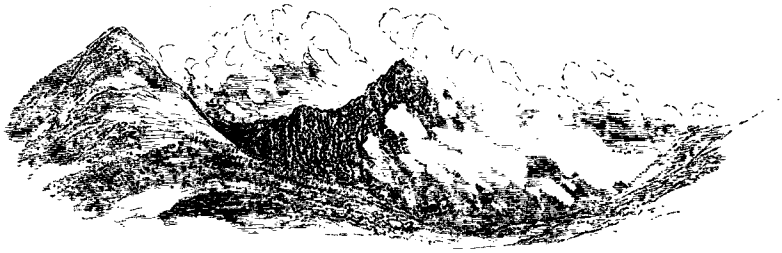
CHAPTER IX

THE lonely, gleaming miner's town on Glenridding side looks very cold and hard, as you pass it on your way up to Helvellyn. Colder, too, and harder, for the pale sunlight which, if the day is fitful, flashes at intervals through the clouds, bleaching the rocks and works and massed heaps of refuse to a sickly greenish white, and making the slated roofs again as if of shining glass. But uncomfortable as the morning looks, it may be one of those days which have hope, and a noonday crisis, possible in the heart of them; and when, if the weather does really, as they call it, "take up," you will have far more beautiful effects, and a richer reward of loveliness, than in days which have had no sorrow to begin with. In which may perhaps be found

an analogy to human life; as indeed may be found in all the conditions and variations of nature whatsoever.

Passing through this small miner's town, and up by the steeply winding road—keeping by the side of Red Tarn Beck, not yet polluted with the miner's ore, but flowing down the brant brow of the hill, clear and pure as a mountain stream should be—the way leads by long and slow degrees right into the wild Helvellyn heart. But many a furlong of lonely mountain road must be trodden before Catstycam, which has been the landmark so long in front, is fairly reached, or before the hollow where lies Keppel Cove Tarn between this "Wild Cat's Hill" and Helvellyn proper, is plainly marked. At last however you reach the tarn, lying under a bleak shoulder which you have to climb; and here you would do well to sit for a while on the rough hill-side, catching the water trickling from a little nameless brook, and making out the form of what lies before you.

Clouds are drifting over the whole top of Helvellyn: and you will have to walk into them unless the sun can break a way through, as it has already broken through and utterly routed and destroyed others of the morning's making; but, for the present, be thankful for them—thankful for the grand effect they make, sweeping in broken feathers across the nearer heights while heaped up in denser masses beyond, so that the jagged lines of Swirrel Edge [1] come out against the background with startling clearness and



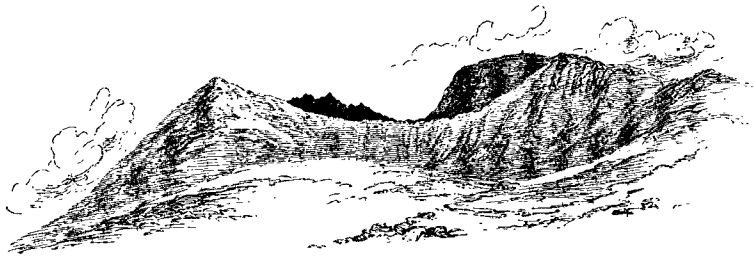
isolation. And Swirrel Edge is a fine thing to see, especially when it stands out so utterly alone as now, with only the clouds between it and infinity, or

[1] Swirl-Edge.

perhaps the topmost height of Helvellyn, like some giant keep, peering for a moment dimly through.

The Tarn lies just below. Shallow, reddened at the sides, and with a certain drawn and drained look about it, (which is not mere fancy, for it is really the reservoir of the mines,) it is not one of the most beautiful of the mountain tarns, and yet its situation is of surpassing grandeur, lying as it does in the shadow of Catstycam's sharp precipices, and under the noble tumult of Swirrel Edge, with its third boundary, that "huge nameless rock," where the path winds up to-day. But though its enclosing lines are so magnificent, Keppel Cove Tarn is, it must be confessed, (comparatively) uninteresting in itself.

Notwithstanding all the greater dislocation here than usual, note still the ever-recurring bird's sweep of wing in the dale, where the little brook runs like a blue pencil mark, edging the longer feathers; and the wave form of the mountains,—the sharper peaks to one side, where the wave has fallen most steeply down, and been beaten against, and broken into; and the smoother slope to the other—the slope of simple flow and upheaval. Go where we will, these same forms recur without exception, if with manifold and most lovely variations. A burst of sunlight now comes through the dark screen of the headland, tearing the clouds to fragments which the wind blows roughly away; and, as they drive across towards the sea, the top, where that small black point of the stone maen stands, and the second Edge—



Striding, alone and beyond Swirrel—are seen in photographic crispness of outline. In photographic crispness and clearness, too, is the green and purple and rich red brown in the mountain depths, and the lustre of the

thinner yellow lights below. The Penrith plains are all in sunshine; and Ullswater and the lower mountain tops are bathed with the same golden glory; and the brightness of the plains makes those solemn purple shadows, and the angry clouds yet hovering about, more striking for the contrast.

But now turn up the shoulder: plodding over its broken steeps with hearts full of mountain joy—and there is no joy like that—till you come upon an instalment of your day's inheritance—the Keswick mountains, with Bassenthwaite lake as the outlet, the Solway beyond the level line of the Cockermouth plains, Criffel in delicate shading against the horizon, with a dimmer Scottish range yet, the Newlands sentinels, and the dark heads of the Borrowdale group, darker and more severe than all the rest. In a few more steps, come up the divided spurs of the flat-topped Thirlmere range—that great spongy bog of tableland leading off to Borrowdale: but Keswick lake[2] is hidden.

Ah, what a world lies below! But grand as it is on the earth, it is mated by the grandeur of the sky. For the cloud scenery is of such surpassing nobleness while it lasts and before it is drawn up into one volume of intensest blue, that no kind or manner of discord mars the day's power and loveliness. Of all forms and of all colours are these gracious summer clouds—ranging from roseate flecks to dazzling white masses and torn black remnants, like the last fragments of a widow's weeds thrust aside for her maturer bridal; from solid substances, firm and marble-like, to light baby curls set like pleasant smiles about the graver faces: words and pictures, in all their changes, unspeakably precious to soul and sense. And when, finally, they all gather themselves away, and leave the sky a vault of undimmed blue, and leave the earth a gorgeous picture of human industry and dwelling—when field and plain and mountain and lake and tarn and river are fashioned into the beauty of the primæval

[2] Six lakes are seen from the top of Helvellyn, not counting the smaller waters: Ullswater and Windermere, Esthwaite, Coniston, Bassenthwaite and Thirlmere; but Rydal and Grasmere and Derwentwater, which it would be natural to expect to see, are all hidden by intervening spurs or ranges.

earth by the purity of the air and the governing strength of the sun and the fragrant sweetness of the summer, and when the very gates of heaven seem opening for our entering where the southern sun stands at gaze in his golden majesty,—is it wonder if there are tears more glad than many smiles, and a thrill of love more prayerful than many a litany chanted in the church service? In the very passion of delight that pours like wine through the veins, is a solemn outfall—in the very deliciousness of joy an intensity that is almost pain. It is all so solemn and so grand, so noble and so loving, surely we cannot be less than what we live in!

Let any one haunted by small cares, by fears worse than cares, and by passions worse than either, go up on a mountain height, on such a summer's day as this, and there confront his soul with the living soul of nature. Will the stately solitude not calm him? can the nobleness of beauty not raise him to noble likeness? is there no divine voice for him in the absolute stillness? no loving hand guiding through the pathless wilds? no tenderness for man in the lavishness of nature? have the clouds no lesson of strength in their softness? the sun no cheering in its glory? has the earth no hymn in all its living murmur? the air no shaping in its clearness? the wind no healing in its power? Can he stand in the midst of that great majesty the sole small thing, and shall his spirit, which should be the noblest thing of all, let itself be crippled by self and fear, till it lies crawling on the earth when its place is lifting to the heavens? Oh! better than written sermon or spoken exhortation is one hour on the lonely mountain tops, when the world seems so far off and God and his angels so near! Into the Temple of Nature flows the light of the Shekinah, pure and strong and holy, and they are wisest who pass into it oftenest, and rest within its glory longest. There was never a church more consecrated to all good ends than the stone waste on Helvellyn top, where you sit beneath the sun and watch the bright world lying in radiant peace below, and the quiet and sacred heavens above.

And now you can make out the faces of old friends, and call to them through the space. Harrop Tarn, on the Thirlmere Fells opposite, is

touched to silver by the generous light; and little Blea Tarn—a doll's lake it looks from here—lying higher and more north than Harrop Tarn, shines like a pool of quicksilver in the purple distance. Dunmail Raise looks a pleasant hour's walk from end to end, and not more than a few minutes from where you stand, if you care to run briskly down the green slope before you. Just over the doll's lake you see the heads of some of the Ennerdale and Buttermere mountains—Steeple, Pillar, Haycock, and Yewbarrow, all in a little group together; then the Borrowdale family, headed by Scawfell Pike; farther on a bit of one of the Langdale Pikes (Harrison Stickle), and a dim boll, which you know from its position to be Black Combe. Over to the south lies Coniston, and the sea beyond; Coniston water looking higher than the rest—a mere delusion of distance—and the sea quite clear and bright; and, still farther to the south, part of Windermere, seeming from your present height tame and flat, and, now that its prettiness is invisible, of no importance in the mountain map. Esthwaite lies between these last two; the three lakes all together in the same sweep. To the east you see Ullswater, with its noble fells brought down to baby-house toys, and Angle Tarn, like a small spangle stuck on a many-coloured ground; but Kidsty Pike breaking the level line of High Street; High Street itself, and Ill Bell, hold their own, even from Helvellyn. And then you see something in the far off horizon, over beyond Windermere, which the one of you with the best eyes declares to be Lancaster Castle. It may be so. Faith is not always a bad showman. To the north, Skiddaw is not the soft-natured patriarch of the Keswick side, but showing a noble front of purple rifts and scarred seamings—quite a pronounced and energetic mass of mountain life; and Blencathra—the Carrock Fells in the dip, where Caldbeck lies beyond—is picturesque as ever, the shadows deep and pure, and the crested edges broken down into cascades of serees and froth of crag, very noticeable and very fine.

And now you come to the grandest sight of all—the one great vision of power—the Edges in their eternal majesty of wrath, like an angry

From Helvellyn Top, looking over Striding Edge

word of God spoken through the storm. There they stretch in a grand wide sweep above Red Tarn, the broken line of Striding Edge like a mere knotted cord, and Swirrel Edge not much broader, or with a firmer foothold. The sharp sides and jags and crags are all green and brown and grey, as you stand on the top and look down into this fierce mountain bay with the still mountain lake in its heart lying nearly eight hundred feet below: a scene never to be forgotten—unequalled in our England both for form and colour, both for savageness and majesty. There is no real danger on Swirrel Edge, terrifying as it looks; so you may pick your steps down among its stones set like *chevaux-de-frise* all along the ridge, and enjoy the feeling of standing on a tight-rope slung between the earth and the sky. The two Tarns—Red Tarn and Keppel Cove Tarn—lie to the right and left; so closely set under the Edge that you could drop a ball from either hand into both. Striding Edge runs on the other side in mute companionship, furious and more difficult than Swirrel, and with real danger on its sharp, steep, narrow ways;[3] but yet a portion of the same body—torn asunder, each from each, by some great convulsion or giant irresistible power—twin Edges, with just so much difference in spirit and temper as marks the individuality.

Down, too, by Swirrel Edge, among its rocks and sheltered places can be found some rare plants. The rose root (*rhodiola rosea*), with its curious fleshy leaves, and the scent of roses about its root, as the form of the opened rose is in its crowning spathe, is there; as are also the kidney-leaved sorrel (*oxyria reniformis*), the clustered alpine saxifrage—why not the "snowy" saxifrage?—(*saxifraga nivalis*), and the moss campion (*silene acaulis*); treasures all of them, worth a little extra difficulty or even

[3] This was the Edge wherefrom Charles Gough, whom the guide-books will persist in calling an "unfortunate young lover of nature," was lost more than half a century ago. The memory of his untimely fate has been embalmed with special and peculiar honour in the poems of Scott and Wordsworth; and is known to all believers in the superior nature and better morality of dogs,—the fidelity of his dog being very pathetic, and indeed the supreme point of interest in the story.

danger to obtain. At least it will be well for you if you think so, scrambling and stumbling about the rocks perhaps with more courage than grace, though you have no traveller's business there, and must scramble up again, whether full-handed or empty, when the time comes to turn yourself homeward.

But it is such a fine, rich sensation, that of wandering about these perilous places—so grand in their sublime loveliness, so magnificent in their dangerous beauty—that almost any amount of foolhardiness may be excused. It is worth whole years of tamer living in the plains—worth a generation time of living in the cities. It is like playing with a tiger of which we believe ourselves the master, but which at any time may turn against us and crush our bones in the play that has flashed out into wrath. And so these mountain precipices, so easily mastered and overpassed in a sunny, even-tempered day, may become dangerous as wild beasts in the wind and the mist and the storm, which may burst out in less than half an hour under a fitful and unreliable sky. Yet how one loves these wild beasts!—how one delights to lay one's hands on their manes, and to tread their tawny necks beneath one's feet, and to venture into their deepest dens, even when the thunder of their roar is beginning, and their anger and their fierceness is aroused! Beautiful mountains! dear tigers but half tamed! it is better living with you than with the loveliest of the home-side creatures!

Coming up at last from the Edge—you need not say with what botanical results, for very likely you have found nothing, searchers are so many and pilferers so unconscientious—you first come to the famous spring called Brownrigg's well, and then, three hundred yards off, to the summit where the stone maen is, and where you sit behind the shelter that it makes, and dream away your resting-time in pleasant and sleepy fancies. Then go forward, to where you look down on the top of Fairfield; noting there the same kind and manner of ridges as belong to Helvellyn, of which indeed it is geologically only a buttress and component part; less grand in mass,

of course, but of the same broken structure—the same cresting of the wave falling over into rocky foam—the same flood of movement struck to stability for ever. The prospect on all sides is of a very sea of mountains: wave after wave rising up into the sky: with a boundary line of level shine. And all in such marvellous harmony—the lines flowing into each other, and going together for such good ends of beauty and agreement! Some are battlements, and others are spurs and buttresses, and some are gentle slopes, and some are walls; but the typical form is the wave—the sweep and the crest, the flow and the break. Swell after swell has beaten up on this ancient strand: some higher, others lower, some now in cool shadow purple and blue, and others in the hot summer sunshine; and all flowing out from the Borrowdale centre—all but Helvellyn and Skiddaw, both of which are interpolations in the archaic mass. It is a mighty spectacle; and something to be seen by all men.

And now turn homeward, for the coming shadows are beginning to lengthen, and Grisedale is not a *contemptible* valley. So you go to the top of the big hill at the *foot* of which lies Grisedale Tarn, where the wild swine of old time used to come to drink. But before this you must notice one most eloquent change in the social conditions of the mountain: the wire fence put up round the limits of a certain lordly property. Where the old Normans built their rude stone walls, rough, ready, unscientific, but durable, the modern man of money and education draws a light wire line, as effective for its time, but not quite so durable perhaps, as the stone wall symbolic of the heavy, mailed hand that won roughly and griped hardly. Now we have position instead of valour; and a long purse for title in place of the gilded spurs and the uncaptured banner: and a light wire fence carried round the precipices of Helvellyn, as round a gentleman's private park. A strange combination of scientific improvement, and an invincible nature presumed to be conquered!

You come down among the plum-coloured patches of turned bog-earth colouring the big shoulder, and see the mountain path, on the other side of the tarn, leading to Grasmere through the dip of Fairfield and Seat Sandal;

and you note how the face of the mountain is drawn and puckered as if with wrinkles, and how all the hills seem to go up as you come down—twenty feet to your one. And then you lower yourself into the head of the dale, and walk through the evening splendours to your home. Looking behind as you go to see the amethystine light lying so soft, and yet so intense, on every rock and grassy tuft and patch of shingle—looking to see the sunset films all red and yellow and purple and orange in the sky—the green gorge before you all the greener for the coloured background shedding such a light beyond. Place Fell stands up square and wide; Birk Fell is conical and sharp; and the hill sides, as you descend lower and face them, are angular and perpendicular. And the way seems to lengthen as you go; for the reaches that were shut out by spurs which looked nothing when you were higher up, but which now become large chasms, or heavy feet thrust forward and taking much time to round, seem to be interminable; but, weary as you are, you will surely still recur to the mighty things you have seen halfway up to heaven, and still vividly rejoice in the beauty lying round you.

FAIRFIELD RIDGES—FROM HELVELLYN TOP

Our day on Fairfield was a different experience to this of the typical mountain perfection. We will give it as we proved it; for though it was not a very instructive ascent, according to the teaching of the guide-books, still, it was great in its way, and of grand, if exceptional, teaching. It should be said, however, that the views from the top of Fairfield on a clear day, are very fine; one special point taking in a circuit of eight lakes and tarns, with a noble range of mountain tops—among which Helvellyn is the proudest and most majestic, and little Helm Crag, crested

with its strange stone feathers, the most picturesque. But for us it was grand as a bit of cloud scenery chiefly; though oftentimes in between the rents came golden bursts of sunlight, and landscapes of such loveliness as one would willingly have suffered a martyrdom to see. But we will speak of the clouds only.

It was rash to attempt the mountain at all to-day; for the sky was heavy with dark rain-beds, thick and heaped, of that colour which makes the green of field and wood, and the crimson roses and burning bright geraniums in the garden, all the brighter by force of contrast against so sullen a background. A kind of sky which never by any chance breaks into blue for that morning at least; but which, however, may continue simply lowering without falling into actual storm. We gave ourselves the benefit of the chance, and attacked the ascent of Fairfield as a thing likely to result in both profit and pleasure.

As the day wore on the clouds came lower—so low that it seemed as if we should have touched them with our hands had we been standing half a yard higher; clouds with dark pencilled edges, and unfathomable caverns in them, where lighter mist wreaths stood at the portals and in the black jaws and throats: and before we were halfway up they had come to meet us in very truth, with the gates of their waters flung abroad. Down came the pouring rain in a torrent which might have been the "tailing" of the deluge; and for the time all other forms and forces of nature were lost, and there was nothing in the whole of creation but a universal sky, leaden-coloured, and a general downfall of the waters. But still we persevered in the ascent; in our hearts not unwilling to be on a mountain top in a thorough mountain storm.

And we were rewarded, richly; for we saw such things that day as we had never seen before, and perhaps may never see again. We saw the cloud world in its almost every aspect, from grandeur that was absolutely terrifying to loveliness that was very enchantment. Sometimes a big cloud rose slowly up against the edge of a mountain, and then turned over as if

peeping down into the world below, increasing and increasing in bulk and weight till at last it rolled heavily down the sides, as if overpowered by its own density; sometimes we skirted the edge of a precipice, from which boiled up large volumes of vapour, literally as if the earth sent up steam or smoke from its seething heart; and sometimes we saw the vapours creeping down into the fathomless abyss—creeping—creeping—till they seemed to fill the whole space, and were then forced to rise up again—the rising seemingly as interminable as the fall had been. There was one precipice by the edge of which we stood watching these boiling vapours till our senses almost reeled, and we had to remember that there is no such thing as a physical Hell anywhere; and that if there is even, it is not on the top of Fairfield. But it was awfully like the ideal Mouth of the Pit!

Sometimes we were cheated into the belief that all this would soon end, and that the sun would come out, as he seemed to promise by the clouds getting thinner with a light striking through, most hopeful and suggestive; and then we congratulated each other on our perseverance and courage, and promised ourselves magnificent views from the top, quite equal to those to be had from Helvellyn after a threatening morning. And while we wagged our heads complacently, and spoke false hopes to each other, suddenly we were entirely enveloped, and everything gone from us, save the stone on which we stood, or the one square foot of ground immediately beneath us. And there was no earth anywhere, no solid foot-hold, no foundation, nothing but this one small stable point, and all the rest an infinity of mist—an eternity of space. Nothing beyond, behind, above, or around, but a white and ghostly world of cloud, elusive, impenetrable, and formless.

Then this ghostly world would break up into separate forms, and the heavier masses would heave themselves away into the upper world, while light fragments would be left scudding close to the ground, like lambs or little mountain elves—fairy wreaths which a child would have chased to catch, as they swept and curled and careered before us. They came over our feet, and we trod on them but did not hurt them; and they ran before us, but we

caught them up again, as they rested round the head of some old dumb stone or played round the moss-bed of some patient hillock; sometimes, when we got up to them, they made themselves into thin air and ran away altogether, and sometimes they gathered substance, and rolled themselves into winged cherubs that took flight up to the graver family above: nothing in the world could have been more bewitching or fairy-like than those fragments of baby clouds scampering like sentient things about the crags and mountain tops.

Then a cold, thin, grey mist—not so dense as what had been—would steal on; a mist in which all forms were exaggerated and all conditions obscured; which made a sheep look like an elephant, and then dissolve away like a phantom; which made a mountain wall of some five feet an insurmountable barrier, like a castle keep; which made indifferently sized boulders mighty crags, and accidental hillocks towering heights. This light, cold, exaggerative mist gave the strangest effects of all, and was the most pure bit of glamour of the whole day; for it came and went with its silent feet, and it deepened or lightened as it crept before the wind, now revealing and now concealing, now enlarging and now withdrawing, till the mind became as unsteady as the eyes, and lost the true perception of everything about. Then there would be a sudden clearing: the denser vapours would gather into solid masses and quit the earth altogether, and the mists would disperse like a film withdrawn, and leave the valley free to the sight. And then we would see lakes and tarns lying to the right and the left, some, by the fantastic perspective of the vapours still hanging about, seeming to lie in the sky; and some, by the chance angles of reflection, seeming to bear huge waterlilies or strange shapes of tower and castle within them; all utterly unearthly and weird, however beautiful, when the white curtains shrouding them were withdrawn and we looked through the opening. We saw then how old tales of enchanted lakes and drowned castles and mythic fairylands concealed from near observers, had grown, in times long past, when simple men and women only perceived, and neither understood nor criticised. The

sun and the moon and the mist and the rain, the wind and the rending frost—these were the sources of those lovely fairy-tales of old; yet, lovely as they are, how much less beautiful than the sources whence they sprang.

And now the clouds were quitting us altogether, to establish themselves finally, after multitudes of changes, in their rightful home. But what a wonder-world of magic was wrought during those changes! How they mirrored in their forms the features of the earth below! There were caverns and peaks, and deep dark gorges, and swelling bolls: all softer transcripts of the lower world; marvels to which the marvel of icebergs is as nothing. And other and nobler forms yet: prophets, angels, sweet praying saints, and dancing peris, winged birds, and bounding beasts—whatever the earth holds incorporate within her, given back in this translation of the clouds; given back in all the loveliest colours, as well as in each perfectness of form; now soft and warmly tinted like monthly roses shed abroad; and now a heap of snow; and now the black grey of funnel smoke; and now, again, a thin and luminous mist, not strong enough to be called cloud. And with all these changes, one dark bank rested ever against the western sky, as motionless as if anchored; not changing and not moving, while this petulant foreground shifted its place continually.

And now they lifted themselves up a few feet higher; and we saw how soft and velvet-like was the light lying on the emerald green and golden mole-skin brown of Loughrigg Fell, and how one side of the Windermere valley was all in sun and like topaz and malachite, and the other all in shade, and like the darker veins of lazule. And here stole in a ray of shame-faced sunlight, touching some of the night-robed clouds and turning them to brides confident of the bridegroom; making the whiter clouds blush bright rose-colour, and making the black a bloomy purple; dissolving some to mere vapour, and flinging out others into sable masses, desperately distinct: yet, finally getting strength, and conquering the cloud-world at large, and taking the earth back to his own life and his own love.

When we came off the mountain it was under the unclouded blue and

in the slanting rays of a yellow sun. The birds were singing with a deliriousness of song, and the old hills were alive everywhere with the voices of the brooks leaping into life; the grass was gemmed with a thousand shining sun-born jewels, and the trees hung laden with diamonds on every spray; and everything in heaven and earth looked more beautiful for the heavy rain that had fallen throughout the day, and had washed the atmosphere to silken lustrousness and the purity of crystal.

THE TWO EDGES

THE PIKES—FROM BLEA TARN

LANGDALE AND THE STAKE

CHAPTER X

From Ullswater to Borrowdale by Grisedale Tarn, Grasmere, Great Langdale, and the Stake, is a delicious day's walk of only twenty-six miles in all; unless is added the loop of Colwith Force, Little Langdale, and Blea Tarn, which gives another half dozen or so. Those who are not heroes or heroines will split the transit ignominiously into divisions, though to many the whole way would be a mere summer day's journey—a moderate "constitutional" between breakfast and dinner, pleasantly flavouring the Rosthwaite ham and eggs. This, however, is a matter of individual liking and power, not affecting the rest.

Grisedale Beck never looks so bright and living as on the morning when you are going to leave it—it may be for ever. Place Fell is never more majestic; the Kirkstone mountains never fuller of gloom and mystery; and the lake is sure to be at its loveliest, whatever its mood, when you turn away from them all, and go up into the wooded glen, with something that is at least sadness if not so bitter as grief. For is it not a heart-wrench to leave these pleasant mountain places? Truly is it the parting of friends!—quiet friends, where our affections root themselves and grow as if those grand old hills were human beings—brothers or lovers—to love us in return!

The mountains fronting you as you ascend the Grisedale pass are nobly grand—the long line to the right, leading to Swirrel Edge, especially full of temptation—needing an effort of common sense not to go along its purple ridge and once more risk your neck on the Edges; for it *is* sometimes an effort of common sense not to peril life unnecessarily, as all mountain lovers know. A flock of newly shorn sheep marks out in white the windings of a hill-side track below; the living line, scattered and broken, but ever continuous, repeating the rougher line above, as does the stream lower down, and the broad grey path beside it. And when colour is added to this delicacy of repeated form — when the ascending line of the ridge, and the curved sweep of the side, and the harmonious flow of the path and the stream, are mated with violet shadows and golden sunlight—the one softening every discord, and the other giving full power to every harmony—it may well be understood that the walk up Grisedale Pass is a thing to be remembered and loved for a lifetime.

In time you come to Grisedale Tarn, lying under its three mountains —Fairfield, Seat Sandal, and Helvellyn: its situation, its speciality, though, for individual distinction, it is the largest of all the tarns; and when you have passed Grisedale Tarn you turn to the left, between Fairfield and Seat Sandal, and set your face towards your old friend Grasmere again. Seat Sandal, to your right, is of a singular blue-green; Fairfield,

to your left, is a rich burnt umber splashed with lake and purple; and your way down Tongue Hill—the slack between the two—is moderately steep and sometimes immoderately boggy, with the usual winding way and winding stream side by side.[1] At one point the stream breaks out into a fall, now a mere suggestion lipping over the brown rocks, but in the rain times forming a wild cascade. A merry little stonechat talks and curtsies to you as you pass; a sandpiper runs scared out of its unprotected nest; and then a sudden rush of wings startles you with its strange sound, and a dense flock of rooks—probably the Rydal rooks—come sweeping over Seat Sandal homewards like a crowd of children trooping out of school. For it is perhaps scarcely a day when even rooks care to be far abroad; glaring and sultry where you stand, but misty towards the sea, where the tide-clouds are blowing up: a vain day—a day of temper and show, with lovely yellow lights across the hills and blue spaces in the sky, like a woman's hair and eyes, but a threatening of possible anger in those sullen clouds above Loughrigg, like the swollen eyebrows and darkened forehead of temper. Under any aspect, however, the view of Grasmere hence is lovely.

Then across the vale and up by Red Bank to the west side of Grasmere, where it looks the sweetest for home and the grandest for background; where no man, who has not yet seen the nobler districts, would ask a better boon of fortune than leave to lay down his staff and pitch his tent for life, like any other bewitched nomad tethered by the magic of beauty. A bit of Helvellyn is seen between Fairfield and Seat Sandal; Steel Fell is behind Helm Crag; the still recess of Easedale, and the dip where Codale lies behind its enclosing rim, are to be made out; the great mass of Silver How, dark and beautiful, is to the left as you look down on the valley and the lake: and when you have seen your fill of all these,

[1] "From a small space of ground here the rain-water sheds into Windermere, Ullswater, and Derwent, entering the sea by the river Leven into Morecambe Bay; by the Eden into the Solway Frith; and by the Derwent into the Irish Sea."—OTLEY'S *Guide*.

turn up to the fell, walking among sundew and starry asphodel, yellow saxifrage and the pretty pink bells of the bog asphodel, till you come upon Elterwater at the entrance[2] of Great or "Girt" Langdale.

The mountains on this side are singularly craggy; broken, rough, untamed masses of rock; great unscaleable monsters, beneath which the dark valley of Langdale[3] winds away into the very jaws of the hills—the most picturesque of any valley yet seen, the most Alpine-looking and pleasantly

[2] Across the dale would lead the traveller past the head of Elterwater to Colwith Bridge and Colwith Force, one of the finest in the country; and then, either to Oxenfells, Tilberthwaite, and Coniston, or, to the right, round by Little Langdale and its Tarn and Blea Water to Dungeon Ghyll. Those, however, whose chief object is Dungeon Ghyll and the Stake Pass must go straight up the greater dale.

[3] Sir Leoline and Christabel lived at Langdale Hall, where Sir Leoline "rose and found his lady dead," and ordained the slow tolling of the Langdale bell at dawn, as said by Coleridge:—

"——— Hence the custom and law began,
That still at dawn the sacristan,
Who duly pulls the heavy bell,
Five and forty beads must tell,
Between each stroke—a warning knell;
Which not a soul can choose but hear
From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.
Saith Bracy the bard—So let it knell!
And let the drowsy sacristan
Still count as slowly as he can!
There is no lack of such, I ween,
As will fill up the space between.
In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,
And Dungeon Ghyll so foully rent,
With ropes of rock and bells of air,
Three sinful sextons' souls are pent,
Who all give back, one after t'other,
The death note to their living brother,
And oft too, by the knell offended,
Just as their one! two! three! is ended;
The devil mocks the doleful tale,
With a merry peal from Borrowdale."

primitive. Not more primitive than Hawes Water and Mardale, but more beautiful and loveable—a sweeter mountain retreat—where the weary would find a refuge and not only a hiding-place, but where the young and the high mettled would pine to death, reduced to despair by the imprisonment of the hills.

Behind Lingmoor come up the sharp peaks of Wetherlam and of Wrynose (pronounced Raynuz), where the Three Shire Stones are, chiefly noticeable for the bright violet shadows lying on them, and for their roughness of outline; the square head of Tilberthwaite, with its heathery crags and tracts of juniper, blocks up a large space in front; and, to the right, one of the Pikes stands grimly against the sky. Beautiful things that look like artificial cascades are to be caught in the distance, all of a shining fall of grey like water struck to stone: they are the Thrang Crag slate quarries (where the slates are "thrang" or "thronged" enough), noted for their picture slates, which are very curious; for sometimes a whole landscape is figured on a slab, with trees and lakes and mountains and rivers, just like their own larger natural selves. If you go into the excavation you may knock your head against the propped-up roof, and see where the last block has been cut; and stumble on the loose shingle, and cut your hands, and bruise your feet, without being much the wiser for the ordeal; and then you can come out again, and look at the falling oaks and larches, clinging to the ground by only a root or two where they have been undermined, and admire the porphyritic colour of the stones, and take in the whole beauty of desolateness, in the solitude and the wreck of slates heaped up about.

THRANG CRAG QUARRY MOUTH

Though late in the summer, say in August, hay-making will probably be still on hand; and the small industry of the few fields makes the loneliness of

the vale more apparent. Yet here are our fellow-men, with whom the same human tragedies are enacting as on the largest theatre of social life; though we cannot help wondering, as so often before, what manner of being it is that they fulfil, and what is their importance in the history of their age,[4] and whether they care for their dales and hills and flowers, which so many grand ladies and gentlemen come whisking down by steam to see; and what they think of all the fine folk moving about them like Baker Street visitors about the cattle-pens; how the thorough-bred cockney, inane and self-satisfied, strikes them; and how the languid young parson, not quite certain as to the permissibility of his manhood at all; and how the stout-limbed collegians, enthusiastic, pedestrian and mathematical; and the brides and bridegrooms, not looking at the scenery critically, but simply drinking in the impression of its loveliness, as flowers drink in the sunlight, and growing in their own love from the draught—what do they think of them all?—how do those foreign lives affect the homebred? One can understand the grandeurs going to Windermere, and Grasmere, and Keswick, or any other of the more notorious show places; but in these wild and primitive dales one feels an unusual sympathy with Wordsworth's horror at the idea of lake desecration and cockney travel brought northward by railroads, and more minded to defend these Alpine homes from eyes that do not really love their beauty than glad to welcome new fashions or even a "rasher" spread of gold or a nearer contact with refinements.

[4] This primitive little valley, looking like a strip of Switzerland or one of the German Alp dales, has some importance though, in the history of its time, and an economic value to the country at large. For here, buried among trees and in a place of beauty fitter for temple or for palace, for parsonage or for love-cottage, than for its present uses—are the Government powder-works: the most unlikely of all things to be found in an Alpine valley, where apparently nothing more practical than waterfalls and crags are to be met with. All this side of the country is famous for its charcoal. Richly wooded, and for the most part with quick-growing timber, rather a large business is kept up in bobbins, cask-hoops and staves, bark for tanning, fence-wood, charcoal, and more rarely, flooring-planks and mast-wood, which form the staple of commerce in and about Langdale and the Tilberthwaite side of the Coniston range.

Carrying such thoughts as part of the impress of the place, not less true because of meeting with a noisy carriage load or two of Regent Street bonnets and "fast" hats intermingled, you continue your appointed way along the high road—which in fact is a mere ferny lane bounded on either side by close walls and crags—through the meadow and over the beck, Mill Beck, one of the sources of the Brathay: and then by the narrow stony way to the foot of a great white tumbling cascade, called Mill Beck Force, coming out from Stickle Tarn, with the Pikes over-topping. The highest[5] to the right is Harrison Stickle, that to the left Pike o' Stickle, and the long sweep to the right of Harrison Stickle is Pavey Ark, in the cup or lip of which lies Stickle Tarn, whence comes that foaming reach—the Mill Beck Force. Just over the tarn is White Crag, where the bodies of poor William and Sarah Green were found forty years ago, lost in a snowstorm on their way from Langdale[6] to Easedale, their own home. Their story has been preserved, not only on account of its sad tragedy, but also because of the sweet womanly thoughtfulness and courage of their little daughter, of nine, left in charge of the younger six at home, and who provided and cared for them with wonderful sagacity during the many days when they were blocked up by the snow, and left parentless and almost foodless in their Easedale cottage.

Mill Beck Force foams grandly down among the crags and broken ledges, its sides beset with purple heather just brightening into colour and now turned by the sun to crimson, with bracken bronzed and reddened, with fleshy umbelliferæ — some of the younger leaves freed, pluming the veined spathe, and others seeming as if they would burst clean open with the force of the concealed life not yet come out into the sunlight. It is a pleasant exercise to climb up the crags so far as you can without becoming actually

[5] This explanation refers rather to the view heading the chapter, which, taken from the back of Blea Tarn, includes also the glorious point of Gimmer Crag, the point lying farthest to the left, but not seen by the traveller standing near to Mill Beck Force.

[6] There is a way from Grasmere by Easedale and Codale Tarns, over to Stickle Tarn, and down by the Mill Ghyll crags into Great Langdale Head.

crag fast; but it is well to remember that they are not over easy, and that in parts they are absolutely dangerous; yet, as you mount higher, the cascade becomes grander, the rocks wilder, and the way more difficult, but the reward more royal, so that you must set danger against delight, and balance both by the order of your muscles and the steadiness of your brain.

This open face of foam and tumult is to the right: to the left is Dungeon Ghyll,[7] a dark chasm, cold and black, where the waters pour down through a curious fissure above, and where the stream for all its length hereafter in the open air has a secret look somehow, like the half-confidences of a conspirator. As you follow this deep-voiced, self-contained water to the Ghyllhead, you feel that its heart will be a mystery like few yet penetrated; and so you find it, when you get into the damp, clammy chamber, where the sun never shines and the free airs never enter, but where only the waters leap for ever and for ever, falling from the bright upper world of the fell top into midnight and dungeon gloom, never afterwards to lose the stamp set upon them there. A wonderfully impressive chasm!—indeed it is a piece torn out of the very body of

DUNGEON GHYLL.

[7] "It was a spot which you may see,
If ever you to Langdale go;
Into a chasm a mighty block
Hath fallen, and made a bridge of rock;
The gulf is deep below;
And in a basin black and small,
Receives a lofty waterfall."—*The Idle Shepherd Boys.*

the hill; where the roof is two huge stones that have got wedged together, making a narrow pathway for the adventurous to walk over if they please. Down below are steps and ladders and helping stones to enable you to enter into the farther chamber, where you may stand and watch the restless waters ever hurrying down, and listen to their unceasing roar, till your brain teems with weird fancies, and you feel yourself to be in one of the torture chambers of the earth. Then come out into the sunshine again, and see how the rocks look covered with green and purple and swinging honeysuckle, and how the banks show under their carpeting of yellow stars—much the same in effect whether spearwort or buttercup or hawkweed or potentilla—see how full of life and song and poetry they all appear, after the gloom and mystery of the Dungeon chamber!

The Pikes—the two Stickles—are two or three miles from Mickleden, the head of the dale, and that head is the wildest and finest part of it. Hitherto Lingmoor has bounded the way on the left; now you must bear up to the right between the Pike o' Bliscow—a grand old craggy head—and the Pikes, and then between them and a great fore-thrown buttress of Bowfell (itself only an outwork of Scawfell) which stands like a tongue at the head. Bowfell proper rises beyond and behind its henchman; and Crinkle Crags are to the left. You walk on among the grim rocks—not coloured and porphyritic as at Ara Force, but grey and time-worn—and through tracks of yellow moss, with the red lines of the sun-dew beading the gold; and over the stone river-bed, which will have no water to-day if the season is dry, but will be a waste of dry stone; seeing where one road goes over by Wall End to Blea Tarn and its larches, and where another goes up by Rosset Ghyll to Angle Tarn and Scawfell, and how that grand old Gimmer Crag, so absolutely lifeless—not even lichen-covered—looks almost white in the pale sunlight, and finer than even the Pikes. As it rises in one unbroken up-springing line from the dale to its height of over two thousand feet, it is, perhaps, the most beautiful thing in the whole country, whether seen alone or in combination with the Pikes from Blea Tarn, or yet farther off, from Tilberthwaite or from

Windermere; wherever seen, still the one fine and culminating point of the whole; but, strangely enough, not even named in some of the guide-books, and not so notorious as the Pikes in any.

A long flat waste of marshy ground filled with watercourses and stone beds, and a whole congeries of green mammæ or giant graves like the last dashes of foam on the strand—leads up to the foot of the pass. This is Mickleden, and the great blind alley corresponding on the left, is Oxendale. It is the old end of all creation, so often come to at the dale heads,—the old hemming in by the walls of an oblong kind of cup with lips and sides seemingly impassable. These passes are strangely suggestive; at a distance they look impossible, perpendicular ascents not to be conquered; close at hand they are nothing, a mere half-hour's pleasant mounting, and then down again into the free country on the other side; when really on them they are interminable, with tops cut off like the Irishman's end of thread, and not to be attained by any means known to a miserable walking humanity. Yet, though you know all this by frequent experience, you will be sure to let yourself be cheated once again, and not for the last time; and when you come to the foot of your mountain ladder, and see how it rounds away into a mere garden mound above your head, you will argue quite blithely that the Stake Pass is a nothing after all, and what can people mean by their exaggerations—you will be over before you know that you have begun.

While standing there, looking at the eternal crest of the eternal wave, like the grand sweep and "sshe" on the shingle, noting where it tore down in the days when all was fluid and what a tremendous force once poured through the dale, perhaps one of the sudden mountain storms so common here will come over the pass, white, ghostly, and pitiless—an in-pouring of winter through the summer warmth—blotting out every trace of the way before you, while all the wild hills lying backward will become solemn and listening, like neutrals waiting for the result of the fight. The clouds pour over the edges of the hills, like waterfalls of mist; the grey rocks turn to white before them, and the Pikes become of a dead ash-colour; the monu-

mental cumuli of the morning are torn and trailing wrecks in the sky, and a world of future turmoil, angry and full of blackest fears, gathers up from Scawfell. But the valley behind is all in sunlight yet, with no sign of the wrath to come deadening its yellow shine. When you turn to the pass again, there is the ghostly hurrying of silent feet, and the cloudy army rushing over the hills in wrath to sweep through the valley in tears, the wind and the rain and the sheeted mist and the chilling breath, desolation, and the way washed out: perhaps bewilderment and peril, if the storm should continue or deepen.

But hope for the best, and, if you dare, walk into it cheerily; enjoying the sensation of struggling up a steep mountain pass, with the rain beating into your face and drenching your clothes, which the wind will soon shake with such good-will that it will shake the rain-drops out of them, and which the summer sun will then warm and dry. For, in a few minutes perhaps, the sky may burst into blue and sunshine; the skirts of the mist will gather themselves up, though one black rain-edge may still linger on the top of Bow Fell, and over the Pike o' Bliscow will hang the last shreds of a thin, diffused vapour, like a veil or a garment spread abroad. And the effect of this thin mist gathered up into denseness in one part, and at the other spread out into light grey layers, filmy and diaphanous, is very lovely. Windermere and the plains beyond are enframed in the dip made by the Pikes and Lingmoor, like a picture exquisitely coloured, seen from a window. The bounding line is positive cobalt, intensely and purely blue; the middle distance is of yellow, shading through grey to green and purple; and the nearer tints are of velvet softness, or of radiant brightness. You will have the opportunity of watching all this for a long time and often; for your way is not the mere half hour's stout footing that it seemed to be at the base, but a long, tough, and rough hour's climb, with frequent rests, as of necessity, in between. At last, however, you lose it all when you are on the top of the pass, in a waste of stones with a black pool and a brawling stream beside you: rugged forms closing you in all round, and a wide cup—a broad, shallow basin—before you, which you have to cross.

No smooth slopes here; no mammal likenesses, rich and fertile in their suggestiveness; if waves, then waves when the wrath of the sea was spoken in foam and broken in angry spray upon the land; when the fury of passion stamped itself on the rocks, and was incorporated for ever in the tumbled froth of stone scattered abroad. Yet how one longs to go to the tops of all these big mountains reared up round the rim of the waste-cup! How one yearns to follow the feet of Bowfell, where it crawls away up to Scawfell; and to tread the long broad shoulder of Gable Moor to Angle Tarn; and to learn the features of Glaramara's hoary head looking out from the rift yonder! What delight it would be to climb those crags to the right, beyond which would be found Stickle Tarn and the backs of the Pikes, and Codale Tarn, and the Easedale range; or even to get down into Borrowdale by the fell tops, where that fine sweep ends (or seems to end) in Eagle Crag! But tarns and mountain-tops must be left for another day. You must carry yourself and your knapsack over the rim of your great unfinished waste-plot of the world, and down by Langstreth (Longstreet) into Borrowdale; which you will find quite rude and fatiguing enough before you come to Rosthwaite this evening.

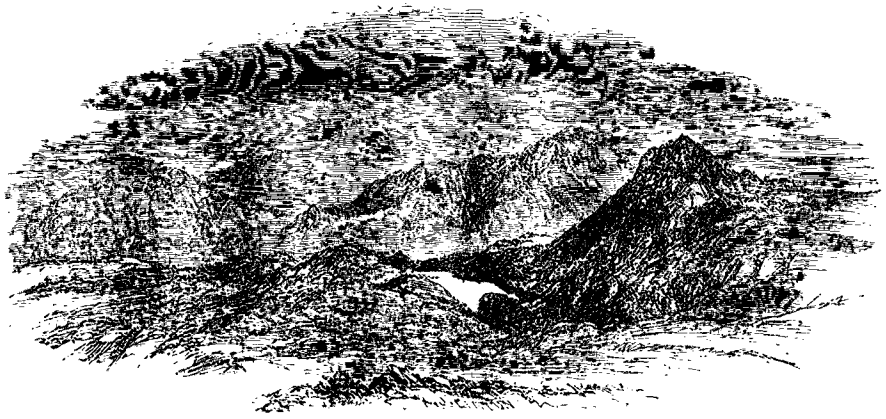
Skiddaw and Blencathra now show themselves behind and beyond the Borrowdale Fells. The fells get finer and the crags more broken; the road momently more steeply rugged as it dashes down the broad shoulder—so sharply that you constantly lose sight of it altogether, and have no perception of the next turn when this acute angle is ended. Langstreth, the valley below, is wilder than even Langdale, grander and more powerful; and that Force, unbaptized by any guide-book but which is called in the country Gatescarth Ghyll, falling over the broad face of rock by your right, has a bolder look than many better known and more celebrated. Indeed, it is all wilder and larger and more energetic here than what you have seen before, and more beautiful.

At last—and not until after a long descent—you come down into the narrow path, and the stony one, lying between Glaramara and the Borrowdale

Fells; a long hour's rude journey leading you under that magnificent monster, Eagle Crag, standing sentinel between the gorges of Greenup and Langstreth, and under Bull Crags opposite. Then by a wide, dry torrent bed, where the stones are brought down by the winter rains and storms from the mountain tops; and by terrible roads of stone, worse than sea-shore shingle; and under great heaps of stones; and by hill-side cataracts of stones; till the primitive old hamlet of Stonethwaite is reached—Stonethwaite rightly called, indeed!—for surely here are all the waste stone-heaps of creation! To add to the desolateness of the lonely dwellers in this hamlet, they do not see the sun for three months in the year. "On" or "about" the twenty-fourth of February, the first ray shivers down upon a house-top, from the cleft between Bull Crags and Hanging Haystack. And Stonethwaite then has nine months of very doubtful shine to make up for its three months of darkness.

Yet even this miserable place has its amenities. About its rocks and crags are gracious little crumpled sprays of oak fern—and the startled-looking beech fern putting back its ears like a kid, or that kid-like plant, the cyclamen—and rarer plants still, among its secret sacred haunts, to be found by diligent searchers fond of exploring rough mountain sides, and to whom a rare fern is as precious as a jewel, and a new wild flower as dear as a new friend. There must be this love, though, to make Stonethwaite anything but a desert or a prison; as there must be love to help man through every rough pass in life.

GIMMER CRAG



STICKLE TARN.

THE TARNS

CHAPTER XI

BORROWDALE is good head-quarters for the tarns; and a tarn hunt is by no means unexciting sport; for though all of the more important are named in the guide-books and figured on the maps, still there are a few neither spoken of nor marked, the finding of which is a true discovery to the ordinary traveller, leading him into the heart of many a secret of nature, and showing the form of many of her workings. We get to the back of the mountains, so to speak, on such expeditions as these; and when not to the back, then to the inner depths, where we can follow the track of the forces by which these great things have been done, tracing where the fire has fused and the water wasted; and seeing how the mighty shaping hand has fashioned the mountain world to perfect nobleness, and where it has left rough, unfinished bits, like waste-plots in the great garden: rough bits, where only ferns and moss and heather are flung by the summer's charity, and where useless water gathers into useless hollows, idle for the

world's work, if glorious for the world's beauty. Yet not wholly useless; for they all send out small subscriptions to the general fund, and at least help to swell, if they do not originate, the wealth of rivers and the bounty of the sea; in which manner they are working members, if unnoted, in the great republic of natural forces. Not that every mountain stream springs from a tarn, but almost every tarn [1] sends out a stream. Then, tarn-hunting teaches the relative position of places almost as exactly as do the mountain-tops, leading by "backs," and "shoulders," and "slacks," and "feet," and over the lower heights straight to half a dozen seemingly irreconcilable districts, each one of which is a day's journey from the other by the beaten track. Thus, Easedale and Sty Head in one day must needs include some glorious cross-country experiences, as you will find if you set out from Rosthwaite as your centre, to see how many tarns may be found between the morning and the night.

Go first to lonely Stonethwaite, on which if the sun is shining as you pass it may be counted a notable thing in the Stonethwaite calendar; not following the stony road to the Stake Pass, but leaving Langstreth and Eagle Crag to the right, and taking the left-hand gorge of Greenup instead. Climb straight up the gorge, past the rocky pool where the two streams join, past Garnett's Force—a beautiful cascade, not generally known, its only present sponsors the shepherds—then up Greenup Edge towards High Raise, keeping Line End Crag to the right, till you come upon a vast bowl-shaped amphitheatre, something like that of the Stake, but not so large. This you cross in the direction of Grasmere, climbing the opposite rim where a line of stone piles marks the way for the belated shepherds and the snow-bound, and where an outcrop of grey stones through the yellow boggy grass is in striking contrast of colour. A fine up-rising of mountain tops is to be seen from here: Whinlatter and Grisedale Pike over Maiden Mawr; Robinson in a dip over Eagle Crag;

[1] Blind Tarn by Coniston Old Man is an exception, being without any issuing stream.

Dale Head over Bull Crag; the sheer precipice of Honister over Serjeant Crag; and the little point of Cam beyond Glaramara. But Glaramara itself has probably faded away into a cloud, which also impenetrably conceals Bowfell. A little farther on, and all this is lost, and you look down on Wythburn Head to Wythburn and Thirlmere (but merely to a corner of this last lying far below, between Cat Crags and Steel Fell), and on Ruddy Ghyll Brow in Wythburn Head to the left of Cat Crags, with Green Comb above.

The mists may probably be thick here, veiling the tops of the highest mountains—Helvellyn, Seat Sandal, and Fairfield—and draping their feet too, so that they may be of any imaginable height and circumstance; but not hiding the great slip of screes a hundred feet high, on Ruddy Ghyll Brow (all green ground now), which burst out with some rush of water one day, laying bare a strip of mountain bark which will never have power to grow again. Across Deep Slack, a disturbed hollow, with wave-like mounds and rocks and stones and all manner of ground irregularities, you look on something round and *light*; like a diamond in the heart of an uncut emerald cup about which still clings some of the green-grey matrix; that green-grey matrix is the outcome of stone against the mountain side, and the diamond is Codale Tarn. So immediately overhanging it is the crag whereon you stand that it seems as if you could drop into the water beneath, as you could drop a ball into Red Tarn and Keppel Cove Tarn from Swirrel Edge. It is a singular effect that of standing on a summit, with a sheet of water immediately below: and of dangerous fascination. For who does not know the impulse, more or less strong according to temperament, to fling oneself off the top, and learn the mysteries of that dark blue world below? The Germans were not far wrong when they embodied this impulse in the legend of fair-haired Nixes luring men to their destruction by the insatiable longing of the unknown love!

As you rise the last few yards, under the unseen horizon—unseen, because of the formless mist hanging round it—you catch a dim streak of water lying as it might be in the sky, but which you know to be Windermere;

another to the right, rather less dim, which is Elterwater; Rydal-mere is in a hollow to the left; and between Rydal-mere and Codale Tarn is Easedale Tarn, lying lower than the rest, under those steep, rough, fence-ways, called Carr's Crags—pleasant scrambling places for the sure-footed and adventurous, but terrifying to neophytes not yet familiar with mountain circumstance. Very wild and very lonely are these two tarns; Codale the wilder of the two, because more rock-bound and of higher altitude than Easedale, but neither sparing much for softness or tenderness, neither borrowing of the Sybarite roses or eiderdown for the rugged Doric bonework beneath; true mountain tarns, both of them, born in the wilds where but little of pleasure and less of gain leads human footsteps—their only companions the free creatures of the air and the gracious throngings of the sky. Ah! if all men could be taught the deliciousness of a lonely mountain tarn, and a rough mountain scramble, where they would cut their feet, and graze their knees, and tear their hands, and get wet-footed in the bogs, and wet-backed in the mists, and meet with nothing more exciting than a flock of frightened mountain sheep or a noisy swoop of plovers screaming overhead! If they could but be all inoculated with the love of such joys as these, how much better it would be for the present world and for the future generations!

Now to the right — your landmark Harrison Stickle, which, as well as his Combe, soon comes in sight; and so to the point whence you can look down on Stickle Tarn, and over it and Great Langdale and Blea Tarn to Wetherlam, and such distance beyond as the day may allow. Esthwaite Water has now come within view, to the right of the dim line of Windermere; but Blea Tarn is too close under the rocks overhanging to be seen. Stickle Tarn, however, is enough for any picture by itself, shadowed as it is by those fierce Langdale crests, with mountains stretching away to the right, and to the left Windermere, Esthwaite, and Elterwater, like lakes seen in a dream. White Crags are in front of the Stickle, and the tarn lies between in a sort of shelf or cup, under Pavey Ark. It is used as a reservoir for the service of the Langdale Government powder-works, and is none the less

beautiful for its usefulness; its outlet is that fine Mill Beck Force which is seen when passing through Great Langdale on the way to Dungeon Ghyll and the Stake. A little peep of Bowfell to the left of the Stickle is to be had, and to the right the line of the peak rises up into an independent jag called Harrison's Combe, a kind of cock's-comb-shaped crest of crags for the mountain's top—what old country wives would call a "top-knot."

The Stickle is a grand tarn, lying in the manner of a hanging water-garden in a shallow basin seemingly specially hollowed out for it: as unlike both Codale and Easedale Tarns as these are unlike each other, but quite as wild and lonely, and as far removed from the human world as either. And, perhaps, this is the real meaning of these tarns—this utter isolation, and, in general, severance from all the uses of human life; like something given us which we must retain but over which we have no control—a savage child dropped at our doors, of whom we can make neither playmate nor servant.

And now straight away to the right of the Combe for Angle Tarn under Bowfell at the head of Rosset Ghyll; best reached by crossing the great Stake Pass Amphitheatre, and over the beck that falls down Gatescarth Ghyll, and then up the shoulder of Gable Moor, with Scawfell sullen in the lowering sky before you, and Bowfell blacker and more sullen still. But perhaps old Glaramara has caught a ray of the passing sunlight, and seems to smile, as sunny mountains do, with such a welcome of friendliness!—the only lover, open-faced, in a company of veiled strangers.

It is a "dree" way up the Gable shoulder at all times, but specially so in the dull monotone of certain atmospheric conditions; yet even in such dust-coloured times there are breaks of rich effects and gorgeous colourings, and always magnificent outlines and grand circumstance of rock and fell: such as that deep, indented, purple wall of Allan Crags which you fall upon in your way up Gable, and that smaller and further intervention of turf-clad mountain bone called the Tongue, dividing little Ghyll Head. To the left of which stands Rosset Pike, where lies a black well-head of a tarn; very

deep, for it is black almost to the brink, with grey-white stones and green turf chasing for the jet all around, and a dark mass of fell like that at the back of Small Water behind it. This is Angle Tarn under Bowfell. And

here the dull monotony of your day may be broken; for down a nameless rift in the dark fells comes an outpouring of clouds, every now and then covering the black face upturned to them, and then quietly stealing down that steep bit of loose sercework, by courtesy named a pony road, which goes over the side of Bowfell down Mickleden into Great Langdale—in other words, the famous Rosset Ghyll Pass. These sudden outpourings of clouds scatter the monotonous sullenness of the day grandly; they make the dark beauty of Angle Tarn more gravely, mournfully, tender than it would have been, softening to sorrow what else was fierceness and desolation, and bringing the grace of tears over the hardness of despair.

From Angle Tarn mount immediately towards Esk Hawse (pronounced Ash Kawse by the dalesmen), taking your farewell of Langdale Pikes: the three very plain now, and beautiful Gimmer Crag, the Crag of the Ewe Lamb, showing well and grandly defined. Directly before you is the same kind of crest or comb as that of Harrison's Combe, crowning the brant brow sloping over from Angle Tarn to Langstreth; and a few steps farther bring you to a spot where, looking over Tongue Ghyll into Langstreth, you see an inky pool, a rocky edge, a foaming rush,—and the beck a mile down immediately

after. Such a magnificent hurling from the heights as it is!—such a grand and headlong outfall! But the head should be steady which looks over into the rift, and the feet sure that stand on the edge, and courage should not weaken itself by rashness, and daring should be specially careful of folly. This, indeed, may stand as stereotyped advice for all mountain explorers venturing into unknown places, and beset by many temptations to over boldness. For it is a temptation of surpassing force, the noble view to be had from that giddy crest—it is a temptation, the rare fern known to be growing down that steep face of rift; so steep that even the mountain sheep do not cross it—the flower to be found among those perilous rocks, and planted as a trophy in the quiet garden at home—the wild bird's nest among those almost insurmountable crags; what allurements to danger, all of these, to the young and ardent, and those who believe in the worth of a muscular manhood, and in the analogous beauty, for the matter of that, of a powerful womanhood! If lives are sometimes left at the feet of these great mountain sirens, we can scarcely wonder at the fascination which leads men to such sacrifice.

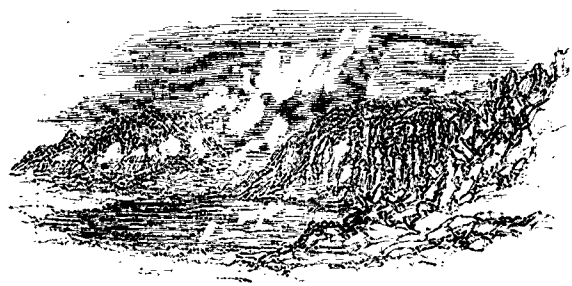
Now, on to Esk Hawse, where one of the finest views of the country is to be had—a view that takes in, as one section, the Scotch mountains lying beyond Borrowdale and the vale of Keswick, Skiddaw, and the Solway; as the other, Eskdale and its white line of river running through the green narrow valley, the sands and the sea and desolate Black Combe; and for the third, the Langdale and Brathay valleys on to Windermere and Ingleborough. A grand view in truth! grand in the sunshine and the shade, in the morning and the evening alike. Here, too, is the famous Fludder's Brow where the guides and shepherds meet for business, as they do on High Street, and used to do at the Justice Stone by Thirlmere; but your path will keep you nearer to Scawfell than to Fludder's Brow to-day: first passing by that great ravine which looks as if ploughed by some world-wasting cataract, lying almost on the mountain top. A deep, winding, and most noticeable ravine is this: thirty, forty, fifty feet down—it may be a

hundred or a thousand or many thousands for all the accuracy of measurement to be had by the bewildered eye: with fierce-coloured iron-red sides, and a little beck at the bottom, which finds its way down High House side to Stockley Beck and Borrowdale; a ravine nameless so far as we could find, but grander than half those baptized. This passed, keep away under Great End; if it be a misty day, walking in and out of the clouds as you walk in and out of passages and fields and woods, till you come to Sparkling Tarn, sometimes called Sprinkling Tarn, set, not in a cup but in a mere hollow, on the top of High House.

Angle Tarn needed the cloud blackness, which suited well with its depth under the high fell shadow; but Sparkling Tarn—lying in its shallow basin on the very brow of High House, looking up into the face of the sky, and catching the faintest glint of sunshine that falls—seems born only for the light of heaven to mirror itself within—only for the smiles and the joy of the sunshine: a bright-faced, bright-eyed little Naiad resting on the bosom of the old green hill, and playing with the sunbeams as they get entangled in her hair. The rim of the tarn is singularly shallow; it seems scarcely high enough to prevent the water from overflowing High House sides, and streaming down at every angle, instead of keeping its appointed channel as feeder in principal to Sty Head Tarn; but if shallow it is broad, with a great promontory of turf and rock—almost an island—plunging into its very heart, and giving food and shelter to the mountain sheep. It is very beautiful and remarkable, lying there on the mountain top with only so narrow a ledge of rock to keep it within bounds and prevent it shedding

itself all abroad. The proper course of the issuing stream is down a little rocky bed to Sty Head Tarn, of which it is the principal feeder, as was said; but not much of a feeder to the Sty Head fishes, for they—no, the anglers—complain that these suffer considerably in food and flesh by the impoverishment of the Sparkling waters, of which the Sparkling fishes have had the first and fullest benefit. A strange fact, but quite intelligible; and almost patent in the general aspect of seemliness in this well-conditioned tarn—fishpond, or Naiad's home, as one chooses to be practical or imaginative.

Scarcely a hundred yards from this lovely little water-world you come upon another tarn—your real discovery of the day; a tarn known only to the shepherds, and not even to the guides, still less to guide-book makers. It is a sort of toy-lake, different to anything seen before; oval, surrounded by small, slaty, basaltic-looking crags, part with a little grass growing in among them, and part a mere piling up of small stones, as if they were miniature crags built by children: a very fairies' lake on which you will come with as much pleasure as if you had fallen upon a royal child among the shepherds, or a white enchanted fawn among the sheep. It is called by the few who know of it, High House Tarn; and, like Sparkling Tarn, sends down its little toy tributary into Sty Head Tarn. As the mists steal or scud over it, it is the most lovely and most unreal vision of a lake that can be imagined—quite a haunted lake; the undrugged cup of an innocent Circe,



HIGH HOUSE TARN

the home of a mountain Calypso where is no Ulysses. Beyond it lie three other tarnlets—mere watery beads on the grass—anonymous, yet worth looking at, and of no mean account in the day's "bag;" but dwarfed in interest by the superior beauty of the fairy lake. They ought to be seen first to have real justice done to them. However, there they are, and, first or last, are very pretty watery beads, if not so fair as the brighter gem of High House.

After this you can go by a short, steep, and it must be owned not wholly safe, cut down to Sty Head Tarn lying black under the green walls, cloud-topped, of Great Gable, which like Helvellyn and Seat Sandal in the morning, may be of any height under the disguise of the evening mist. But Sty Head Tarn, when you reach it, has a worldly look, lying as it does in the midst of the pass; and wild as it seems to the traveller going over from Rosthwaite to Wastwater, it is but a tame home-pond to the "hunter" who has made his own way across the wildest hills we have, and who, like a mountain Columbus, has found for himself water-worlds uncatalogued before. Now descend the pass towards Borrowdale, leaving the immense great end of Lingmell on your left—the two Gables, Great and Green, in front, from between which flows a stream into Sty Head Tarn. On the other side of Gable Head Ghyll—the two sources but a few yards apart—flows another beck into Ennerdale, to supply Whitehaven with fresh water. You cross Sty Head Beck, the outlet of Sty Head Tarn and one of the "forbears" of the Derwent;[1]

[1] The genealogy of the Derwent, so far as we could arrive at it—but these local variations were very difficult to verify—may serve as a specimen of how these mountain streams are made, and by how many upland littles comes the mickle of the great river watering the plains and bringing riches to towns and cities. Stockley Beck comes from above High House, out of the ravine by Esk Hawse under Great End: this is, we believe, the real or highest source of the Derwent. From Sparkling Tarn and High House Tarn a stream falls into Sty Head Tarn; another also from between the Gables—Great and Green: the outlet of Sty Head Tarn is Sty Head Beck (in which is the Force called Taylor's Ghyll, being at the foot of the Ghyll, but not in it), which falls into Stockley Beck, a little below Stockley Brig. Down Langstreth comes a stream from Angle Tarn under Bowfell; and from the Stake Pass falls another, Gatescarth Ghyll, into it; and

and then down to Stockley Brig, your old place of desolate delight. Now through lonely, humid Seathwaite,[2] and by the mines and the yew-trees and Keppel Crag and Jenny Bank's Crag beyond, and by Sour Milk Ghyll opposite, and through the fields by the beck (the fields where used to be the mad "man-keen" bull[3] that went raging mad if it heard the voice or step of a man); and so, over Seathwaite Brig and Strands Brig to Rosthwaite: the circle of your tarns complete.

The rooks will be going home in the twilight, the owls hooting, and the bracken throwing out its powerful scent, the yellow moon is looking at you just over Glaramara, peeping into the Tarn of Leaves on Glaramara, and

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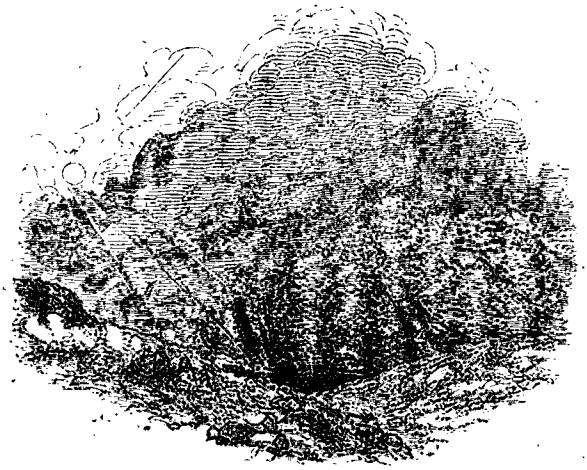
these two, united, join a third force, Greenup Edge, at Stonethwaite. Greenup Edge, the Stake, Langstreth, Borrowdale, High House, Sty Head Pass, Honister, and between the Scawdales, and many an untracked beck besides, all send down their supplies to form the river Derwent, which is carried through the Derwent lake on to Bassenthwaite, and thence to the sea—a broad, full, gracious river, but born of a mere mountain rivulet which a child could leap across.

[2] Humid indeed: the average annual rainfall, taking ten years as the basis, is over one hundred and twenty-six inches for Seathwaite; for the rest of England it is twenty-nine inches.

[3] Bulls cannot long be kept sane in these narrow valleys; the constantly repeated echoes of their own bellowings make them mad. There are always some local "bogies" of this kind—always a mad bull somewhere in the lake district; and awful brutes they are to look at, and something more than awful to meet. This mad bull of Seathwaite had a no mean list of killed and damaged, more or less true, tacked to its reputation; and, indeed, even a brave man might own to something like tremor at the sight of its fierce head thrust above a low stone wall, its eyes literally flashing with fiery red rage, foam hanging about its lips and nostrils, its whole attitude, as it pawed and stamped and tore up the ground, one of ungovernable fury, and its voice a low, harsh grunt, like a bellow dwarfed and roughened and strangled by passion. The wall looked perilously low, and the padlocked gate seemed dangerously old and crazy, when we passed the field where our "man-keen" friend was snorting and grunting and stamping, as he glowered after us viciously, and with a wicked expression of disappointment in his blood-red eyes; and though we had met and passed tranquilly enough many a bull and many a wild-looking herd of kine on the hills in our rambles, we did not pass the place of the Seathwaite bull with pulses quite so calm or steps quite so even as heretofore; nor did the dalespeople themselves: all were more or less terrified at the mad man-hater.

into Dock Tarn on the Rosthwaite Fells, and then dipping again behind the hills, as you wander up the road—it is to be hoped not too tired, after your twelve hours' stiff mountain work, to tell of the beauties of the ten tarns and the four lakes which you have seen to-day and made friends of for life.



STY HEAD TARN

CRUMMOCK AND BUTTERMERE FROM LOWELL

BUTTERMERE, CRUMMOCK, AND LOWES WATERS

CHAPTER XII

THESE three lakes are always taken together; with sufficient geographical reason, connected as they are by a river-chain[1] of which they are only the larger and more open loops, and lying in a banded row between two spokes of the mountain wheel, one of which divides them from Newlands, and the other from lonely Ennerdale. But though so closely united, they

[1] Two mountain streams fall into and form Buttermere lake, and, by consequence, Crummock: the one rising in Honister Crag, called Gatescarth Beck (Gatescarth or, perhaps, more properly Gaitscarth—the way over the scaur or steep hill; or the Goats' hill), because it runs down through Gatescarth dale; the other rising in the Haystacks, called Black Beck, meeting with a third, rising in Fleetworth, and then called Wanscale. Loaf

are very different in character, passing from the tame and pastoral prettiness of Lowes Water through the mature grandeur of Crummock up to the stern severity of the head of Buttermere; striking a chord of beauty, unlike and yet harmonious, not to be bettered in the country.

There are three ways from Keswick to these lakes; one over Whinlatter and by the old Cockermouth road to the Vale of Lorton, and so to Scale Hill and Lowes Water; another by Newlands and Buttermere Hawse; and the third and grandest, by Borrowdale and Honister Crag. There are, also, the two fine passes of Black Sail and Scarf Gap, leading from Wastwater to Buttermere; and a way by Floutern Tarn and Scale Force from Ennerdale to Crummock, or over Blake Fell to Lowes Water beyond. But these are mere mountain "trods." The first three mentioned are good broad carriage-roads, severe in their structure certainly, and demanding extra strength of horse-flesh and more stoutness of skid than usual to ordinary highways—but carriage-roads all the same; though not a little frightful to those unaccustomed to them, and absolutely perilous if south-country horses are used, or, indeed, any but those trained in the mountain ways—then they are safe enough, provided the driver is sober and the tackling sound. We will speak first of the way by Whinlatter.

By Southey's Thorn—an ugly, crippled, old thorn-tree in a field on the Cockermouth road; by the Thornthwaite woods and orchards looking

Beck, coming out from little Loaf Tarn, Hassness Beck, and Boulden Beck, and one or two more runlets of no importance, also help as feeders to the lake. The great stream of Sour Milk Force, coming out of Bleaberry Tarn, falls into the Dubs, not the lake; and the Dubs (or Pools in ordinary English) is the stream connecting Buttermere and Crummock lakes. Ruddy Beck—quite a little fellow—Rannerdale Beck from between Whitelees and Grasmoor, Cinnerdale (Cinderdale) Beck, and Wandham out of the Newlands mountains, which is first Wandham, then Millbeck after it has passed the bridge, and then Driggera lower down—Mossdale Beck out of Floutern Tarn, High Nook Beck, and Scale Beck, the stream into which Scale Force subsides, all help to form Crummock; falling either into the Dubs flowing from Buttermere, or into Park Beck flowing from Lowes Water into Crummock, or into the lake itself. The stream falling out of Crummock is the Cocker, on which Cockermouth is built, and where it loses itself in the Derwent.

full of beauty and the loveliness of home;[2] past Mad Beck by Braithwaite, which so extraordinarily overflows its bounds at certain times—hence its name, by no means a libel on its nature; over Braithwaite Bridge with the *asplenium trichomanes*, the maidenhair spleenwort, feathering its stones; and up by the back of the Newlands mountains—Causey Pike, Ghyll Mickle, Gimmer Pike, and the rest, finer as you go on; and then you are fairly upon the slaty, steep ascent of Whinlatter at the back of Thornthwaite, Barf Fells above, with the Wythop woods beyond. The vales of Keswick and of Bassenthwaite wind below; not the lakes, only the valleys; Derwentwater, to the right, being hidden by the Newlands mountains, and Bassenthwaite, to the left, obstructed by Lord's Seat and its own particular fells. But the scene is one of exquisite softness; and though you know that those bright gold-coloured tracts out by Bassenthwaite cover the poorest heart of soil, and that those fair green level spaces are swamps, fruitful chiefly to the water-fowl, yet you let yourselves be charmed with false faith and fair appearances, and believe in the richness which has only show for its dowry, and no reality for its substance.

Yes, the view from Whinlatter is very great, if even a little delusive in the matter of commercial value. Skiddaw has a noble frontage, and is mild and many-fleshed, as best beseems him; while stern Helvellyn, far away, is softened by distance as faults are softened by absence, till its huge severity of bulk and form has become the force of grandeur only, like a turbulent manhood mellowed into a wise old age. The wooded lanes, and homestead fields, and quiet houses scattered about the vales, all blend together in one sweet emphasis of peace and love; and the silver band of the winding

[2] Thornthwaite and Braithwaite, but especially the former, are famous for their orchards, which are held to be the best in the district; and their spring-time loveliness, when out in full blossom, is one of the really beautiful sights of the place. Part of the clergyman's income at Thornthwaite arises from the orchard which is the only bit of glebe he has; and the value of the fruit of which averages about twelve pounds yearly. But the lake country generally makes a very indifferent orchard ground, not for berries which are plentiful and fine, but for all the pomaceous group.

river runs from each to each with that wonderful expression of life and speech which a river always infuses into a landscape. It is one of those views which impresses itself on the memory, clamped as it is with so much grandeur in the background, and such softness in the low-lying depths; and when seen in the autumn time with the Wythop woods all tawny orange and russet brown, and Skiddaw purpled and bronzed and crimsoned with heath and ling and the dying bracken, it is as much a marvel of colouring as of nobleness of form.

Then along the slaty Whinlatter Pass, with the great masses of fell rising boldly up on either side—bare-flanked Grisedale Pike to the left, showing his twenty-six hundred feet and eighty of height in a fine uprearing head—Lord's Seat (seventeen hundred and twenty-eight feet high,)—and Wythop and Whinlatter and Barf fells, broken not so much into the nakedness of crags as into green and scattered steeps—the sweep between covered with coarse brent grass, a rush which is plaited for basket-work of a kind. It is a desolate way from the top of the pass to King End, when the broad plains of Cockermouth, fertile and field-full, burst on the sight, bounded by the sea with its band of light, and broken into on the left by the Lorton hills, overlapping at the foot, and studded with white houses set high up on the sides; higher than elsewhere, as it seems from here, or whiter, which comes to the same thing perhaps.

You leave the fair plains of Cockermouth veiled tenderly in haze, and the shining sea line, and the Scottish mountains very dim, too, in the mist beyond the sea, and the road leading down to where the sweet Lorton valley opens out into the plains as a way of escape for beleaguered moun-

THE VALE OF LORTON

taineers—keeping the higher terrace; whence you have a delicious view of the whole vale and the Whinfield fells to back it, and where you can make out the one solitary yew-tree, that famous "pride of Lorton vale,"[3] as a dark spot beside a white farm-house. You pass hedges flush with summer flowers, rich-coloured cows, whitened sheep with orange-red housings daubed on them, children in big bonnet-hoods and frocks tucked up, weeding in the fields, and calves at the gates being fed as delicately as babes; and then you turn from all this tenderness of the vale life, and get back to the wilder hills again; rounding the end of the "spoke," out by Whiteside and Scalehill.

These rugged, steep ascents!—they dwarf the earlier fells to nothing! —each new cone seeming more terrible than the last as you wind round the forward spurs down into the Crummock valley, past Kirkfell and Harrat Crag, and Swineside and its maen, and over pretty Hope Beck falling into the Cocker at a little distance off, with Dod and Whiteside and high Grasmoor and lower Ladhouse and the naked head of Whitelees Pike, all to the left; where also is "Dick Nieve," a mountain "fist"[4] of goodly dimensions. And then you come down to Scale Hill, where fierce Mellbreak is before you, surpassing, if not overtopping, them all. The bright

[3] "There is a yew tree, pride of Lorton vale,
Which to this day stands single, in the midst
Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore,
Not loath to furnish weapons for the bands
Of Umfraville or Percy, ere they march'd
To Scotland's heath, or those that cross'd the sea
And drew their sounding bows at Azincour,
Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poictiers.
Of vast circumference, and gloom profound,
This solitary tree, a living thing,
Produced too slowly ever to decay;
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroy'd."

[4] Nieve means a fist.

blue dragon-flies are flitting about, and the day is hot with the true summer heat, gladdening and enlivening, but not flowing over into that sullen congestion whereby storms and tempests are engendered; a bright, innocent, cheery summer heat, the fittest day in which to see so bright and innocent a lake as Lowes Water.[5]

Then by Gillerthwaite and down the steep hill to the banks of the lake; through High Gap Yett, and over Crabtree Beck, and under the brows of Low Fell, till you come to the tame and uninteresting country at the foot—a land of level ugliness, with neither the richness of the valleys nor the beauty of the hills to give it value. But at the head the old grandeur remains; and when the sun and cloud throw their magic of light and shade across the broken steeps of Blake Fell, and over the uprising of which Honister is the wildest member, the timid banks of Lowes Water have a charm about them sufficiently satisfying to soul and sense. Add the accessories—the orchids in the fields below Low Fell, the birds singing and the bees humming over the cow-wheat and the stonecrops, the smell of the firs and of the peeled oak bark, the lake rippling its tune against the pebbles on the shore, the stream of golden glory falling from the evening sun which makes the cows a fiery red, and the grey walls a purpled red, and the great stony cones round the two inland lakes heather-coloured, and Rannerdale Knot like an immense piece of porphyry stuck cornerwise into the water, and fills all the mountain distances with mystery and love, and bespreads the sky with clouds carrying the last colours of the day: which

[5] Lowes Water has one peculiarity, quite exceptional to itself. Its discharging river (Park Beck), instead of running on towards the sea, as with all the other lakes, flows backward, as it were, into Crummock, so that instead of being a continuation of the preceding two lakes, it is an independency—a separate water-world of its own—holding no ties or duties in common with its neighbours. And though both Crummock and Buttermere lakes are full of char, none is found in Lowes Water; apparent likeness of food and harbourage, and even actual connexion of water, proving no law to these dainty and capricious creatures: as in the distinction which they and the trout make between the Brathay and the Rothay.

illuminations would beautify the tamest paragraph in the great natural page.

"Round the lake" of Lowes Water is one of the favourite walks of the neighbourhood; not often taken, truly, because so few people ever care to stay at any of these lakes. Within a day's excursion of Keswick, they are simply visited, not studied—looked at, not learnt; for, in a country where there are professed grandest bits few take to heart the simpler views, which however in a less picturesque neighbourhood would be widely sought after. This walk round Lowes Water is very choice; though marred in its integrity of beauty by the swampy ugliness of the country at the immediate foot. There is first the quaint little church belonging to the parish;[6] and then there is the pretty cascade falling from Carling Knot, with its froth and its foam and its unruly mountain life; and there are the woods and the crags, and the incessant shifting of the mountain picture, and Crabtree Beck, and the sweet lake-side road, and the pleasant inn at the end of it. Only a seven miles walk or so; and yet how many of the thousands visiting our country yearly, ever dream of taking this walk into their experiences?

But if Lowes Water is tame, Crummock[7] is grand. The mountain system is different here to elsewhere; the spoke is splintered across, as if

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[6] Lowes Water was the manor of Randolphus or Ranulphus de Lindsay. In Richard the First's time, "William Lindsay sued out a writ of right against Henry Clarke, of Appleby, the Countess of Albemarle, and Nicholas Estoteville, for Loweswater and other lands." The parish registers of Lowes Water contain some curious particulars respecting the characters and incidents of certain deceased; things of only local interest, but full of quaint revelations, at least to those to whom the lives of men and women, utterly unknown and unimportant in the world at large, can convey any object of human sympathy.

[7] Crummock means a cow with a crumpled horn. Does not Tam o' Shanter speak of "Loupin' and flingin' ower a crummock?" Many of the names about here—Buttermere, Crummock, Sour Milk Ghyll, and even Lowes Water, if one chose to force a meaning—seem to allude to the dairy-farm capacities of this valley; and it is, in truth, rich and pastoral, as if the very home and haunt and appointed place of cows.

against the grain, and the forms are all sharper and more conical, more split and bare than usual, with a savage, vixenish, unaccommodating look quite special to themselves. Whiteless Pike, Mellbreak, Red Pike and his companions High Stile and High Crag, old Honister and the army at his back, Grasmoor,[8] Ladhouse scarred and naked, and Whiteside black as death, all make a noble array when seen from the various stations in Lanthwaite woods, or from the tops of any of the mountains round about. Rannerdale Knot, too, is a thing to study. It is one of the isolated hills, like Helm Crag and Castle Crag, a petulant hill, standing by itself on its own feet in an aggressive and self-assertive manner not to be overlooked, and seen from Lanthwaite Woods, with Buttermere Moss, Fleetwith, Great Gable and Green Gable, the Wastwater Kirkfell, and, farther still, Rosthwaite Cam, as its supporters and backers, it is by no means a despicable gateway by which to enter into the richer depths of mountain beauty.

Then to Crummock belongs one of the finest water-falls, Scale Force, the Staubbach of the lakes, over a hundred and fifty feet in height, and falling in a sheer perpendicular down a clean-cut rift, after the manner of Dungeon Ghyll but not so gloomy or deep set. It is a channelled fall, which seems as if it would get deeper with the years; and the waters come down in what at first sight looks all one stream, but which soon resolves itself into a thousand gracious forms—a thousand little falls strung together, catching the points of the jutting rocks and flinging themselves off in arching sprays —little hidden leaps, continuous and yet broken, dashing down like a cascade of plumy feathers. The rocks of the rift, close to the heart of the

[8] In 1760, on the ninth day of September, there was a tremendous storm in this neighbourhood, during which a waterspout burst on Grasmoor—written Grasmire then—following the course of the little Lissa, which runs from it into the Cocker, tearing up the ground and doing irreparable damage. "It laid devastate ten acres with stones no human art can ever restore." Brackenthwaite, the hamlet by Scale Hill, had a narrow escape, and the "lisle Lissa" was thrown into the Cocker with such force and violence of its waters, that the Cocker itself overflowed, and became one vast and stagnant inundation.

fall, are bare and lifeless; but at the entrance they are bespread with moss and flowers, while whole reaches are covered with the film fern, the *hymenophyllum Wilsoni*, which no one can get at, and only the clear-sighted can distinguish from moss. The water here is not olive-brown as usual, but absolutely colourless—pure, limpid, unstained world, which splashes merrily at your feet and flies daintily, all refined to spray, into your face as you scramble up the wet rocks and front the whispering Naiad shrouded behind her long white veil. It is pleasant among these slippery rocks, where, if you do plunge knee-deep in the pools, you come to no vital harm, and can shake yourself from the wet out on that spongy bit of waste-land, stone-strewed, leading from the Force to the lake. Mishaps, if not too serious, only add to enjoyment; and he is but a bastard mountaineer who cannot take a ducking with unruffled equanimity, or to whom a bog or a shower is not as much a matter of indifference as the colour of a gate-post or the fashion of its handle. And, by the way, the gate fastenings are to be noticed here; the quaintest, most ingenious, and most varied of any to be seen.

There are other things worth seeing by Scale Force. There is Ling Crag at the foot of Mellbreak, a small kind of Dod or independency coming out into the lake, which the wise will climb for the sake of what they can see from the top; and there is the green flat head of Herd House, which divides Crummock from Ennerdale, from one special point on which issues the water of the Force, as a kind of boundary between Herd House

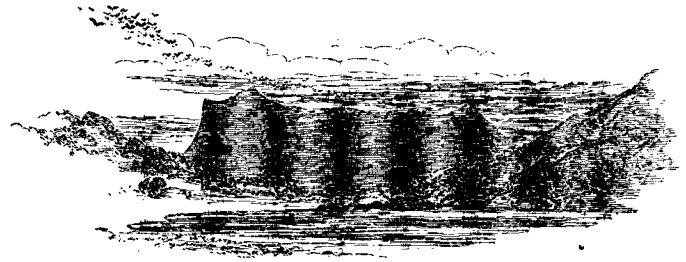
and Red Pike, to fall down that tremendous chasm under Blea Crag, and then to mark, with a silver line, the way of separation between Red Pike and Mellbreak—Ling Crag rather, if that pert little Dod must be specially mentioned. And there is the way over to Ennerdale already spoken of; and pleasant wanderings all about Floutern Tarn; and along its river side, that pretty Mossdale Beck, at least as far as you can go—which is not very far; and fine prospects to be had from every point; and such mountain ascents—if the side be properly chosen—as even a member of the Alpine club might pronounce "stiff." Crummock is a grand bit of mountain jewellery, and none the less so because of the comparative ignorance of the travelling world about it.

Then there is Buttermere,[9] a smaller lake, and lying farther still among the mountains, with scenery yet wilder and forms yet grander, and with its own special force, Sour Milk Ghyll, coming out of Blebba[10] or Bleaberry or Burtness Tarn, lying in a hollow between Red Pike and High Stile; where is also a place called Burtness Cove, said to be an old crater, and where the Buttermere eagles formerly built their nests. And there is White Cove Ghyll as well; a mountain force of no mean value, but suffering from the neighbourhood of greater values in Sour Milk Ghyll and Scale Force. And there are mountains, Red Pike and High Stile and High Crag, all in

[9] Buttermere was said to allow its priest "whittle-gate" and twenty shillings yearly; by other accounts, "clog-shoes, harden-sark, whittle-gate, and guse-gate"—that is, a pair of shoes clogged or iron-shod (capital things for this country), a coarse shirt once a year, free living at each parishioner's house for a certain number of days, and the right to pasture a goose or geese on the common. Not too luxurious appointments for even a successor of the Apostles, bound to forswear the lusts of the flesh and the pride of life! The person who held Newlands chapel in the time of George II. was a tailor, a clogger, and butter-pat maker, and the Mungrisdale priest had 6*l.* 0*s.* 9*d.* a year. Such cures were often held by unordained persons—hedge parsons with a vengeance!

[10] Blebba is a corruption of Bleaberry, or is it the archaic word? Blæber is the name of the Norwegian fruit. Have we preserved the sound unconsciously? The fells about here are famous for their bilberries, and it is quite one of the recognized industries of the autumn to gather them for selling and preserving.

a stretch of cones together; the Haystacks[11]—those twin brothers backing up old Honister; the pass of Scarf Gap leading from Gatescarth to Ennerdale between the Haystacks and High Crag—Wanscale beneath, meeting that of Black Sail coming from Wastdale between Kirkfell and the Pillar up through Mosedale, and down to Gillerthwaite by Ennerdale on the other side; and there is Fleetwith, to the east of Honister, and Scarf to its west; Robinson over Hassness; and Buttermere Moss, both High and Low; and there is that magnificent recess, like a deep blue clam-shell and as finely serrated, beneath the pale green line of the Three-legged Brandreth,[12] and known geographically as Grey Knot and Green Crags; but very like a clam-shell, whatever its name. And above all these is Honister, sullen and sharp and stern: a grim old mountain tyrant, so individual that he can be recognized from the smallest perceptible corner or the loosest sketch.



HONISTER—EVENING

Belts of blue lobelia are round Buttermere Lake, and great purple spikes of loosestrife are in the meadows, and the air is full of the scent of the meadow-sweet, and the hedges are yellowed with the yellow vetch, and the fields and lanes are gold-spotted with the hawkweed tribe; and down by that sweetly singing Mill Beck grow blue forget-me-nots and still bluer birdlime, and all manner of wild-flowers and pleasant herbs; and butterflies and dragon-flies, and softer moths and gaudy beetles, and many a lovely wild bird, pausing in its flight, swarm about the flowers in and round the

[11] Not the Hanging Haystacks of Borrowdale.

[12] A brandreth is the three-legged stand on which is placed the griddle or flat iron girdle whereon cakes, &c. are baked.

beck, mating their sweet music with the happy murmur of the waters, and fashioning out the old idyl of peace and love and the tender harmonies of nature, for ever and for ever repeated but never tiring. And then there is the chapel, which used to be the smallest in the lake district. It is very small now, but not quite so minute as in olden days; and a great deal more decent in architecture and arrangement.

And there is the story of pretty Mary of Buttermere to think of, while waiting at the inn, or rambling by the lake side. An old story now, but always finding an echo in human sympathy, because never beyond the pale of social possibility. Poor pretty Mary! it was a bad day when her foolish but innocent admirer published her charms to the world, and made her the sad gazing-stock of all the idle and curious and dissolute down for a month's holidays to the lakes: still worse when a low-born gambler and forger came to the little inn, and passed himself off as one of our Aristoi—brother to Lord Hopetown, a colonel in his own right, and something too magnificent in station and manhood to be mated with anything but beauty as transcendent as her own. Mary caught at the bait: it was a glittering one; but she found out her mistake, poor simpleton, when her husband was arrested and carried off to Carlisle, where he was hung in his own name as one James Hatfield, thief and forger. Mary was wiser next time. She contented herself with a man of her own class in her second venture; and, as the stout, sonsy, and by no means over-refined wife of Dick Harrison of Caldbeck, retained very little of the beauty which had procured her so much disaster. She transmitted it though; for her daughters were the loveliest young women of the district; but happily preserved from their mother's fate, and given over to the care—questionable in one instance—of "men of the people," who, if they did use them a little roughly, did it by virtue of equality, which was better than deception and crime and being hanged at a jail door as the upshot.

Another way to these lakes from Keswick, and a very general one, is by Newlands and Buttermere Hawse; a way which many think sufficiently

terrifying when they first see that sharp zigzag line built up against the side of the mountain and seeming to hang in the air, down which they have to drive with such safety as the steadiness of their driver and the sure-footedness of their horses allow. The pretty vale of Newlands, with its peeps across the wood out to the grand world of Keswick, and its humble admiration of Skiddaw, has many pleasant incidents. It has the beck, where the Newlands bull once chased a notable of the district, and forced him into the water where he stood shivering; but even then not over-safe from the broad forehead and the vicious horns longing to be at the game of pitch and toss with a shuddering magnate as the ball; and it has the little village of Stair, where Ludlow once lived, and where society is simplified to almost its primitive elements; and it has Rawling End, a "brawny mountain of goodly proportions;" and that tremendous cleft or slit by Knot Rigg; and Goldscope, with all her riches hidden in her brown bosom, and those curious old excavations called Penholes; and it has Grisedale Pike, which is one of the more difficult mountains; and Hindscarth and Causey Pike, both of them fine headlands for distant views; and it has Robinson,—and he is a grand old mountain too, but not one to take liberties with in misty weather, or when the night is setting in. There have been sad adventures on Robinson, and aching hearts kept sore for long because of the dangerous ravines and the cleanly cut precipices belonging to him, and veiled from the searching eye by night or cloud. There is also a fine Force in Robinson, where the broken crags are curiously uptorn, and where there is a "punchbowl" of glorious dimensions down below, and the figure of a huge bear, so they say, to be seen climbing up the steepest part of the rock and dividing the water as it falls; and there is the slack which leads from Scawdale; and the giant's foot of Whitelees Pike; and the cavern and the rift and the stream and the dale, the desolation of all things after you have passed by Keskadale,[13] and the long spell of utter loneliness and wildness.

[13] A corruption of Gatescarthdale.

It is a very beautiful journey, and used to be one on which the older lake country writers expended a vast amount of fine writing. "The lower parts are pastured with a motley herd; the middle tract is assumed by the flocks; the upper regions (to man inaccessible) are abandoned to the birds of *Jove*. Here untamed nature holds her reign in solemn silence, amidst the gloom and grandeur of dreary solitude—and here the following exclamation of young Edwin may be properly recalled to the reader's remembrance, —'Hail, awful scenes,'" &c. This was old West's manner of depicting the impressions made by Newlands Hawse; but the truth—plain and collapsed —dwarfs his birds of Jove into barn-door fowl, or sparrows on the house-top.

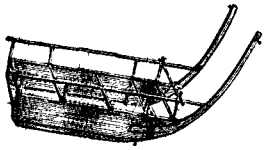
By Honister the way is the finest of all; a larger nobleness, a wilder going, a feeling of being in the heart and veins, and receiving the very life of the hills, accompanying one from the first step up by Seatollar, to the last by Gatescarth and Buttermere. A grand pass in truth!—something to be seen with reverence as well as love, and to be remembered in the distant days and nights when time and inexorable circumstance have separated you from this land of loveliness and grandeur and driven you down into the pallid life of the city again.

A rough and rugged road leads up between the stream—the Seatollar beck—and the mountain; the stream becoming wilder, and the mountain sterner, and the road a harder problem for wheeled things to solve, and the whole scene a grander gathering of natural forces, and a nobler revelation. With its human uses too; which is more than can be said of every mountain pass; for down that scarred and lined and tear-streamed face are the most famous slate quarries in the lake district, and whence was hewn the slate "that took the prize" in the exhibition of '51. The first you come to are on the right-hand side, in Yew Crag, where was hewn that prize slab, but the second and more important are on the left, in Honister.

This slate quarrying is awful to look at, both in the giddy height at which the men work, and in the terrible journies which they make

when bringing down the slate in their "sleds." It is simply appalling to see that small moving speck on the high crag, passing noiselessly along a narrow grey line that looks like a mere thread, and to know that it is a man with the chances of his life dangling in his hand. As we look the speck moves; he first crosses the straight gallery leading out from the dark cavern where he emerged, and then he sets himself against the perpendicular descent, and comes down the face of the crag, carrying something behind him—at first slowly, and, as it were, cautiously; then with a swifter step, but still evidently holding back; but at the last with a wild haste that seems as if he must be overtaken, and crushed to pieces by the heavy sled grinding behind him. The long swift steps seem almost to fly; the noise of the crashing slate comes nearer; now we see the man's eager face; and now we hear his panting breath; and now he draws up by the road-side—every muscle strained, every nerve alive, and every pulse throbbing with frightful force. It is a terrible trade—and the men employed in it look wan and worn, as if they were all consumptive or had heart disease. The average daily task is seven or eight of these journies, carrying about a quarter of a ton of slate each time; the downward run occupying only a few minutes, the return climb—by another path not quite so perpendicular, where they crawl with their empty sleds on their backs, like some strange sort of beetle or fly—half an hour. Great things used to be done in former times, and the quarrymen still talk of Samuel Trimmer, who once made fifteen journies in one day, for the reward of a small per-centage on the hurdle and a bottle of rum; and of Joseph Clark, a Stonethwaite man, who brought down forty-two and a half loads, or ten thousand eight hundred,

SLED ROADS—HONISTER QUARRIES



QUARRYMAN'S SLED

and eighty pounds of slate, in seventeen journies; travelling seventeen miles—eight and a half up the face of the crag, and the same number down, at this murderous pace. These are almost legendary days, though, in the Honister world; days which belonged to the style and manner, if not to the date, of Guy of Warwick, and our old friend Hugh Hird of Troutbeck. Twelve journies a day rank now as a feat scarcely to be compassed; for no man of modern slate-quarrying powers can do anything near to these giants of the elder time.

The quarrymen have small sleeping huts among the crags, and remain during the week at their work, going home only from the Saturday night to the Monday morning; which leaves scarcely too much time for the building up of a man's domestic life; but they are not a bad race, though rough and uncouth, as are all men whose business leads them to much separation from women and exclusive companionship with each other. About the base of the crag are broad tracts of alpine ladies' mantle (*alchemilla alpina*), while forked spleenwort (*asplenium septentrionale*), and many a rare plant besides, are to be found among the screes and shelving sides; in places not always easily accessible, certainly; but courage and patience do a great deal towards filling the pockets of a plant collector.

The Pass is solemn to oppressiveness. Up the steep ascent, with the high broken hills pressed in on either side, and the rough road cleaving the air in the old lightning shape, as usual—up to the grim top, where you stand in the very centre of gloom, before and behind and all around you only gloom, and no radiant shine of joy to break in between—and then down—down where the sun seems scarcely ever to shine, and where the clouds throw deepest shadows, and the serpents' winding way seems going, not to freedom and the tranquil life of the valley, but to everlasting death; down to where Gatescarthdale lies silent in the depths below, the river, the Gatescarth beck, the only living sound to break the stillness, till you come upon the lake throbbing like an imprisoned heart against its bonds;—follow the road of the Honister Pass with the honest intention to receive its own special spirit, and then confess that it is the most sublime

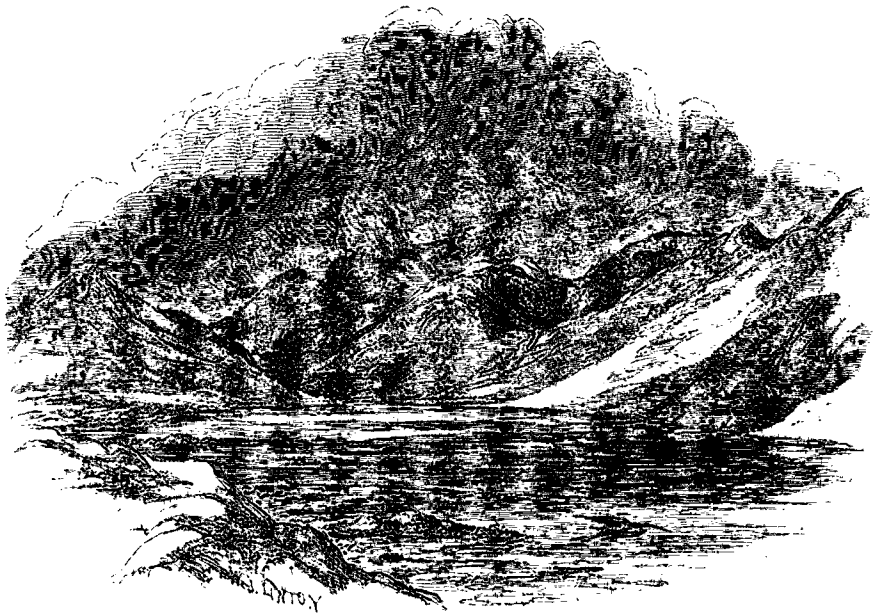
of all that you have seen yet, whatever larger adjective lies before you in the future. Kirkstone was most desolate; Sty Head will perhaps prove most terrifying and tumultuously wild; but Honister is the sternest, the severest, and most majestic; the Pass where the iron ribs of nature are clothed with sparest flesh, where the frown lies heaviest on the eyelids, and the hand is clenched with the firmest grasp, where the old Egyptian Statues of the Plain might be set up as fitting doorkeepers and guardians—art like to nature in the stillness and solemn grandeur of their mien.

Most noble, too, is Honister won—Honister from the crest not only from the foot. You go up the road by Seatollar Beck, and on to the common through the gate—the sun gleaming through the oaks and across the bracken and making the fells to sparkle like bright steel: behind, as you rise, is seen Black Crag (against and beyond which lies Dock Tarn), an outline of Helvellyn, High Saddle and Green Comb above Greenup, Glaramara and where lies the Tarn of Leaves, Rosthwaite Cam, Low Whitestones, and Serjeant Man, and a host of other points and stony tongues belonging to the Borrowdale mountain world. To the right is Yew Crag, looking from here as if utterly unserviceable to all uses whatsoever, and not in any way the home and habitation of some scores of human beings, with such strong links to civilization and the great world beyond, as that prize slab implies. And when you have looked your fill, you go up without further stop to Honister Head. A wild place this for shepherding!—where many a man has been lost in the snow and the winter's storm, in the darkness of the night, and in the rain and mist; a wild place in truth!—counting its victims by the score, to count them still in the future as in the past. Stag's horn moss and alpine ladies' mantle, wild thyme, the precious eyebright and yellow tormentil lift their lovely little heads by many a crossing streamlet among the rocks and grass; a slate causeway; the remains of some slate shed or shelter—a wall with piercings for doors or windows, some six feet thick; another survey back over the Hawse into Borrowdale, seeming like a pleasant easy descent all the way from where you have climbed; a

sight of Black Sail Pass at Ennerdale Head, with the Pillar to the right of it; a look against Honister side and its quarries, and down the crag to the pass below—road and stream like mere lines from the height above; the long slate road seeming on the very edge of the crag, sloping steeply down under its several archways; then higher still, and another look down the precipice into the pass; higher still, again, till you catch the tops of Robinson and Dale Head over Yew Crag; and the quarries on the top of Honister are reached.

And then, a little beyond the quarries comes the view: Lowes Water and Buttermere and Crummock all lying down at your feet; Buttermere directly within the fork of the pass; Crummock rounding Rannerdale Knot, and backed up by Mellbreak; and Lowes Water, still further, between Mellbreak and Low Fell. To the right of Rannerdale Knot is Moss, and above it, in the distance, Ladhouse; and over that, again, the black clouded height of Grasmoor; while away and beyond lie the plains and the sea and the dim line of Scottish hills.

Now retrace your steps toward the quarries, noticing their sheer sides, and the slates cropping up edgewise in the turf on the crag top; then cross back by a grassy, disused road, and see what a direct vein of slate runs right through Honister and into Yew Crag on the other side. It is the hard roofing slate, in contradistinction to the soft clay slate of Grange and Gatescarth, and is noticeably distinct. You are now on "Moses' Trod" going up towards Brandreth, where the sheep are "rank" on the fell sides (Gatescarth farm below being the largest sheep farm in the country), and where the Three-Legged has all his feet in the air; and, as you go, you see the Pillar at the head of Ennerdale, and Black Sail Pass, and the Hay Stacks (Loaf Tarn on the top, and Scarf Gap in between) and the triplet of cones, High Crag, High Stile, and Red Pike; and when you are a little higher you see down into the heart of lonely Ennerdale, all along the wild dale—wilder than any excepting Westdale—past the lake, and to the distant country, seaward, beyond.



WASTWATER AND SCAWFELL

CHAPTER XIII

At Stockley Brig beyond Seathwaite (Borrowdale Head) the world of human going seems to have come to an end. Perhaps the goats or the more lissome of the mountain sheep might find a way out over the living barriers closing them in on all sides, but surely no ordinary man, in "boots of the period," could scale those crags or surmount those steeps! The shepherds give a different answer. They will tell you that what looks so utterly impossible to you is mere ordinary habit to them, and that they can "shepherd" all about both crags and mountain side as well as you can walk up Primrose Hill, or down the slope of Hampstead Heath. One spot, however, even they abandon: the red-scarred gash by Taylor Ghyll,

which, so far as the world has yet gone, has been found inaccessible; so sharp and shingly, so loose in footing, and so severe in climb is it. But though the general look of the hills and crags is simply impossible, there is an outlet in the steep ascent between High House Crag and Taylor Ghyll—that forked path known as Aaron End, up which you go for Sty Head Pass; which, indeed, is the beginning of the Pass, and whence you can bend your steps either to Great Gable or to Scawfell, or to any other of the high mountain tops clustered about the nave of the wheel.

If Honister is stern, Sty Head is violent; if Kirkstone is desolate, Sty Head is terrifying—in certain aspects, when the clouds hang low over Wastwater, literally terrifying, as if the road was going down into the home of the Eternal Death. The disruption, the dislocation, the violence of the way, is beyond all that has been seen yet. It is nature in one of her wildest moods, her fiercest and most turbulent. If the Egyptian statue, silent and oppressive, might be taken to represent the spirit of Honister, the strong man in his wrath would be likest to Sty Head Pass. Even in the beginning, up by Aaron End, the key-note of the rest is struck. The castellated heights of High House Crag; the red scars of Taylor Ghyll with the white foam flung restlessly up through the heart of it; the purple breadth of the backward lying hills, with the utter loneliness of the valley winding away between Scawdale and Glaramara; all have a majesty, and some of these incidents a fierceness, which prepare for what has to come.

And when you have passed the little wooden bridge which a chance tourist put up over Sty Head Beck, in pity for belated travellers or those overtaken by storm and flood, and have come face to face with Lingmell, with that one sharp rift in his side—to Green Gable, torn asunder from Great Gable by the deep ghyll which looks like a gash into its very heart—and have seen where Sty Head Tarn lies lonely in its shallow cup under the noble crag of Great End, and in the shadow of dark Lingmell—and where the path goes up to Scawfell by Sprinkling Tarn—all the forms now about you wild and broken and tumultuous exceedingly, and the sense of fierce-

ness and uprising and the strife of elements and the battling together of natural forces, the greatest impression made on you—you have come into the meaning of your way; but not into its full spirit. That is for the descent; when you see your path, as a sharp and sudden line, falling down like a straw flung by the winds; a path literally built up of stones against the mountain side, but which the winter winds and torrents will sweep down like a child's fortress on the sea-sand, levelling all that solid-looking embankment, and showing the naked rock and pathless crag again, as the sea wave will level the child's busy day's delight; when the characteristic features of Wastwater come out—Yewbarrow broad and black; the gorge of Mosedale dark and purple; Great Gable with his grey crown and his steep sides all red and orange-striped, both he and Lingmell looking jewelled[1] in the sun; when you see how Kirkfell stands like an impenetrable barrier against you, and how the crags are fiercer and the mountains more aggressive here than elsewhere: you have entered within the gates of one of Nature's grandest temples, and have caught the echo of some of her noblest harmonies.

It is all so wild here! The sharp lean sides of the hills; the stream foaming down in the bottom, and the steep path above; the crags all hoary and naked, save on the ledges where the summer has cast a few spare tufts of moss and grass, as if in defiance of the sternness which forbids all other forms of love and grace; the darkness of the Wastdale valley, with, perhaps, a pale sun-gleam stealing over Kirkfell, or across that glorious stalactite-looking crown on Great Gable; the magnificent markings of Piers Ghyll all furrowed with deep and angry rivings; the broken line of crag and hill-top—no longer the wave line with the quiet flow, but thrown up in broken foam, beaten and lashed and tortured; all make our mighty Sty Head Pass a fitting way from the grandeur of Borrowdale to the gloom and death of Wastwater. For do we not so often pass from strength through passion

[1] As, indeed, they are; garnets studding the slate to be found on both.

into death? from the violence and writhing of the tortured spirit into the desolateness of the broken heart, and the still grave lying beyond?

Half-way down the pass, on looking back, the road seems to end. You are standing by a huge jutting crag, which you have just rounded, and your way is suddenly cut off. You see nothing but the huge jutting crag overhanging its base, and the steep side of the ravine where no pathway can possibly go. You have come by a way of glamour, spirit made, withdrawn so soon as passed over. This is an effect several times repeated; so that you have an infinite succession of endings behind you; all trace of your past way lost, and no continuation apparently possible. Looking downward it is the same. Here the way is so steep that often the lines lie side by side, the connecting loop entirely lost. In bad weather, when the mists boil up from the valley, and the clouds pour down from the hills, and the foothold is lost, and you see only the crag and the sharp descent and the surging mist and the eternal Nothing, when the wind shouts behind you and drives you on, and the rain and hail envelope you, and you are pelted and hunted and savagely hounded by the furies yelling at your heels, their curses in your ears, their blows on your back or struck open-handed into your face, it is like going into Hell. But not with the *facilis descensus*. Surely the old mythologists would have named it so; and he who had been brave enough to first face the dangers of the way, would have been celebrated as another Orpheus victorious over another guardian of the dread gates!

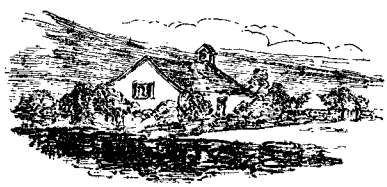
As you descend this awful pass, a wonderful effect of form and colour is shown in Great Gable and its crags. Hollowed in the centre, and buttressed with grey pillars on each side—a whole cascade of immense boulders pouring from that sweeping curve to show what wind and rain have done, and the jewelled brightness of its sides shining many coloured and glorious if the sun lights on them—it is the most picturesque of the Wastdale mountains, though not the most sought after. But the centre, as it is, of the Borrowdale system—the nave of the nave—the key-stone of her arch and point of the pivot—with Wastdale, Ennerdale, and Borrowdale branching out from its feet, it deserves all manner of recognition, and will repay all manner of research. It is one of the finest mountains to ascend; giving some of the grandest views and most glorious effects; not to speak of the natural basin in a rock on the summit, always full of the purest water, and the garnets to be found imbedded in the slate.

Wastdale Head has more than mountain road or even mountain top for the traveller; it has a ravine and a waterfall, both of which would be as famous as Scale Force or Dungeon Ghyll, if the way was more accommodating. Piers Ghyll, that long and deep ravine under Great End, where the huge rocks wall you in on both sides and the tremendous steeps of Scawfell look at you in front, while Great Gable bars the way against the world behind, is one of the noblest rifts in the whole lake country; and Greta Force, close by, is as fine a waterfall as the other is a chasm. But the way thereto is rough and wet and stony, with steep bits to overcome, and rugged bits to master, and rivers to cross, and bogs to wade through, so that only the really strong-hearted tourist would add either rift or fall into his day's sum of exploration. They are close together, however, and both can be seen when one is reached. You see Piers Ghyll from the pass road; but merely see it: you know it only by entering into its heart and learning its secrets from its own telling. Greta Force is not visible; it has to be sought for, where its double stream falls into the ghyll, with a larger body of water than what belongs to either Ara Force or Scale Force; but then so few of the ordinary

tourists care to clamber up into the heart of a fierce and desolate mountain for the sake of a ravine and a fall, that both Piers Ghyll and Greta Force get passed by unvisited, and almost unmentioned in the guide books. Still, there they are, for the noble delight of those who care for noble beauty.

And now you see the old shining line of sun and sea out by Gosforth—that bounding line, whatever the height on which you stand; but not the lake, at least not yet: it is lying shyly away under the Screes, and you must go down a good part of the way before its dark, still face catches yours. But now you do see it; and now you are by a wide river bed of stone and water—a waste, as so many mountain streams are; and now you are fairly at the head of Wastdale, and the Pass is conquered. And when you have got down, and are standing by the wall, you look back, into a bit of veritable enchantment. The buttressed, broken, stalactite segment of Great Gable has gone back into one uniform and flowing curve, over which perhaps a bright cloud is hovering with a repeat of line as accurate as a mirror would have given: the terrible pass has closed in at the top, and has become merely a steep pathway over a mountain shoulder, with not a trace left of the ruggedness hidden behind the crags—of the fury and terror and violence by which you have come. Wastdale, which looked so green and calm from the height, is now a desolate wild; and the Screes, and Yewbarrow square and trenchant, and Kirkfell all scored and skinned, and the dark Mosedale Pass, and the few scattered houses that can scarce be called a hamlet even, they are so few, all come out in their true colours—the colours of gloom and savageness unmitigated.

Wastwater is always desolate, whatever the weather. It has no trees, no cultivated lands, and, indeed, none to cultivate, save a mere handful at the upper end about the feet of the Ennerdale and Borrowdale mountains. All its wealth is gathered round its small quaint church—



the smallest and quaintest of the country, now that Buttermere has been.

dowered with one newer and larger;[2] but down the sides of its mountains is nothing fit for the uses of man or the good of life—nothing but desolate grandeur and the awful stillness of nature waiting, rockbound, for deliverance. Even in the sunshine Wastwater is desolate; perhaps more so indeed, then, than in the gloom. For you cannot help contrasting the loneliness of the place, its deathly silence, and cut off and cornered kind of life, with the brightness lifting up the heart of the world elsewhere; the sunshine seeming to you, standing in the shadow of these gloomy mountains, like music from the outside filling the death chamber, or the voice of other's laughter when your own is broken with weeping. One thing is very noticeable in this lake country of ours—the distinct spirit and feeling with which each separate place seems to be imbued; so that one place is the representative of gloom, and another of passion, a third of desolation, a fourth of loving homeliness, a fifth of rustic peace, and a sixth of dreadful fear; each place seeming to have certain qualities with which the spiritual and material impressions accord.

There are several ways out, though, from this lonely place. There is the Sty Head Pass by which you have come; and Black Sail to either Ennerdale or Buttermere; and the way by Strands, at the foot of the lake, to Gosforth and the sea; and another way to Gosforth, leaving Strands to the left; and a way up to Scawfell by Lingmell; and one between Scawfell and the Screes, over by Burnmoor Tarn to Eskdale; and another to Irton and Eskdale—the infant Irt, where the Romans got their pearls,[3] rising in

[2] The Wastdale church has eight pews, three small cottage windows, and is further lighted by a skylight immediately over the pulpit.

[3] Pearls.—"These are found commonly by the rivers Irt, where *Mussels* (as also *Oysters* and other *Shell fish*) gaping for the *Dew*, are in a manner impregnated therewith; so that some conceive that as *Dew* is a *liquid Pearl*, so a *Pearl* is *Dew consolidated* in these *fishes*. Here poor people, getting them at low water, sell to jewellers for *Pence* what they sell again for *Pounds*." But the pearls are "far short of the Indian in Orientness. But whether not as usefull in Physick is not as yet decided." About the year 1695 some gentlemen got a patent for pearl fishing in the Irt; and Mr. Patrickson, of How, obtained as many as were afterwards sold for 800*l*., though the pearl mussels never seem to have been very plentiful.

Scawfell between Lingmell and Great End—so that no one is obliged to remain at Wastwater for want of means of escape, though none of those means, save by the high road and the lake side, are specially easy. But a grander way than that of Sty Head from Borrowdale to Wastwater is straight over the top of Scawfell Pikes; and this was one of our own experiences. A way to be taken only in the summer, not in the desolate snow-time represented in the view below,—a view given to contrast with the crisp clearness of summer, and because Borrowdale under snow is a thing to be seen, and when seen to be remembered for a life.

UP THE GORGE—BORROWDALE HEAD IN SNOW

It was past one in a June day when we left Seathwaite; not going up by Aaron End as when following the road of the pass, but keeping straight up the gorge, as if for Sprinkling Tarn and Esk Hawse; and soon coming to a bit of real climbing, over a green shoulder, steep and not pleasant to look back from, for it was very narrow and sharply curved, so that, when we looked back, all our past way was gone, and we had the impression of

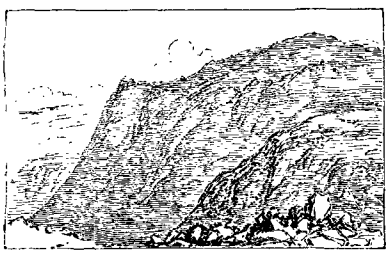
standing in mid air with no material support before or behind us—which was not agreeable; with a steep declivity below, where a false step would have been a broken limb at the least. Then we went over another shoulder, broader and less steep, but boggy: Glaramara, Skiddaw, and Base Brown behind us, and before us Great End, looking no nearer and no smaller for our hour's walk, and standing like an upright wall in the sultry summer haze. Still another shoulder; this time flanked with rocks on both sides, like walls of rock to uphold it; a way like the old giant's staircase we know of—the perpendicular of rock and the step-top of grass, but sometimes of rock too, where the giant's footsteps had worn away the grass.

And now we seemed to be almost at the top of the pass, with, apparently, only a handful of crags to climb. As we rose, Great Gable loomed up over the other side of Sty Head with a cloud on his summit, as usual; the line of Skiddaw and Blencathra was plain behind us; Derwentwater beneath, but far away; and, nearer, the whole length of Borrowdale. But a few steps onward took Borrowdale away from us, and brought us to the edge of a deep chasm, which seemed to divide us from the Sty Head Pass, and directly over which was the place of our bright-faced jewel-like Sparkling Tarn. We found an easy way across the chasm, but we had to go back again and still to the left of Great End, by the little piles of stones set to mark the way; climbing up and up, with all manner of mountain-tops rising ever behind and beyond each other in a very sea of solid waves; till two cones appeared far below us—the Langdale Pikes, piercing into the sunshine bright and glowing. In a few moments more, and we looked down into Langdale, and over Bowfell down into Eskdale—and far away over fell and valley into the indistinguishable mist.

Then we turned to the right, and a long shoulder was before us. To the left was the sea of mountains; to the right, Great Gable, becoming gradually lost in the shadow of the End. In front of this long shoulder was Scawfell. This was what we had to reach, when we had rounded the foreset boll in question. But when we came to the top, we

found that while we were toiling on, Great End had slipped away, leaving us to climb an empty sleeve, in which he was only laughing at us; and there he was as far off as ever, with Scawfell Pike in the distance—yet in the distance. To the left again—another steep climb; and to the right, below us, a pit, bottomless for aught that we could see; but a little farther on, a green platform rose in the midst, with Sty Head Tarn shining like a star upon it, and the great black mountains steeply walling it round. Yet all below us; great as they were, we looked over their tops.

Then a quarter of a mile of scrambling over a sea of rocks—rough as any sea-shore scrambling; only there was no sea-weed to make them slippery, nor growth of any kind till they were crossed; and then Scawfell rose up, and looked bigger and more formidable than ever. As we proceeded he grew, and our work seemed only beginning: all the climbing we have had mere child's play to what was to come. This was his next aspect, still bigger, yet seeming no nearer for his enlargement; and again he became bigger and bigger yet again, till we rose above everything else, and saw only himself before us, more gigantic than ever. We had to get down this steep embankment, over the shale and rocks, to the foot of the Pike itself; but before we went forward we looked down over the tops of the other mountains and saw a lake of gold lying in the grey formless mist beyond them—the lonely lake of Ennerdale. Then up the corner, through the steep loose screes; digging places for our feet, and afraid at every step of disturbing the stones and bringing down a torrent of slates and boulders upon us (it was like going up the corner of a crumbling house



for steepness and insecurity), glad to rest continually, yet almost afraid to stop, lest we should be sent sliding to the bottom by the very sharpness of the angle at which we stood. We could not see how far we had come; and we could see nothing of what remained above us—nothing but loose stones, and sometimes a footing of grass under a bigger mass of rock. And now we were close upon the summit. Behind us, no trace of the way passed over, only a stony and almost perpendicular side, which looked from here impossible; and a third sea of stones—a mound of rocks washed bare, and bleached by the wind and the storm. We saw one golden patch of delicate moss on them, and lichens as brilliant and gorgeous as if they had been garden-beds of flowers, or clusters of precious stones; and then we passed to the pole, set up like a flag-staff above all England—the highest point in England; standing three thousand two hundred and thirty feet above the level of the sea. Wastwater lay dark and broken below, and two little tarns beyond it; a sparkle was on Kirkfell, and Mosedale and Blacksail looked full of purple ripeness; the sun had caught a portion of Crummock lake till it glowed like a cup of red wine spilled on the earth; we looked over Sty Head Tarn, and a little jewel shimmering above, and we saw Borrowdale and Derwentwater, and the Scottish mountains beyond the Skiddaw range; we saw the Penrith plains, Windermere and Langdale Pikes, and we looked into Eskdale, and down the vale of the Duddon, and saw where their rivers ran hurriedly from the mountains to the sea; and then we saw the sun shining down the sea, and Black Combe as the foremost sentinel of the land, and a wild range of mountain tops everywhere beneath us. Amongst them all, most conspicuous from where we stood, was Lingmell, like a huge lion creeping at our feet and guarding us in our lonely majesty.

And now it was getting very dim and dusky: the sun was sinking, and the wind was cold and noisy; so we went to our new apartments, once held by the ordnance surveyors, but now roofless and doorless; and, selecting the one which had a chimney—on the principle of Dickens' Fleet

prisoner, who preferred to sleep under the table because he had been used to a four-poster, and the legs were good make-believes—we made our beds of the flattest stones we could find, and agreed to wait patiently for the morning. The passing sunshine still settled warmly among the stones on the waste top, and on the one little patch of golden moss which stood out delicately from the blue-grey of the nearer crags; passing imperceptibly through bluer tones into the hazy distance and warmer sky, where the sun was sinking, leaving long bars of red and gold, and a tender, mellow glory everywhere, like the calm of a prayer for all England. So, before it should get quite dark, we went out on the causeway for a last look at the flagstaff. There it stood alone against the clear sky, the light of the setting sun behind it, and the young moon, clear as crystal, rising in the sunlight below. The silent stars came out one by one, as we lay in our turret chamber, and the white clouds like angels floated noiselessly over us. The only sound was that of the winds, which shouted like thunder, as at last they sang us to sleep in the continuing twilight.

When we awoke the wind was raving and the stars were gone; Derwentwater and all the distances were lost, and there was a dead mist everywhere; but by-and-by the mist changed to feathery clouds rapidly driven across the sky; the light in the horizon gradually increased, and a faint tinge of brown came into it, changing to a sea-shell colour—to faint red—to reddish yellow—and then to a broad band of pure gold, into which the great sun came leaping, as if the whole heavens had shouted when he rose. Up from the chasm between Scawfell and the Pike—that terrible Mickledore—swept huge white masses; while over Skiddaw, on the opposite side, the long line of clouds, behind which the sun had set, stretched itself out in broad bars, growing more distinct, and seemingly nearer, at each moment. The mountains toward Windermere lay in mist, with mist between us and them, and a band of mist behind them; and behind that mist rose up strange black monsters, coming close in their blackness though countless miles away. Sometimes a herd of buffaloes leaped over

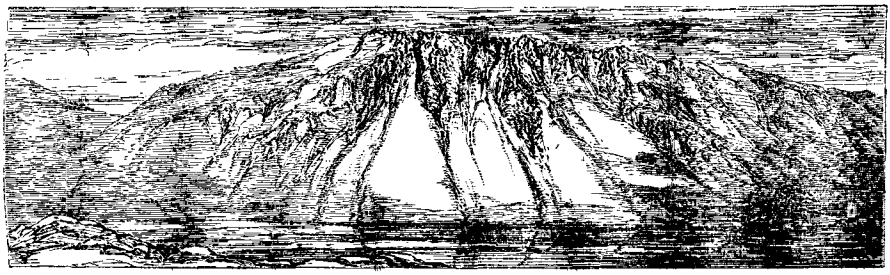
one another; sometimes one gigantic beast came tumbling over the white rock of mist, which then opened and swallowed him up alive; sometimes an eagle, presently dissolving into vapour, flew for one minute through the sky and then was gone; higher in the arch were great feathers, wind-born, and long white arms thrust across, and caverns many-chambered, and columns and rocks and light pencilled curls, and all the whole phantasy of the world of vapour, which the sun touched now to gold, and now to orange—to pale pure rose—to burning crimson—and then to deep and passionate purple, like the very heart of love outpoured on the heavens. And then, finally, he drew them all up into himself, and the earth was left free to him, and the heavens were interpenetrated with his life, and there was no sorrow and no dimness and no distrust or shadow of fear anywhere. It was a sunrise like a bridal—the renewal of the earth's daily life—nature, like humanity, putting on fresh youth and hope by love.

Now we had to descend. We had done the great feat, and seen the great sight—slept on the top of Scawfell, and seen the sunrise in the morning—and now it was time to think of the world below and the future of the day. So we turned away from off the top, and went down by Lingmell toward Wastwater; down steeply but without real difficulty, to boggy grass and water. Very pleasant the first gush of it in the grass, and the feeling of the soft turf after those hard bare stones, and the bleat of a startled sheep after the night's stillness. After a time we reached the real source of the lake and the Irt below, seeing where the infant stream rises in a great shoulder of Lingmell. Then we went on, keeping to the left and close under the crags of Scawfell; passing the terrible gap of Mickledore, bridged over now by a white cloud, come no one knows whence, or why, or how; and then down by the beck and over a long stretch of wet grass, winding up and over another shoulder, and by loose screes and broken rocks, to get entangled in a labyrinth of walls and watercourses and sheep-tracks and delusive paths,

till the hour of deliverance came at last to us, as to us all, and we found ourselves at Wastdale Head in the early morning, before the world of man was yet well astir, having accomplished our purpose without let or hindrance, or evil resulting.

Not by Black Sail to Ennerdale or Buttermere to-day, but by the lake-side and Strands to Gosforth, and round by Calder Abbey, Egremont, Ennerdale, to St. Bees and the sea; a way which gives to perfection the mountains up at Wastdale Head, Scawfell, and Scawfell Pike, and that magnificent buttress called the Screes, the only thing of its kind in the district. The promise of the morning was not to be fulfilled by the maturer day; for the mist was slowly rising up through the purple chasm of Scawfell, and filling all Mosedale like the very presence of despair: very quietly—very stealthily—coming down the pass, and over the lake, which it turned from purple to grey as it crept on like a spirit; first blotting out Great Gable, then Kirkfell, then Lingmell, then veiling Scawfell and the Screes, and then hanging soft and rolling immediately above our heads; but soon floating away again, and leaving everything brighter for its presence. As we went on everything became grander. Scawfell Pike showed his great bulk, and that fine crest of his, all serrated and fierce—a very tiger of a mountain; indeed, all the mountains here are of the tiger nature; even at the foot, not going off tamely, but subsiding in throes and bounds and angry claws thrust forward savagely; like tigers passing into cats. Middlefell and Buckbarrow, Kirkfell in his radiant coat, Great Gable well bearing out his name, for he was just like a house side from here, with a pointed roof and great gable end, Lingmell with the perpendicular ghyll, and all the other mountains, glowed or gloomed with wonderful intensity, as sun or shadow fell. Indeed, the colours to-day were of that intense character so much delighted in by artists, and the lines were of that marvellous clearness which seems to multiply and enhance every circumstance. The hazel leaves were burning red and gold, and blue-bells and gorse and the changing leaves of the bracken—

bronzed and green elfin ling and purple heather—and the little tormentil like drops of gold upon the grass, all made up a compound of colour that was as lustrous as so much enamelled work. The Screes were purple, with patches of golden-brown moss set in rims of golden-green scattered through; and the lake, that deep still lake which no frost, however severe, can ice over, was blue and green and grey and purple and silver and gold by turns, with great slabs of turquoise and malachite beneath; the Sty Head mountains, looking glacier-scored, were shining in the sun; Mosedale was dark, and bloomy, and tender; and the shadows were everywhere sharply defined, and the lights were everywhere radiantly brilliant. Still watching Scawfell's great shell-shaped head, across a miniature forest of gorse and bracken which grew between us and the lake-side—over the bridge, and by the river running away with its burden of song—seeing how the sea-wind had dwarfed the few trees about into stunted cripples bowed and twisted, we finally got opposite the Screes.

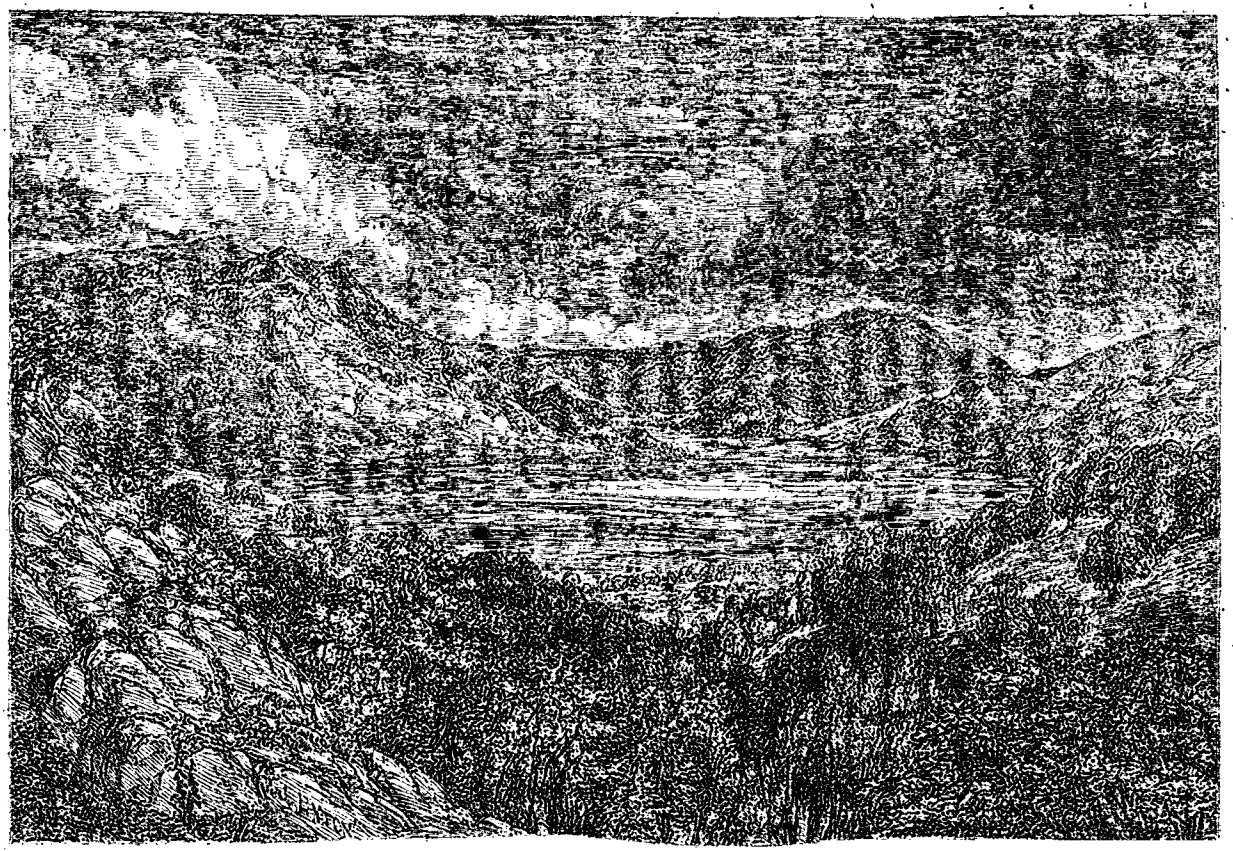


Wonderfully soft and velvet-like was the late summer verdure on them—great brown velvets, and green satins, and gold-coloured silks, set among the grey stones with a contrast that heightened both; and wonderfully glacier-like the form. You can almost see where the primæval waters once rushed down that steep side, which looks like a wave broken down at the top—the channels in them (like lava-veins flowing among the velvet green,) all leaf-shaped, like those fan-shaped coralline forms seen in the sea-sand—and large stones, and red marks as if the earth had been skinned to the blood-veins beneath, and the great skeleton ribs shown one by one. The Screes stand sheer against

the lake, almost as straight as if ruled with a line. The other side is gracious with little bays and promontories, but the Screes rise straight and sharp, and suffer no tender play whatever at their feet. Looking back, when opposite this huge buttress, there is no longer any outlet for the world at the head. Great Gable and Buckbarrow, gone now to softest dove colour, close up the dale, while at the foot the Screes mellow down to rocks, the rocks broken into by chasms: Hawl Ghyll,[4] or Hawley Gap, the most remarkable; to finally pass off into the fells and the plains and the sea.

And now the way goes gradually back into civilization, and the well-known refinements of art and cultivation. Close to a bold crag on the right is a quiet shaded bit of road running between stone walls, with garden and shrubbery on either side; the evidence of home and human care, and the place of rest and peace, very beautiful to look upon after the wildness gone through. We cannot make a home on the wilds, or pitch our tent on the hill-tops. We have grandeur there, and communion with nature, and the *filling* of soul and sense, but the care and the thought which make up social life—the tenderness and the beauty which are our real home—belong to the low-lying lands exclusively. We felt that very strongly to-day, when passing from the cold majesty of Scawfell, and the dark gloom of Wastwater, into the peace and cultivation of the lower country. Near a field filled with sunny sheep, we turned again to look at what we had left. The Wastdale mountains looked quiet and almost tame, and even our tiger Scawfell lay with his forepaws stretched out, and his nose between them, asleep; the Screes looked low and grey, flowing into the Irton Fells, with the grey line of the Muncaster Fells behind, topped and ended by Black Combe. Then we came on Strands and its pretty river; and then on the level line of the blue sea, with the clouds heaped up in white cumuli over Wastdale, but lying in filmy streaks across the sea, over each world repeating the line and the form below.

[4] The felspar of the rock has decomposed here, and wasted into sharp needle-like points—true aiguilles, though minute—with very beautiful fashioning and results. A fine vein of spicular iron ore, as well as one of hæmatite, runs here.



ULLSWATER, FROM GOWBARROW PARK

CALDER ABBEY

CALDER ABBEY, EGREMONT, AND ENNERDALE

CHAPTER XIV

FROM Strands the way goes through Gosforth—the "reddest of villages;" where an old stone pillar[1] in the churchyard is covered with uninteligible carving, to the confusion of the wise and the bewilderment of the foolish, and where, from the hill beyond, is a magnificent view of the sea, with the Isle of Man lying clear and distinct on its bosom; behind, to the right,

[1] In Gosforth churchyard is a cross—whether Danish or British no one knows. It is fourteen feet high; the lower part is placed on a pedestal of three steps; the top is perforated with four holes; the sides are enriched with various guilloches and other ornaments, and with men and animals in bas-relief—one of a man on horseback upside down. Another column was there once, but it has been taken away, as also a horizontal statue between them, with a sword sculptured on it.—Vide *Gentleman's Magazine*, Oct., 1799.

the Wastwater mountains blue and dark; to the left, the purple Muncaster Fells; and in front a rich and varied road, where the hedges, bright with flowers and loud with song-birds, are crowned with great golden fields of corn waving above the green fences; a sweet country road, which leads to Calder Bridge, where is something to be seen before going farther to the abbey, which, however, is the real lion of the district.

For at Calder Bridge are both Ponsonby Hall, with its beautiful grounds and pleasant cascade, and the picturesque little modern church, with that pleasant walk through the churchyard and by the river side; also the prettiest inn parlour in the world, with the river dashing underneath the bridge, and the sweetest sentiment of old world rusticity and simplicity to be found anywhere; the very perfection of an inn parlour of the old-fashioned style. And then there is the mile-long walk underneath the trees, and between the red sandstone walls, which the wind and weather have mellowed to the most delicious tone, and which the black-veined spleenwort, our old friend *asplenium trichomanes*, covers. And then there is the broad and shady avenue of old elms and oaks and sycamores, leading up to the house and the abbey; the preface, introducing you by a stately chord to the statelier melody beyond. And all these are things worth seeing and noting, before entering into the mystery of beauty and the past in the ruins of the abbey.[2]

[2] Calder Abbey was a Cistercian monastery, founded in 1134 by Ranulph de Meschines, the second Earl of Chester and Cumberland, and completed by Thomas de Multon, who added to the number of monks, and increased their possessions. It was a kind of offset or dependency on Furness, the great institution of the country, and was but a small community at the best, but rich in aristocratic relations. At the Dissolution the whole of the revenues accruing amounted but to 64*l.* 3*s.* 9*d.*, according to Speed. Henry VIII. gave the Abbey and its lands to Thomas Leigh, LL.D., and his heirs, to hold *in capite*, and Dr. Leigh's grandson, Sir Ferdinand Leigh, sold the abbey to Sir Richard Fletcher; who gave it as a marriage portion to his daughter when she married John Patrickson. From the Patricksons it passed to Mr. John Tiffin, of Cockermouth, and then to Mr. John Senhouse; it is now in the possession of Captain Irwin. The Senhouses—whom we do not meet with again, their history and houses lying out of our track—are a very notable family in the north-west of Cumberland; and among the ancient forbears was a "limb" called Dick Senhouse, a

It tells the reader little to say that these ruins consist of the square tower of the church, supported by pointed arches upheld by four clustered columns; that the width of the choir appears to have been only twenty-five feet; that traces of a fascia are yet to be made out (or were, but a short time since), above the remaining arches; and that the various relics dug up from time to time represent such and such knights and noble patrons. The most learned catalogue of architectural details would not advance any one much to know, unless was added that which makes up the true portrait of the place, because giving its real spirit—the rich old monkish look of beauty and fertility, assumed to be self-denying because still and quiet; the low-lying meadows, with the kine standing knee-deep in the luxuriant grass; the clear trout-stream running among the old oaks and elms of the grove, where Brother Ignatius used to hook out fine fat fish for the prior's supper, with Brother Hilary standing by breaking the tenth commandment as he thought of his own lentils and coarse oaten pottage; the evidence of centuries of cultivation lying on every square rood of ground, a cultivation of time so different to the ripest of the merely modern; the green smooth sward which has taken generations of diligent scythemen to bring to its present state of velvet perfectness; the rooks flocking home in the declining sun; the sentiment of repose, and the spirit of old time still about it; all this is to be added to make up anything like a picture of Calder Abbey—pure and noble in its ruin, as it was pure and noble in its prime. So different to Wastwater left in the morning!—the one the historic past, the other the natural present; the one dealing only with the world of human uses, the other with the grandeur of material forms: and both so beautiful in their way.

terrible gambler with terrible luck. "You must be either the Devil or Dick Senhouse for tipping the dice so pat!" said one man, playing with him unawares; and "I will do it in spite of the Devil and Dick Senhouse!" was a common phrase, expressive of other points of Master Dick's character not quite in accordance with received notions of ordinary morality.

The ivy and the pretty little ivy-leaved toad-flax (*antirrhinum linaria*) hang in clusters and festoons about the dark red arches and moulded capitals; and the winds have carried winged seeds into the very cells and cloisters where the pious monks said their early orisons, and walked, repeating the hymns and collects of the day, so that now all sorts of trees and shrubs and flowers are springing up round the old stones, and the free things of earth are rooting themselves where the ordered thoughts of heaven went before; honeysuckles and great ash-trees overshadow arch and aisle and pillar; and side by side with the rich old ruin stands a modern house, square, stuccoed, and glaring; yet not without value in one's thoughts and meditations among the remains of Calder Abbey.

Those who care to see everything may go to the Camp, as it is called, where they may make out (if they can) the limits of the ancient encampment which is said to have been on the side of Ponsonby Fell; but it is not very distinct in its markings, nor have any relics ever been found there, so that its ancient service is perhaps a little doubtful, and certainly its present aspect is by no means inviting. Still, it is there, and the insatiable traveller may bind it into his sheaf of sights if he will. From Calder to Ennerdale he may then choose either of two ways: the one leading up and over Cold Fell, and under Blake Ley, where lies the little tarn that sends out one branch of the Calder—though the higher and main issues are from the top of Iron Crag and under Revelin—and where he may see the bleak fell road and the wild fell side to perfection; and the other taking him by a good and rational carriage-road through Egremont, both meeting at last at Ennerdale Bridge,[3] a little below the foot of the lake.[4] The fell road is the most "accidented." The wide sea view, and

[3] Ennerdale Bridge is the scene of Wordsworth's poem, "The Brothers."

[4] The peculiarity of Ennerdale Lake is that it lies at the outlet of the valley, not at its head among the mountains, as is usually the case with lakes. Instead of hiding away at the feet of the higher hills, Ennerdale has run off as far out into the plain and towards the sea as it could, leaving the dale, little Liza, and the greater hills, to themselves.

the yellow fling of gorse among the purple heather and the cold crag, have many beautiful points and incidents; and for walkers not irritated by a multitude of gates to open and bad places to pass, it is the most interesting; but let carriage folks go by Egremont[5]—four miles farther. They will be repaid; for the village, like every place in this district, has its antiquities and historical associations, its legends and its traditions, as well as no little natural beauty. The ruins of the old castle[6] stand on the western height, with the wide fertile plains below, now marred in their

[5] Egremont was a borough at the time when Parliamentary representatives were remunerated, but when that practice was discontinued the inhabitants petitioned to be freed from an expensive privilege, and to have their borough disfranchised, which was accordingly done. They had various privileges secured to them by charters granted by the successors of William de Meschines, but they were burdened also with all the old feudal servile duties, which made men of less account than beasts. By the charter granted by Richard Lucy, in the reign of King John, and which is still extant, "the burgesses were obliged to find armed men for the defence of the castle forty days, at their own charge; they were bound to aids for the redemption of the lord and his heir from captivity; for the knighthood of one of his sons; and the marriage of one of his daughters. They were to find him twelve men for his military array; to hold watch and ward; and were restrained from entering the forest of Ennerdale with bow and arrow. Every burgess that kept a plough was compelled to till the lord's ground one day in the year, and likewise to find a man to mow and reap in autumn. If a woman belonging to the borough was seduced, the fine to be paid to the lord by the male offender was three shillings; but if a burgess seduced the daughter of a rustic, who was not a burgess, he was excused the penalty, unless it could be proved that he had promised her marriage. The wife of a burgess guilty of using contumelious language to a neighbour (in other words, a scold) forfeited fourpence." The parish church is a very old building, built by William de Meschines in honour of St. Mary, and granted by him to the cell of St. Bees. The town has about fifteen hundred inhabitants, and the land yields large quantities of iron ore, which is sent to Whitehaven unsmelted, and thence shipped to South Wales. That pretty river running by is the Ehen or Enna, which falls out of Ennerdale Lake into the sea, almost side by side with the Calder.

[6] It was built about the beginning of the twelfth century by William de Meschines, brother to the mighty Ranulph, who gave him the barony of Copeland, which included all the country between the sea and the rivers Duddon and Derwent; but in process of time, by marriage and other manners of transfer, the property got divided, and the castle of Egremont passed into the hands of the de Lucys. General Wyndham is the present owner.

beauty by the tall chimneys and mining villages scattered among the fruit-trees and corn-fields; but still, as ever, enframed by the dark Ennerdale mountains and the long line of deep blue sea, with the changing clouds flung in fleecy masses on the mountain tops, or resting in burning ingots over the water world below. About the old ruins hangs the historical legend of the Two Brothers,[7] known far too well to quote; and the romance of the Boy of Egremont, the son, say some, of the Lady Alice

[7] This anecdote of Denton's points to the same story, differently related. "The Baron of Egremont being taken prisoner beyond the seas by the Infidels, could not be redeemed without a great ransom; and being for England, entered his brother or kinsman for his surety, promising, with all possible speed, to send him money to set him free; but, upon his return to Egremont, he changed his mind, and most unnaturally and unthankfully suffered his brother to lie in prison, in great distress and extremity, until his hair was grown to an unusual length, like to a woman's hair. The Pagans being out of hopes of the ransom, in great rage most cruelly hanged up their pledge, binding the long hair of his head to a beam in the prison; and tied his hands so behind him, that he could not reach the top where the knot was fastened, to loose himself. During his imprisonment, the Paynim's daughter became enamoured of him, and sought all good means for his deliverance, but could not enlarge him; she, understanding of this last cruelty, entered his prison, and taking her knife to cut the hair, being hastened, she cut the skin of his head, so that with the weight of his body he rent away the rest, and fell down to the earth half dead; but she presently took him up, causing surgeons to attend him secretly, till he recovered his former health, beauty, and strength; and so entreated her father for him, that he set him at liberty. Then, desirous to revenge his brother's ingratitude, he got leave to depart to his country, and took home with him the *Hatterell* (scalp lock) of his hair, rent off as aforesaid, and a bugle-horn, which he commonly used to carry about him. When he was in England, where he shortly arrived, coming toward Egremont Castle, about noontide of the day, when his brother was at dinner, he blew his bugle-horn, which, says the tradition, the Baron presently acknowledged, and thereby conjectured his brother's return; then sending his friends and servants to learn his brother's mind to him, and how he had escaped, they brought back the report of all the miserable torment which he had endured; which so astonished the Baron (half dead before with the shameful remembrance of his disloyalty and breach of promise), that he abandoned all company, and would not look on his brother till his just wrath was pacified by diligent entreaty of the friends. And to be sure of his brother's future kindness, he gave the *Lordship of Millum* to him and his heirs for ever. Whereupon the first Lords of Millum gave for their arms the *Horn and the Hatterell*."

de Romili of Keswick, but about whose personality[8] there is some doubt, antiquarians never agreeing. Still the story remains the same, and the connection of the de Romilis with Egremont, "the Mount of Sorrow," is undoubted. For the rest, Wordsworth's readers and lovers know all that can be said.

Two miles and a half from Egremont, but nearer to Calder Bridge, is the village of Beckermet, where another tragical tradition is attached to a place called Wotobank, but which reads as if the story had been made to account for the name. There was once a certain Lord of Beckermet,

[8] We will give the account as we find it. "The Lady Alice had two sons, the younger of whom, from the place of his birth, was called "the Boy of Egremond," and who, outliving an elder brother, became the last hope of his family. She had also three daughters, Cecily, Amabil, and Avice, who, on the death of their surviving brother, fell heirs to this extensive heritage, which, after their mother's decease, was accordingly parted among them. Her son, who was named William, is said to have been drowned on his return from hunting or hawking as he crossed the river Wharf, near Barden Tower in Craven. The accuracy of this account, though admitted to be true so far as the death by drowning of a scion of Romili's house, is, however, doubted by that popular antiquarian writer, Doctor Whitaker, who states that the drowned son of the Lady Alice or Aaliza was a party and witness to the charter of translation to Bolton, in 1154, of the canons of the priory of Embsay, founded in 1121 by William le Meschin and Cecilia his wife. Besides, as the boy of Egremond was alive in 1160, and a partaker in the rebellion of the Pictish Celts of Scotland, of which the object was to set him on the throne as the rightful heir, the lucid archæologist is of opinion that the story refers to one of the sons (both of whom died young) of Cecilia le Meschin, grandmother of Lady Alice. Be this as it may, the generally received version of the tale affirms that the young lord's greyhound, being tied to his girdle by a leash, hung back as its master sprang across the deep chasm, through which the waters pour with resistless force, and, thus checked in his leap, the unfortunate Romili fell into the seething torrent, at a place called "The Strid," where he was drowned. When the report of her bereavement reached his mother, borne by the attendant who beheld his untimely fate—and who, wishing to break the pitiful tidings as softly as possible, inquired in language whose phraseology in the present day is almost unintelligible, "What is good for a bootless bene?—meaning thereby, "What remains when prayer is useless?"—tradition avers, that apprehending from the return of the falconer alone, with despair pictured on his countenance, that some great calamity had befallen her son, her answer was couched in that memorable archaism, "Bootless bayl brings endless sorrow."

who one day went out hunting wolves, accompanied by his lady and a lordly retinue. The "ardour of the chase" separated him from his wife, who was soon missing from the cavalcade, but after a search was found lying dead on the side of a hill, with a wolf devouring her. In the agony of his sorrow the husband cried out, "Woe to this bank!" and succeeding ages crystallized the cry, which at this day is the name of a pretty modern house built on the site of the poor lady's untimely deathbed. There is also another story attached to Beckermet, of a gayer character. About four miles south of Bout in Eskdale, lies a lonely tarn with a rocky islet in the middle, called Devoke Water; and three-quarters of a mile from Devoke Water are some remains, generally called Barnscar, or the City of Barnscar, which folks say are the remains of a Danish city, though no historical record confirms that idea. However, it was a city of some kind, for silver coins have been found there; and when Hutchinson wrote his history, the character of the buildings seems to have been more easily traced than now; for he speaks of walls and a main street, with several cross streets, and an ancient road from Ulpha to Ravenglass as quite well made out; but now there are merely small piles of stones set up on a very desolate bit of fell, and you may believe them to have been a city of human inhabitants if you like. The popular belief further is, that the Danes peopled this Barnscar in something of the old Sabine manner, making a raid on Beckermet and Drigg,[9] with forcible union consequent; so that when any sudden friendship or love-making springs up between two young people in this part of the world, they are said to "go together like the lads of Drigg and the lasses of Beckermet."

From Egremont down to Ennerdale the road passes over the fell, rich in gorse and bramble and great bunches of yellow ragwort, with splashes of bronzed and blood-red bracken and purple tufts of vetch for compensating colours, till it comes down to Ennerdale Bridge, and thence on

[9] Drigg, Dregg, Derigh, or Dergh—the Irish for oaks.

ENNERDALE WATER — FROM ANGLER'S CRAG

to the foot of the lake. The square top of Herdhouse stands well forward as you round the common road or go down the steep hill which leads to the boathouse; whence the Ennerdale valley is at its best. At the head of the dale stands the Pillar,[10] the steepest and craggiest of all the mountains, till one thousand eight hundred and twenty-six deemed the English Jungfrau, our maiden mountain inaccessible, but now owning to nearly a dozen conquerors; each traveller who has actually reached the top writing his name on a slip of paper which he places in a bottle left in the crevice of a rock for the purpose. So at least goes the story, which we could not verify by personal observation. It is a magnificent-looking mountain; the crowning rock, a great grey striated column which fires all one's ambition to surmount. By it is the Steeple, followed by the Haycocks, with a sharp little bit peeping up like a child's pert voice among the grave elders; and then comes the

[10] "You see yon precipice: it wears the shape
Of a vast building, made of many crags;
And in the midst is one particular rock,
That rises like a column from the vale,
Whence by our shepherds it is called the Pillar."

WORDSWORTH.

fine broad sweep of Revelin, falling into that of Crag Fell—Iron Crag behind, and the Angler's Crag below. On the left are Black Sail and Red Pike and the distant point of Grasmoor; Latterbarrow, a little green knoll, thrusting its feet into the water, is followed by Windsor Crag—a small bit of screes—and Bowness Knot, fellow comrade and of like nature to itself; next are the long slopes of Bannerfell, leading over to Floutern Tarn on Blake Fell; and, quite at the back, looking towards the sea, one of the last of the wavelets thrown up in this mountain tide, the Knock o' Murton Hill, a smooth round protuberance bulging out on the plain like a great green wen.

All the Ennerdale mountains are of the same nature; a kind of craggy moorland, capital for sportsmen; but, save in the sheltered nooks at the foot, where are patches of forward land and good crops enough, no cultivation anywhere. The place is wilder even than Wastdale; more lonely and austere if less sublime; at the head wonderfully noble, with a majesty of mountain unusual. But it is not lovely, taking that word to mean an admixture of softness with the grandeur: not even when "on the lake," which is such a soft and lovely experience everywhere else. An extraordinary collection of small stones in this lake is called "the island." How they ever came there, or why they should be there at all, surpasses the intellects of the best guessers; as also why a fine rift in the rock on Crag Fell should be called Robin Hood's Chair. Scores of names and initials are carved, modo Anglicè, on the walls of this rift; some of them dating so far back as the year one thousand seven hundred. Jenny Crag Well, under Revelin, is another of the notabilities of Ennerdale. It is a spring of perfectly pure water, cool in summer and unfrozen in winter; of the same temperature the year round; never failing whatever the drought, and never muddied whatever the rainfall; one of the many such to be found in the lake country.

Revelin itself is an important mountain, all things considered. The whole land hereabouts being more or less impregnated with iron ore, even Revelin has had its secret chambers rifled with the rest, and has been forced

to give up its treasures. Lately, they have begun to work for iron ore on Bowness Knot—the yield in Revelin failing, or the directors quarrelling among themselves, or some other of the many casualties of mining property having befallen both works and yield, so that it has returned to its earlier and humbler function—that of feeding bees. Every summer and autumn hundreds of hives are brought up to Ennerdale and set on Revelin, for the bees to get strength and sustenance before winter time. Carts come in the early morning laden with beehives, and "a vast o' good honey gets shakt oot ont' road." A certain wall on the mountain is called Bee Wall End; and the honey gathered from the heather hereabouts is their Hymettan honey to the north-country people.

The head of the dale flows up into the old closed barren sweep, with the Liza running through; the pretty, clear, bright little Liza starting with a laugh from her birthplace on Great Gable, and laughing to the end, where she loses herself in the Big Water. But though presenting many of the ordinary features of the dale, it has some special and noble characteristics of its own; and the walk over Blacksail to Wastwater by Gillerthwaite, and between Kirkfell and the Pillar, and Kirkfell and Yewbarrow, into Mosedale valley, is one of the finest in the country—one of the wildest as well, and to the inexperienced, of no contemptible danger. Scarf Gap to Buttermere is not so bad; but the mountain path over by Floutern Tarn and Blake Fell to Lowes Water, is a thing not to be attempted by the ignorant or unwary: such a wild, lost bit of travel as it is!—when the eager mountain storms come on, like great white wolves raging over the heights and hollows, a perilous way even to the guides themselves, and to the stranger too often fatal. More stories are told of travellers lost about the Ennerdale paths and passes than in any other part of the country, the distances between point and point not being long—which is a temptation; and the ways apparently easy—which is another temptation; but under any obliteration, or disguisement by storm, proving utterly unreliable and destructive.

Ennerdale is the least known, and, at the present time, the least likely to

be visited of all the lakes. Indeed, it can have only its own special sifting of visitors, for the carriage-road to the foot goes no farther than the Boat-House; at least what follows is very indifferent and leads nowhere; and the Boat-House itself, the only place of accommodation, cannot house many visitors at a time, and has no attractions for fine folks at all. The other approaches to the lake are either severe pony roads, as the Black Sail and Scarf Gap passes, impossible to all save good walkers and hardy riders; or mere mountain paths, like the Bannerdale Fell way over to Floutern, or by Iron Crag and Tong Fell down to Scalderskew and Calder. So that until Ennerdale has the benefit of carriage ways along its banks, it will remain comparatively a terra incognita to the tourist world, save those who can brave a rough pass, and those who care only to gape away an hour at the foot while their horses are baiting at the inn. And this is what butterfly people generally do; driving over from Lowes Water through Lamplugh [11] to Ennerdale Bridge, or from Wastwater by Egremont, or the fell road higher up; to be for ever after quite contented with the belief that they have seen Ennerdale, and have "done" the lake effectively.

Those who want variety in scenery would do well to pass from Ennerdale to St. Bees. A more thorough diversity could scarcely be found, from the lonely mountain lake imprisoned within its iron barriers, through flowery country lanes, and by dirty and ugly mining villages, down to the mighty sea—the term and bound of all things. The character and spirit of the way change strangely as you go on. When you leave Ennerdale you pass first through the dear old country roads, narrow, tortuous, bordered with hedges full of flowers—in this early autumn time silvered with great bindweed, azured with hairbells passing into the deeper purple of the tufted vetch, and gilded with hawkweed, bright yellow vetchling, and heavy ragwort—country roads diversified by stretches of copse wood and the sudden windings

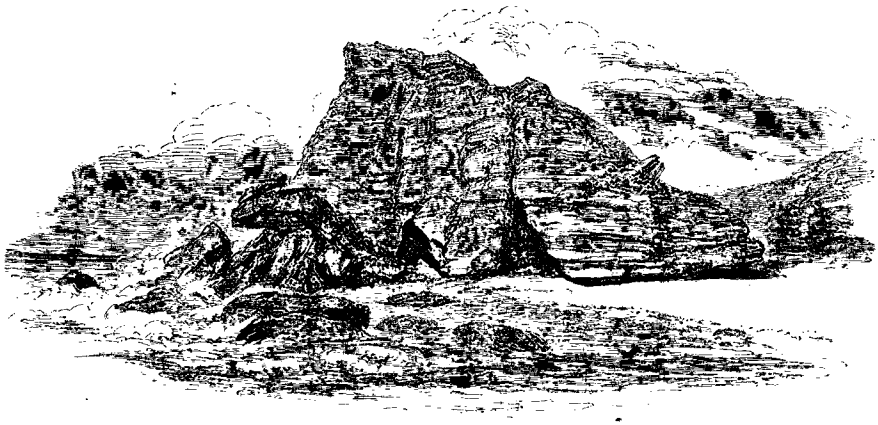
[11] Lamplugh, said to mean the wet dale, being a corruption of Glan-fillough or Glanplough. The manor and estates were held by the Lamplughs, a race of valorous gentlemen, all of whom were knighted on the field.

of the Ehen—by pretty bridges such as that of Wath Bridge, with the fine span of arch so customary to this country—by picturesque cottages, and healthy, honest faces; but gradually losing all these features as the way leads you into the mining district. And then you come to a new order of things; to a village like Cleator, formal and ugly, with evil faces and squalid looks haunting every door and window; with ragged children; girls and women unkempt, flaring, and untidy; men lounging and vicious, sometimes brutal-looking for a change; in a word, with the outward signs, so fatal and so easily recognized, of a trade that excludes healthy physical influences, and where bodily waste is supplied by sensual excess. They all look sodden and hard-worked, and in the whole of the two villages you will pass through you will not perhaps see one well-looking woman—meaning by that, modest and cleanly—nor one really cared-for child. The very colour of the earth, too, is altered from that of the lake-land proper. The rich browns and pure greys of the mountains have given place to a coarse, hard red, which ruddles everything to the same ochreous tint alike. The roads are red and the houses are red, the carts and the horses and the slouching canvas-clothed men and the bare-footed children—they are all daubed and saturated with red. About the Big Rigg works, where the landslip took place on the high road one day, the redness is singularly offensive; but by-and-by the mining district yields to the clean, close-shorn uplands of the sea-side; and when you mount the last hill, leading to St. Bees, you are in another world.

You cannot see the sea-line yet, because of the intervening headland, but if you are fortunate you may see instead what will serve for many minutes of pleasant wonder. The sky in a long straight line of deep blue, flecked with warm-grey clouds standing as it seems far above it, at times so perfectly represents the sea, that it is long before one can be convinced it is only cloud and sky, and not the sea beneath. The heavens overhead are upheaped with clouds, while on the horizon this band of intensest cobalt lies, like the ocean, perfectly still and unruffled, with the clouds standing above it. The illusion lasts till a deep cut in the Head lets in a view of the real sea, with

the Scotch mountains and the Isle of Man; and then the *Fata Morgana* vanishes, and when the sun sinks below a broad blood-red band that fades off to divinest grey, through purple and violet and yellow and green and blue, to the great white clouds above, you have one of Nature's most beautiful phantasmagoria replaced by one of her noblest realities.

ISLE OF MAN — FROM ST. BEES



FLESWICK BAY

ST. BEES AND THE SEA COAST

CHAPTER XV

ST. BEES[1] is the favourite watering-place of the lake district; and it is easy to understand that it should be preferred to Allonby or Parton, or any other station on the coast, because of the greater amount of beauty and poetry

[1] St. Bees is said to take its name from Bega or Beza, according to some, Begoth (beg—og, little, young)—a sweet Irish saint who was shipwrecked on the coast, and who, in gratitude for the holy love that heard her prayer, founded, about the year 650, a small monastery, where afterwards a church was built in memory of her—the Lord of Egremont giving her all the land where the snow should fall on St. John's Eve: and it fell in a broad, bold band, as of course it would. The "aforesaid religious house having been destroyed by the Danes, was restored by William le Meschines (the Lord of Egremont), son of Ranulph, and brother of Ranulph le Meschines, first Earl of Cumberland after the Conquest, and made a cell of a prior and six Benedictine monks to the Abbey of St. Mary at York." William further "granted to God and St. Mary of York and St. Bega, and to the monks serving God there, all the woods within their boundaries, and everything within the same, except hart and hind, boar and hawk; and all liberties which he himself had in Coupland,

associated with it. Its foundations laid in legend and romance, but with a positive history to lift it out of cloud-land into the world of fact; rich in both land and sea treasures, in the flowers of the field[2] and in those of the wave; with sunsets unequalled on any sea-line in England; with a wide belt of sound sand, and a bed of rock full of anemones and star-fish, jelly-fish, and all manner of odd sea creatures; with pretty country walks, and a glorious sea-beach; what is wanting for its reputation? and what to its power of fascination? So near to Ennerdale, too, as it is, it seems as if a ray of mountain loveliness has flashed across it; as if the sweet influences of the hills and lakes have flowed down even to the great sea, and that the breezes which bring back health and strength and the freshness of the free skies, go out from the land laden with beauty and delight. It is strange how much the sentiment of the mountains lingers round St. Bees, and how we find it to be the true and real outlet of the lake system; the last expression, if not the culminating point.

Very sweet are the close flowery lanes about, and gloriously noble the wide reach of downs, with the sea shining below, and the great burning sun

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as well on land as on the water, both salt and fresh." At the Dissolution, Archbishop Grindal (who introduced the tamarisk into England)—Fuller's "pious Grindal," and other men's "perfidious prelate"—founded a free grammar school in the place of the Benedictine cell, where the youths of Cumberland and Westmoreland might learn the Humanities at small charges and to large profits: his spur thereto being that he was a native of Hensingham, a small village close at hand. This was in 1587, by a charter got from Queen Elizabeth; and in later days a college was established, under the patronage of Lord Lonsdale, for the education of our northern priests and curates of small incomes and unimportant cures. At the Dissolution, Edward VI. granted the manor of St. Bees to Sir Thomas Chaloner, from whom it passed to the Wyberghs; and from them, by foreclosed mortgage, to Lord Lonsdale about the year 1663. Of the old church only the tower is Saxon; the rest is florid Gothic. It is built of the red sandstone of the neighbourhood; and at the east end are some fine carvings. The nave is used as the parish church, the cross aisle (used to be) the place of burial; and there is a wooden effigy of Anthony, the last of the Lords Lucie or Lucy, of Egremont, which is very ugly and very curious.

[2] "Who climbs on hands and knees,
For some rare plant, yon headland of St. Bees."

The great cliff called Bees Head, or Bamhead, says Gough, abounds with sea-fowl.

in the cloudless heaven above. All so silent, too!—as silent as on the mountain tops; the only breaks to the stillness there being the cry of a sheep, or the music of the falling waters within the ghylls, while here it is the song of the skylark, or the lowing of the cattle pastured on the downs—those wide shadowless downs seething in the summer sun. And all the more impressive is this stillness, because of the life and movement we know of, but do not recognise below. We know that the waves are breaking with sounding murmurs against the rocks and on the shore, though now the whole glittering expanse has neither sound nor movement; that the ships, lying seemingly as idly as "painted ships upon a painted ocean," are full of human life and industry, freighted with passions as well as with cargoes, loud with hope and fear and love and sorrow, as well as with flapping sails and twanging cordage; we know that the villages and towns shining white and still in the scene, are plenished with varied life; and that the hum of men and the whirling wheels of commerce are echoing in the lower lands, while we stand, silent and alone, beyond them all; we know all this, and therefore the stillness of those great sea-downs falls on the heart with a powerful fulness of emotion, deeper and stronger than any speech or sound could give.

There is a choice of pleasant ways about St. Bees. One carries you by the breezy downs, where the elastic grass is beaded with white mushroom balls, and starred with flowers—sea-pinks and thrift and lavender and rest-harrow and countless others—whence you look over to the sea dotted with ships, some standing close in shore, their white sails looking like large wings, and others gliding noiselessly away over the edge of creation, bound one knows not for what distant port; through heath and pleasant pasturage, down to the head of that strange red rift gemmed with agates and pretty pebbles, called Fleswick Bay. Here the St. Bees and Whitehaven people make pic-nic parties, finding every requisite for that agreeable pastime; for a little stream of fresh water, good for many uses, meanders through the glen; and flat blocks of red freestone serve for tables, and round smooth stones for seats; and a grim but none the less convenient cave, once doubtless

given up to unhallowed kegs of brandy and casks of whiskey overproof and innocent of excise duties, but which now young couples are fond of exploring, offers facilities for one essential element in a happy pic-nic to get itself enacted. So that on the whole Fleswick Bay is the most popular place for miles round; and in truth worth a long hour's visit, without a merry pic-nic party or a pair of bright eyes as incentives.

The way off the cliffs is down a true gipsy lane, where you have to do a little scrambling: not more than is good for you, but still, at one point, rather a pinch for the stately and many-fleshed; the red walls of rock on either side are covered with a small fine green bordering of moss, and flowers grow on the ledges—chamomile with its hair-like leaves, samphire, and thrift. The cows, pasturing on the uplands, come down the red glen to drink at the sweet streamlet of fresh water, and to stand knee-deep in the warm, smooth sea; and you have to drive them boisterously before you when you go back, if you return by the way of the downs, for the rift is too narrow for you and those four-footed beasts, in comfortable intermingling together. The stones are water-worn and ribbed and channelled, and you can see where the waves have washed up in their remorseless strength for centuries past, and how the once sharp ribs of the earth are worn away under that incessant sweep; and you can learn, if you will, something of the law of wave force, which is the same, with a difference, as what you have learnt in the lake wave; with a difference: for the sea wave is a long, steady, and incessant sweep, regular and rhythmic, and the lake wave is irregular and interrupted—partial in its flow and of uncertain boundary—so that lake rocks, though they get worn and channelled too, do not show such persistent action as either river stones or sea-side rocks.

From Fleswick you may go back either by the road or the downs, or, at low tide, by the rocks and the sea-shore; or you may go farther on the Whitehaven side, to the lighthouse, and see what fine arrangements they have there for the guidance into safety of the ships wandering in fog or darkness about the pathless dangers of the St. Bees headland, and

how the very perfection of cleanliness is attained in that tall, chimney-looking building—a cleanliness almost approaching to genius, it is so full of watchfulness and thought.[3] The road and the downs are both delightful ways, but by the sea-shore is the best of the three; for there you not only pass under magnificent cliffs, where the sea birds are sitting in the sun or wheeling round in heavy flight screaming to their young within their nests, where you have the sensation of being at the roots of creation, and under the shadow of the remorseless grandeur of Nature; but you also come upon a bed of rocks, where you may lose yourself for as many hours as the tide will give you free-warren and the right of search. And how many soever these hours may be, you will not have seen half the wonders of that marvellous world.

Limpets and periwinkles, and small gray cirrhipeds and great yellow whelks and deep blue mussels—some of them of singular smallness—with their long beards like slender rootlets beaded with fragments of stone and seaweed, cling all about; some fastened to the lifeless rock with a look of ancient holding as if they had sat there since before the flood, and some entangled in among the ulva—that fine green weed hanging down from the rocks like hair newly smoothed and combed, as if those great round stones were the heads of enchanted mermen, and that smooth growth of weed their comely locks. And there are broad bands of purple sea-weed like great ribbons floating about; and little coralline tufts of the daintiest growth and loveliest tint—red and pink and white, and some as if dyed in the royal purple, and some as if newly taken from a vat of liquid amber. And there are sea grapes, which, however, are nothing but cuttle-fish eggs; and sea barberries, which are the eggs of the purpura whelk; and mermaid's purses, which, if not empty, hold a very ugly creature as their treasure; and masses of bladder wrack, which you pop with a sounding noise and great squirt

[3] Camden did not even mention Whitehaven in his accounts of the northern counties; and in 1566, Gough says there were but six houses and only one *pickard* of eight or nine tons belonging.

of sea water; and balls of honey-combed froth like desiccated sponges or consolidated foam, which are the worn-out egg clusters of the whelk; and other wonderful things to be picked up and studied by those caring to know what lies about them.

And then there are the live things: little brown crabs scuttling away all on one side, and queer little shrimps diving about in great perplexity of soul; and, sticking underneath the rocks, so that you must go down on your hands and knees to find them, are some wet, shining, deep-coloured masses. Of all colours are those wet shining masses, and of all patterns: some like big carbuncles of dark blood-red; and others of emerald-green; and some of dull olive-green, like the oriental peridot; some like chrysolites, with a kind of brown struck through the yellow shine; and some pale rose colour, like delicate pink topazes: mere fleshy masses now, without life or motion or change; but take them tenderly from their rocks—tenderly, and yet authoritatively—slipping underneath some thin and harmless instrument, like a small paper-knife, or even, if you have a steady hand and are careful not to injure the base of your prize, the blade of a pocket-knife itself—feed them with some of that fine green hair-weed, and some of that purple growth as well, and give them plenty of sunlight and fresh sea-water—and then see what your monochromatic bits of sea-flesh become. That brown lump throws out a million yellowed anthers, each threaded with a bright blue bead at the base, while round the inner circle is another edging of bright blue, contracting or enlarging, paling or deepening, at the creature's will. That little pale rose topaz puts on an outer robe all pearl strung—rows of small spots, like seed pearls, banding it round; and the large, solid, blood-red gout puffs itself out till it looks a congeries of bladders of a transparent white shot with pink. The yellow nodule shows a deep violet lining; and they all expand like flowers, and turn to the sun for joy and increase. They are indeed living flowers; flowers that move their petals and anthers at will, and that open and close themselves from formless buds to full-blown blossoms also at will; flowers that have all manner of lovely markings about their edges,

and coloured hearts and changing petals; flowers that are never two hours the same, but that put on their crowns and royal mantles in the sun with more than the peacock's pride, and then sit in the ashes with dust-coloured Cinderella, sullen and disarrayed; flowers that change like things in a fairy tale gifted with powers of transformation. Our rock bed here is rich in these sea anemones; "crass" and "mess" growing to enormous sizes and in large quantities.

Then there are star-fishes, queer leathery beings with orange painted backs, and a dull and lifeless look altogether till they are thrown into a pool of sea-water or cast upon their backs, when they show the wealth of beauty with which Nature has dowered them in rich excess. Myriads of small, fine, pellucid threads unfold themselves from the inside of the rays, moving about in a strange kind of order as if making patterns or geometric figures—now all clustered together in a pearly cloud, and now fringing the edges with the daintiest beads, like small moonstones or colourless opals. The silent, ceaseless wandering of these fragile threads, which are the creature's feet with which it walks over sand and rocks and treads the surface of the wave with the certainty, if not the force, of a giant, has a very fairy-like appearance. Yet no one seems to care much for these five-rayed, orange-backed, star-fish, though they are wonderfully interesting beasts, if you have patience enough to watch how they accommodate themselves to circumstances, and how they fit their thick bodies into all manner of inequalities, and how they change themselves from mere dead-alive leathery bits of inanimation into the most exquisitely jewelled surfaces, instinct with life and feeling and movement. Ah, truly, not the meanest thing of Nature but has its secret world of loveliness and wonder, if we only look for it.

Then, on the sands, you will see lying flat plates of dirty-looking jelly, torn and ragged at the edges, covered with sand, and altogether of a disreputable appearance. Take one up carefully—not touching him with your naked hand—and fling him into a shallow pool left by the receding tide among the rocks. In a few moments your dirty plate of jelly will

expand into the most lovely disc—striped and barred with brilliant colours, shooting out long threads that wave and play in the water as the creature slowly sways itself to and fro. It is a jelly-fish—a Medusa—a sea-nettle—one of the acephalæ—that you have captured, and hundreds of them are probably lying on the beach, mere battered and bruised masses, but needing only to be taken back to their own sea world to become again things of loveliness and grace unequalled.

These, and many more than these, you will find among those green and black-haired rocks by the bluff headland; there where the escarpment, split into great parallel blocks of the richest red, wears such a different aspect to the sea-beach pavement smoothed and rounded into gigantic pebbles; yet both are of the same formation; only the one shows the varied action of the wind and rain and frost, and the other the uniform sweep and swell of wave, for ever and for ever repeated.

When the tide has run down the sands are ribbed and channelled in the old form, like the markings on the Screes at Wastwater; and you see again the leaf, both the coralline growth and the fan shape, which the downward pour of water on a yielding surface always gives. And farther on, you most likely fall against a thick length of iron cable, now bent and twisted like a doll's wire, telling its sad tale of wreck and disaster, and noble lives entombed and lost to humanity for ever. Nothing gives a more vivid idea of the tremendous force of the waves than a cast-up iron cable, not one strand of which you can bend, now all twisted and unravelled as if it had been made of thread.

The sea beach and the rocks and the cliffs, with their pleasant downs above—the cliff of Baruth and Tall Tomlyn, as the Head is affectionately called—are of course the chief features of interest about St. Bees; but there are others for the stranger beside. There is Grindal's college[4] with

[4] "Edmund Grindall, born at St. Bees, bred Scholar, Fellow, and Master of Pembroke Hall, in Cambridge, and Proctour of the University;" in Mary's reign he fled beyond seas;

its antiquities; and the giant's burying-place[5]—if you can find it; and the villages round about; and the lanes and fields full of wild flowers; and the strange Scalegill pond, the birth of which did so much damage, or rather was coincident with so much damage—for, on the first of March, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two, the ground in a meadow belonging to Lord Lonsdale suddenly sank several feet, and immediately after the water rushed out, falling through the fracture as into a funnel, drowning the Scalegill colliery, and making the Scalegill pond in question. And there is Whitehaven, for those who care to see a town given up to coals and fish; and then there is the sea-coast, and the stations leading gradually on to Coniston and Furness.

Lonely and desolate are those small grey stations on the sea-shore; without history and without trade; spare in population and poor in circumstance; devoid of all that makes a western civilized home more beautiful than a savage wigwam; but ever with the dark blue mountain boundary behind, and the wide and fathomless sea, with its teeming life and its gorgeous sunsets, its power and its unrest, in front. Nethertown and Braystones and Sellafield—close to which, however, the Calder escapes into the wider world of waters, so that dusty, stony, desolate little Sellafield has that interest if none other—Seascales and Drigg, whence the lasses of

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by Elizabeth he was made Bishop of London, Archbishop of York and Canterbury; a man of learning and piety, modesty and single life: he offended Leicester when he would not let him have Lambeth House, and forbade the Earl's physician from marrying another man's wife, so he was undermined with the queen, and had lost his archbishopric but for the queen's relenting. He died July 6th, 1683. "Worldly wealth he cared not for, desiring only to *make both ends meet;* and as for that little that *lapped over*, he gave it to pious uses in both Universities, and the founding of a fair Free-school at St. Bees, the place of his nativity."

[5] In the library of the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle is an account of the finding a giant at St. Bees, in the year 1601, just before Christmas time: it is in Machell's MSS., and tells how that "he the said Gyant was four yards and a half long, and was in complete armour; that his teeth were six inches long, and that he was buried four yards deep in the ground, which is now a cornfield. His armour, sword, and battle-axe are at Mr. Sand's, of Redington (Rollington), and at Mr. Wyber's, at St. Bees."

Beckermet got their lads—what are they all but the poorest and most pitiful sea-side hamlets to be seen anywhere? There is not a paragraph of history to be written on them all.

Ravenglass[6] is better. Not that the little town is much, but some of the traditions are interesting. The three rivers, the Irt, the Mite, and the Esk, fall into the sea near together, forming an estuary called Esk Meals,[7] which, at low tide, is a wide bed of sand, and at high tide a grand and foaming river; and there are fine oysters to be had here, which to some would prove the greatest attraction of all. The three rivers, followed to their sources, would lead you into very noble company. The Irt would take you up to Wastwater, Scawfell, and Lingmell, and, if you chose to add the track of the Bleng which falls into it just above Santon Bridge, you would get into the wilds of Ponsonby Fells, Seatallan, and the Haycock, where you might lose yourself between Ennerdale and

[6] Anciently part of the barony of Egremont, till the manor was granted by Richard Lucy to the Penningtons, ancestors of the present Lord Muncaster. Richard Lucy, however, obtained for Ravenglas the privileges of a fair and a market from King John, and the fair is still held by the Earl of Egremont or his representative on the eve, the day, and the morrow of St. James. "On the first day the Earl or his proxy attends, accompanied by the serjeant of the borough of Egremont, with the insignia called the Bow of Egremont, by the foresters, with their bows and arrows, and by all the tenants of the forest of Copeland, who hold their estates by the special service of attending the Earl or his representative during Ravenglass fair. On the third day, at noon, the Earl's officers and tenants of the forest depart after proclamation, and Lord Muncaster and his tenants take formal repossession of the place, when the day is concluded by horseracing and various rustic diversions. The children of Ravenglass manor go about from house to house singing for the bounty they were wont to have in old King Edward's days." They get a pie or twopence at each house. Denton says that Ravenglass was anciently a place of ferns, and that the name is a corruption of the Irish Rainigh Fernsald.

[7] "Eskmeals is a plain, low, dry ground, at the foot of the Esk, between the mountains and the sea, which sort of grounds, lying under mountains and promontories into, or at the sea, are commonly called Meeles or Meiles, as it were the entrance or mouth from the sea into a river or such like place, as the Meild or (query of?) Esk. Kirksanton Meil, Cartmeil, Mealholme, the Mule of Galloway, and Millom itself, and many other such like."

Wastwater, and be days and even weeks before you found yourself and civilization again. The Mite would carry you up into wild and desolate Mitredale under the Muncaster Fells, and face to face with Scawfell, and finally to the back of the Screes, just escaping Burnmoor Tarn where one of the tributaries of the Esk has its head-quarters. As for that same sweet winding Esk, to follow it would take you to Devoke water, and into green Eskdale, to Stanley Ghyll and Birker Force, to Harter Fell and Hard Knot and Bow Fell, and finally to Scawfell, close under the shadow of the Pike, where it has its highest spring and earliest cradle. The dale itself would carry you over by Hard Knot and Wrynose and Fell Foot, with a diversion to Blea Tarn, down into Little Langdale and Colwith Force; where, however, you have no business at this moment, if you want to go by the way of the sea-coast, under the lee of Black Combe to Broughton; a way worth seeing, if only for the sake of the purple background of hills always standing between you and the sky—Scawfell topped far above the rest, and the Screes drawing the noblest line against the grey clouds. Very beautiful, too, is it to see the valleys opening up towards the hills, Mitredale and Eskdale, with Birker and Harter Fells behind, and Muncaster Fells below; and grander still the way becomes as you go on towards Black Combe from Bootle.[8] The golden oats and purple heather make a lovely contrast between fell and field; and the hedges look like golden lines, all yellowed in the early autumn by the great square ragwort growing here in wonderful profusion; and then you get to the foot of Black Combe[9]—that grand culmination of the mountain system on the southern

[8] Boot hill—Beacon hill, so some of the etymologists say: others Bothal, from cromlechs, or Bethel, the House of God. In some old records it is Bodele. It is the smallest market town in England, and has a market cross.

[9] Some superstitions, and a few odd customs, still exist about Black Combe. It is said there that the bees sing, and the labouring ox kneels in adoration at twelve o'clock at night on Christmas Eve; and that what quarter soever a bull lies facing, on Allhalloween, thence will blow the prevailing winter wind; and Hob Thross, "a body all ower rough," like the Brownie of old time and Milton's lubber fiend, has still, we believe, private quarters some-

side, the buttress, the advanced guard, the foremost sentinel of all. Black Combe, indeed, has the widest range of any—fourteen counties being to be seen from it, and as far as Talk-on-the-Hill, in Staffordshire, a hundred miles off. It is no rare thing to see Ireland too—before the sun rises, not after. Of the same geological formation as Skiddaw,[10] it is still more marked in its condition, isolated as it is from the green slate at its back, and the red sandstone in front; and, with its fine black head,[11] deserves well its name, and regal sovereignty of the south. But if its head is black, the fells belonging are bronzed with seeding gorse—brown where the gorse and the still green bracken flow into each other, and reddened gold where the fern-leaves have begun to change. The changing bracken, and the

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where in the lowly dwellings about Black Combe; or had, before the railroad came to sweep him away into the limbo of the unproved and the unpractical. Newly married people do not buy corn for their first sowing about Black Combe; they go through the country side, begging a handful here and a handful there, till their friends and neighbours have filled their sack, and given them their future crop: else sorrow a loaf of bread would they rear, were they to give money for their grain. They are called cornlaiters when on this interesting mission: laiting meaning seeking or looking for. On Christmas morning the local dish hereabouts is hack pudding, made of sheep's heart, suet, and dried fruits. Servants are hired only at Martinmas and Whitsuntide; money is lent only at Candlemas; and the dead are always waked.

[10] It is of Skiddaw slate; the only outcome of that special geological formation on this side. At the summit is a cavity, as of an extinct crater, out of a corner whereof a rivulet flows into Whicham, with vitrifications as at Bowscale. The same kind of crater is on Coniston Old Man, and Helvellyn, but on each of these is a lake at the mouth of the cavity.

[11] Black Combe is literally Black Head. It is in the lordship of Millom, and where is still a "castle," then "Millom Castle," which is now partly a farmhouse and partly a ruin. The lordship belonged to William de Meschines, and was given by him, in the reign of Henry I., to a de Boyville, who exercised "jura regalia" there, including the pleasant privilege of erecting a gallows, with the right to hang men thereon. From the de Boyvilles, who were related to the Lords of Egremont, it passed to the Huddlestons, and then in 1714 to the Earl of Lonsdale for twenty thousand pounds. It was disparked only as lately as 1802. During the Parliamentary wars, the Rev. Nathaniel Ward, vicar of Staindrop, who had entered the royal army, was slain at Millom Castle.

purple heather, and the undertone of grey crag, make, in the early autumn days, a glorious arrangement of hill-side colouring, more ripely gorgeous than the spring, and more varied than the summer. Indeed, the early autumn time is the grandest of all for scenic effects in the lake district; the time when the atmosphere lends the greatest charm, and when vegetation is at its loveliest—emphatically the fittest time for this sea-side route, and for watching the hills and hollows and lights and shadows of the grand old solitary sentinel glooming in the sun, itself the fitting witness, in its massiveness and mystery, of the ancient spirits[12] still hovering round its base.

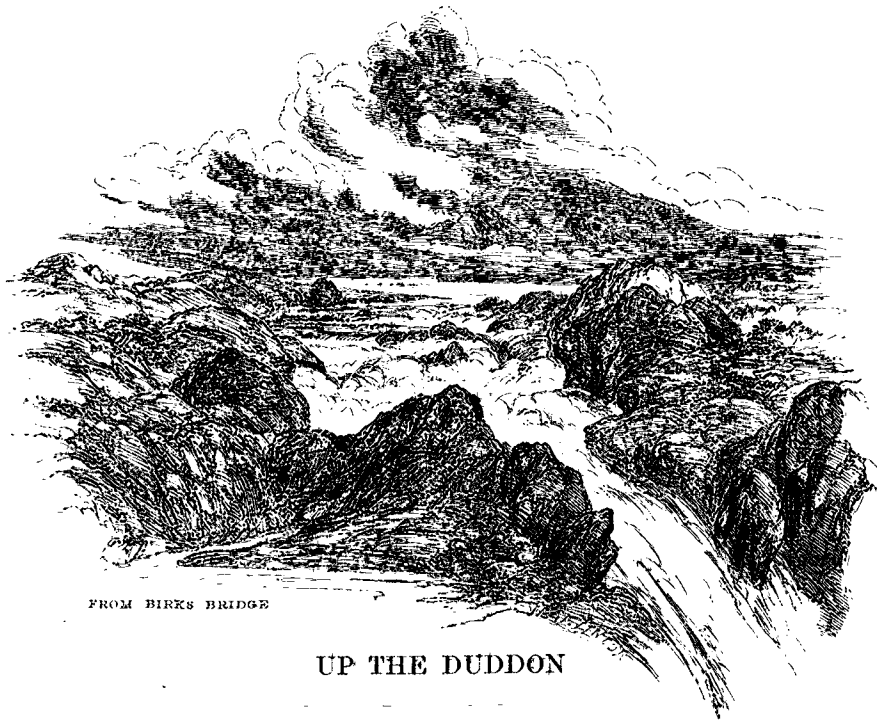
From Bootle you come to the mouth of the Duddon, seeing where the railroad bridge is flung across the wide Duddon sands,[13] like a mere thread suspended between earth and sky—seeing, too, where the old monks, in their rich valley of Furness, gave motive and action, and a rule whereby the lay world was forced to live, lording it over the lake country with somewhat a heavy hand if a beneficent, and caring as much, we must confess, for their own

[12] Many Druidical circles exist in this district, to be best seen by the Ordnance maps. At Annaside twelve stones in a circle, which were once, it is natural to suppose, a temple like that at Keswick; near Gutterby are thirty stones in a circle called Kirkstones, and two hundred yards off is a cairn. The Standing Stones are three miles farther south; these are eight big blocks, which once formed part of a circle twenty-five yards in diameter; in Millom grounds are the imperfect remains of a circle; about a mile east of Black Combe is the Sunken Kirk; and a mile off, another circle, smaller. All these are assumed to be Druidical remains; and probably the reasons which led the monks to Furness previously caused the bards and priests of Druidism to establish their temples and celebrate their rites in the same district.

[13] The Lancashire side of the estuary is called Dunnerholme-sand-side. The Cumberland side is Barrick Railes. The Duddon has a speciality in its cockles, which are reputed the best and finest of any in the north country; though both the Lancaster and Leven sands produce very largely in size and quantity, yet the "fresh Dutton cockles," as they are called, bear the palm over both, and help to the support of many a poor family by the sea-side. The calculation a few years ago was of 8,553,600 cockles in a month, allowing ninety to the quart. Sandford (about 1675) speaks of the Duddon as "a brave river, where the famousest Cockles of all England is gathered in the sands, scraped out with hooks like sickles, and brave salmons and flookes, the bravest in England, hung up and dried like bacon."

pleasant temporalities as for the spiritual graces of their vassals. But for the present you must leave Furness Abbey on one side, until you have learnt what Donnerdale and Eskdale, Wrynose, Little Langdale, and Coniston have to show you.

BLACK COMBE



FROM BIRKS BRIDGE

UP THE DUDDON

CHAPTER XVI

BROUGHTON[1] is the "chief town" of the Duddon; the metropolis and capital,

[1] Broughton belonged to the de Broughtons,—the grant confirmed to Edward de Broughton by Wm. de Lancastre III. to be held by knightly service and a rent—amount unknown. When Lambert Simnel landed at the Pile of Foudrey in 1487, the Duchess of Burgundy, sister to the deposed king and so-called aunt to the adventurer, prevailed on Sir Thomas Broughton to join the invaders landing there probably through some such agreement with the fair plotter. After the defeat at Stoke, near Coventry, Sir Thomas escaped, and found an asylum with some of his tenantry at Withersack, in Westmoreland, where he died without issue in 1495. And so the grand old family, which had lived unstinted from the Saxon times, through the Norman Conquest and the troubles of the York and Lancaster disturbances, fell for an adventurer.

whence post-horses can be taken seven miles up the road, as far as Newfield; or a couple of miles farther to Birks Brig; or, indeed, over the pass entirely, if not particular in the matter of carriage-springs, and if a sharp climb one way, or a steep pitch the other, can be faced without wincing. The road cannot be called a normal carriage-road, let it be remembered; still, it is practicable; but whether riding or driving or walking, your way up the Duddon is to start from Broughton, fronting the hills, and leaving the sands and the plains and the sea behind you.

The river first fallen upon is only the Lickle,[2] a side branch of the greater stream, coming from the heathery bee-haunted Furness Fells, but not the real thing yet for a few paces. There is no mistaking the Duddon when you do see it; for you feel it at once to be a pathway[3] up into a world of beauty and strength unusual and supreme, and that the waters foaming under the wooded heights that bank it up on the left, while tender copses and bright fields lead down to it on the right, are sure to carry you to a birthplace equal to their out-fall. Very rich is the way for the first long part—sweet and flowery and pastoral; reminding one somewhat of the broken picturesqueness of Great Langdale, but not so primitive; with Broughton Tower rearing itself up through its screen of trees, and Duddon Grove displaying its luxury in the midst of simplicity like an exotic plant blowing among our English wild-flowers; with pretty homes and hamlets, and pleasant signs of work and industry by the road-side, but getting wilder and less rich, if more noble, as you proceed. Till, when you

[2] Often erroneously set down as the Little in maps and charts.

[3] "Now it has assumed something of the port and strength of a river; the water, too, which like Cotton's favourite Dove, was 'black at its source, because it springs from the mosses,' has, like it, become 'so clarified by the addition of several clear springs, bigger than itself, which gush out of the limestone rocks, that in a few miles you will find it one of the purest crystalline springs you have seen.' Wordsworth says, 'the water is perfectly pellucid, through which in many places is seen, to a great depth, its bed of rock or blue gravel, which gives to the water itself an exquisitely cerulean colour.'"—THORNE'S *Rambles by Rivers*.

are at Ulpha (which you must call Oopha, if you want to be understood), you have come into quite untrimmed life again, and have got your first grip on the mountains. For you stand some feet higher above the sea at Ulpha Kirk, ("to the pilgrim's eye as welcome as a star,")[4] than you did at Broughton in the morning.

The scenery hereabouts is wonderfully grand, and from a certain point in the road you get one of the finest views of your day. Cove and Blakerigg and Walna Scar and Seathwaite Fell, all purple and gold, rise up before you; while dusky Wrynose and steep-sided Hard Knot break through the clouds in the extreme distance, and the sea lies like a sheet of silver at your feet. A marvellously beautiful view, turn where you will; to the richness of the open valley and the sea; to the white track of river; to the sterner distance before you, or the desolateness of the hill-side, too bleak for cultivation and too poor for human life. And tempting even to steady-headed travellers are the many by-roads leading to all manner of hidden beauty. At one place a grey, roughly-marked road leads over Wallabarrow to Eskdale. (There was a good wheel track before you came to Ulpha, but this steep, fell-side cat's climb has fascinations far superior to the plain, broad, rolling way.) By another cat's climb you would be taken right into the heart of the Furness Fells, and over to Coniston by the help of the sky and the sun as your compass only; but if you are bound for the track "up the Duddon," you will have to rein in your curiosity with a strong hand, and away by the beaten track to Newfield, which is Seathwaite, and the home of Wordsworth's Wonderful Walker; who, by the way—pity that it should be so! pity that any idol whatever should have its clay feet smashed!—was not so wonderful after all, but simply a shrewd and thrifty "statesman-priest," who knew how to turn an honest penny with the best

[4] "The Kirk of Ulpha to the pilgrim's eye
Is welcome as a star that doth present
Its shining forehead through the peaceful rent
Of a black cloud diffused through half the sky."—*Sonnet xxxi.*

of them, and who, by this thrift and divided genius for turning honest pennies, managed to leave a handsome mass of savings out of an apparently beggarly income. His cottage parsonage still exists, of the humblest architecture but beautified by flowers and climbing roses; and the cloth lining of his pew, woven by his own hand, is a local lion of the place; his tombstone is in the quiet churchyard, where, under the shadow of the yew-tree and near to an old-fashioned sun-dial, the world is told by the record on a plain blue slab that Robert Walker died the 25th day of June, 1802, in the ninety-third year of his age and the sixty-seventh of his curacy at Seathwaite; and that Anne, his wife, also died this same year of grace 1802, on the 28th day of January, in the ninety-third year of her age. A right worthy and venerable couple, but in no wise superior to many others of the ancient parson class in the mountain district, save in the ability to make money by a variety of sources, even including that of unlicensed beer-selling.

At Seathwaite comes down the Seathwaite brook, bringing with it the freshness and cheerfulness of its birthplace on breezy Dow Crag for one portion, and from Seathwaite Tarn on Seathwaite Fells for the other. This is the brook spoken of by Wordsworth as desecrated by the erection of a mill for spinning yarn upon its banks, but which he would not have much cause to lament now—at least, for the unpicturesqueness of use and neatness; for the old mill is a tangled ruin; and the poet's ghost may rest appeased. Poor Wordsworth! how he fretted and fidgeted his soul at the inevitable march of events, and the throwing open to the world at large the hidden mountain beauties he wanted so earnestly to keep to himself and the shepherds!

Going up this supplementary valley, or gorge, of the Seathwaite beck, passing under Under Crag as if to ascend Walna Scar, you come upon wild and beautiful nooks—hidden recesses, where it seems to you that no one has ever been before; lovely hiding-places, which you and the mountain spirits alone know of, and which the sins and follies of humanity have

never polluted. So it seems to you, going up that wild gorge of the little beck. And so does it seem to you also when sitting under the lee of that tall rock called emphatically The Pen, or The Hill, according to the speech of our forefathers, the Painted Ones; with Wallabarrow on your left, and the foaming river below. This is the place where the pensive stranger wandered out for a noonday stroll while dinner was preparing at the little inn. Coming back sooner than was expected, and asked, "Where he had been?" he answered innocently, "As far as it was finished;" not understanding the beauty, which to him was simple chaos.

And here a divergence must be made. Go off the road and scramble down to the bed of the Duddon, and see how wildly and how grandly the rocks have been riven and tossed about by frost and wind and the pitiless penetration of rain. Deep and fierce lies the river below, marking its way by a thousand white cascades, leaping all obstacles with a bound, and flinging up its cap of spray and foam with a wild hurrah and a furious hurling onwards; and high and broken towers Wallabarrow Crag above you; and dark and full of fear the mountains at the head, which you have to learn and conquer before the day is out. And when you have wandered about the rocks for as long as you may and dare, you must come back to the road again; if, indeed, you be not minded to follow the Duddon step by step, and never quit its side till you have come to its birthplace; which you may do if you have stout sinews, and the summer day is long, and you are not finical in the matter of your pavement. But, perhaps, you had better come back to the road and Nettleslack Bridge, unless you wish to be bogged and belated.

To the right a sharp clear way is traced over Walna Scar—that great broken crag with Seathwaite Tarn in the dip and Wetherlam behind. This leads to Coniston; is, indeed, the recognized way of communication between the Duddon and Coniston; and a noble way it is! By the Walna Scar quarries, and near to Blind Tarn under Dow Crag—a streamless lakelet set in the moss like a thing lost, with never an outlet beyond; by Black Fell,

and across Ashgill and Torver Becks, till you come down under Yewdale Crag to Coniston, just where the railroad ends, on the west side of the lake;—if you want one of the best fell-side walks that can be named, take this some day when you have perfectly learnt the Duddon in its main artery, and so have leisure to study the ramifications. But not to-day.

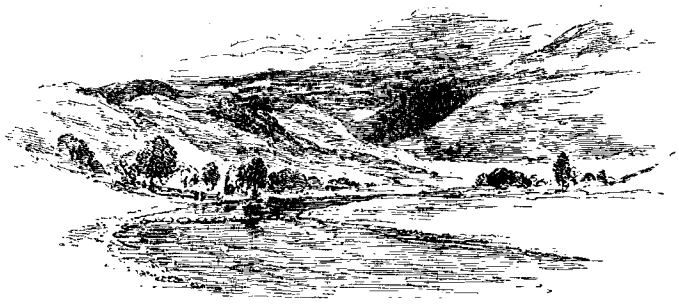
Then on again, having now lost the river within the rocks until you pass Wallabarrow, when there it is again, beautiful as ever, under the crags, the birds singing in the trees, and the cows pasturing in the fields—a perfect picture of peace and sweetness, till you come to a greenish-grey lane which leads you down to some stepping-stones. Not the famous stones; only a few "water-teeth" for the shepherds, where, however, you may stand and see the grandeur of the rift—a sheer chasm where the water rushes in unchecked force, the fell all in gold and purpled tones, while isolated crags come out in cool grey, and the background of wild mountains of a deep bloomy purple. A very noticeable bit this of the Duddon; perhaps the loveliest and most noticeable of all, with the stormy river rushing so fiercely forward to bury itself, like many a life too eager and too passionate, within the depths of the rock, and behind the gates of death and bondage. Only, with no eternity of death for the river, as so often for the life; for the rock gates open again beyond, and the Duddon strides through them into the light of life and the joy of the sun once more, for many a long and lovely mile before its last issue into the waste of waters by Duddon Sands.

A long dale, and a wild one, this which you are now traversing, uninhabited save at rare intervals, when you fall upon a few poor fell-side dwellings; at least not fall upon them, for oftentimes they are off the line of such "high road" as it is, and well-nigh inaccessible at certain seasons and in certain weathers; but great is the courage of the dalesmen, and wonderful their power of isolation, sustaining, as they so often do, a life of almost unbroken solitude, with minds not uncultivated, and manners not rude if less than soft. They form a race apart, and are the most interesting of the mountain folk. But wild and lonely as this dale is, how full of incident! Here you

come to Goldrill Crag[5] and Wordsworth's Fairy Chasm, where the roots of the rock are of a pure blue below the water, though only of a warm dove-colour in the sunlight; where the water is no longer a river but a broken cascade; and where the wild fells, backed by the wilder mountains—Harter Fell and Birker Fell on the one side, the Old Man and Wetherlam and Walna Scar on the other, Wrynose and Grey Friars in front—seem the very term of all human life.

Then on again to Birks Bridge, a stone bridge flung across a black rift where the stones are hollowed into deep "pots," all the angles rounded, and all asperities softened—honeycombed through and through—one rock specially worn away into an arch through which the river leaps merrily. The water has a strange sound. The surging in and out these holes gives a weird kind of anger to its flow, both by sound and look; and the life and tumult here make the next reach—a stony, marshy, flat, stagnant rather than running—still more dead and dull. But the fell-side and the river meadows are covered with sweet-gale, and the loveliest bog plants are to be found here in their season; beautifying the desolation and peopling the solitude. Else it is all a mere waste, doing nothing, bearing nothing, giving nothing towards the great commonwealth of human life; its only use the scanty pasturage to be had off the fells for a few sheep and shabby "beasts," —the wildest, loneliest, most lifeless place yet seen. But by-and-by you come to some stepping-stones — Wordsworth's stepping-stones — which, of course, you go down to see and stand on, and sentimentalise about;

[5] Green speaks of his escape from what might have been rather an embarrassing experience. Not long after he and a friend had been sitting on a certain stone that rises out of the river under Goldrill crag, an immense fragment came down from above, and fell on the exact spot where they had been. It was in the night time when it fell, and the shepherds were, naturally, much alarmed, but did not discover till morning what the noise had meant. These slips and fractures are by no means uncommon in the lake country, where the frost splits the rocks with such a clean and unseen fracture, that you have a ton's weight hanging loose above your head, held together by perhaps the last rootlets of a bunch of ling, without your knowing that it is anything but the solid side of a rock, as firm as the earth itself.



" A zone
Chosen for ornament—stone matched with stone
In studied symmetry,[6] with interspace
For the clear waters to pursue their race
Without restraint."

and then you pass Black Hall; and then you come to Cockley Bridge —Cocklety Brig, as the dalesmen call it—where the Eskdale Pass to the left joins your present road—Wrynose Pass before you. Mickledore Chasm is seen over where Burnmoor Tarn lies; Scawfell and Scawfell Pike ranging to the left. If a storm is coming on, walking over the mountains with a slow and solemn tread, the fields below you, and the woods and crags, will all look doubly bright and full of colour in the grey of the coming shower; the subtle darkness of background having the power to bring out to the utmost all the brighter tones in the landscape beyond. The wonderful vividness of colour against the blotted, misty, grey-clad hills, is one of the special atmospheric effects of the mountain district. It may be seen to a faint degree on the plains, but never as here.

You have come twelve miles from Broughton when you stand on Cockley Beck Brig, and have eight more at the least before you land at Langdale. It is a long day's journey, adding the side excursions to the river, and wandering afield for any new beauty that may attract you.

[6] " As harmonious in colour as symmetrical in form—of a delicate white, with the slightest admixture of blue."—THORNE'S *Rambles by Rivers*.

And now you have your real mountain pass before you; the steep shingly road; the sweep of the bird's wing, broken here, though, out of its true line, and heaped up with adventitious bones; the wet and watery river side; the jutting crags, the crossing stream, and the true mountain desolateness of all. The interminable dale that it looks, viewed which way you will! backward to the sea, with the road and the river winding together, in harmony and completeness, if not in repetition; or forward, to the barren fells and the crags above, and the grey chain of mountains below and against the sky! But in due time you reach the top of the pass, where the Three Shire Stones[7] mark the point of junction of the three counties. And near the stones, among the oozy moss and bog, is the highest source of the Duddon; a little pool of water welling silently up among the stones and moss, to become hereafter one of the most celebrated of the Lancashire rivers.[8] And without being sentimental and absurd, it is impos-

[7] The "Three Shire Stones" are something like a rude three-sided altar, with the name of each county—Lancashire, Westmereland, and Cumberland—carved on smoothed slabs let into each side, and facing according to the compass. A white pillar, with "W. F., 1816," on one side, and a bold "Lancashire" on the other, asserts the position of that county with even more distinctness than the others. Young men not burdened with flesh, and possessing long limbs, may stand in two counties, and touch the third at the same time, which is still held to be a noteworthy geographical feat.

[8] The venerable Harrison, chaplain to Lord Cobham, in a description of the Lancashire rivers, "nearly three hundred years ago," says: "Having passed the Leuen, or Cornysandes, or Winander fall (for all is one), I come to the Lew, which riseth at Lewicke chappell, and falleth into the sea beside Plumpton. The Rawther, descending out of Lowe Furnesse, hath two heads, whereof one cõmeth frõ' Pennyton, the other by Ulmerstone Abbey, and joyning both in one chanell, they hasten into the sea, whither all waters direct theyr voyage. Then come we to another rill south-west of Aldingham, descending to Glaiston Castell, and likewyse the fourth that ryseth neare Lyndell, and running by Dawltõ Castell and Furnesse Abbey, not farre from the Barow heade, it falleth into the sea ouer against Wauey and Wauey chappell, except myne aduertisements misleade me. The Dodon cõmeth frõ' the Shire stonehill bottome, and going by Black hil, Southwake, S. John's, Uffay parke, and Broughton, it falleth into the salt water betweene Kyrby and Mallum Castell, and thus we are now come unto the Ravenglasse point," where our authority quits the rivers of Lancashire.

sible to see the insignificant, scarce definable source of a noble river without experiencing something more than mere delight in a fine prospect, or pleasure at a curious discovery. The analogy between it and our human life is so strong that we cannot choose but recognize it, with happy meditations or gloomy, according to the teaching of our lives, and the lessons learnt from experience. Bleak and dark and desert is this fell top—this cradle of that sunny reach below; as if it is the crest of the last wave, where the only Beyond will be destruction. But as you go on, following now the rough marking of what was the old Kendal and Whitehaven road in the days when carts and railroads were not, and the universal pack-horse did the commercial carrying of all 'cross country traffic, you come upon Little Langdale Valley, lying in its beauty below you. In a short time you see Little Langdale Tarn, where the pass goes over by the Stake, the Pikes topping and ending that section of your view. For the rest there is a wild upheaval of mountains, and when you turn to the left, across Lingmoor, for high-lying Blea Tarn and Fell Foot, you are wandering in a corner of old chaos—a forgotten corner, never reduced to symmetry and order.

Blea Tarn has one or two specialities. It is the scene of Wordsworth's *Solitary*—that one lonely house still there to make it yet more lonely—and the hill-sides round it are clothed with larch-wood; almost the only instance in the country of wood growing about a real mountain tarn; it lies in a more regularly formed basin, as if it had been made in a more compact and finished manner than its congeners, and the Pikes "that from some other dale peer into this," but more especially Gimmer Crag, look their best from here; all of which give boggy, black, and desolate Blea Tarn a specific value, even beyond what belongs by right to a tarn; the solitude and the distant heights that rise up over the immediate mountain wall, the crags and the free life, the wild prison that it is, and the yet more wild escape. There is a stronger, and, for its very strength, a tenderer and more chastened beauty, in the mountain shapes and lines in these most desolate places, than there is in even the richest luxuriance of cultivation.

Is it that they are the types of Christ-like resignation and Promethean patient fortitude, more beautiful than all the undulations of happiness and success? and that when we see these lean, gaunt, lonely hills clustered round their dark and lonely tarns, with a grip of love all the stronger because unshared, we see a positive picture of man's soul, and the emblem of silent endurance, and the love that sometimes binds the strong and the unlovely together?

If you care to go down by Fell Foot and Wall End, you will come out nearly opposite to Dungeon Ghyll; but if you want to see Little Langdale, and one or two lonely spots connected, come back again to the old road, simply knitting Blea Tarn in with the day's chain, making it a loop but not an ending. For this walk into Little Langdale and on to Colwith Force is something worth seeing. Every step of the way is lovely. The leafy lanes through belts of copsewood, with the valley below and the heavy mountains behind and on each side, are beautiful both in themselves and in what they show. Rich as the richest parts of the Midland counties, and grand as only mountain scenery can be, these wooded lanes are things to remember for ever, especially if seen in the autumn time, when the yellow leaves are scattered in showers of gold on the ground, and the sunlight, slanting across the trees, brings out all hues and tones possible to nature, from cobalt in the shadows to gold on the surface, and from gold, through orange, to blood-red crimson in the heart.

The place of the powder-mills alone is a poem in itself, and the bridge across the Langdale Beck (the Brathay in its embryonic state,) lets you into such a scene of river loveliness as you will never forget all your life long. The river has made itself a pathway there, under the overhanging trees and down the steep fall of stones, which, in its one small bit of isolation, is unparalleled for beauty. Even the Greta in Brund Holme, even the Derwent in Borrowdale, or Grisedale Beck, or the bright-eyed Goldrill, or the Duddon itself, cannot surpass these few yards of river beauty at the back of the powder-mills as seen from Langdale Brig.

Then through the primitive Alpine lanes, of which you have seen

something before; between woods and over hills, and diving down into valleys again, with the Brathay valley before you, and Loughrigg, and the back of Red Bank Grasmere between it and Fairfield—with all the sweet incidents of a true country walk, till you come to Colwith Force fretting out its life under the crags and about the tree roots, while the great rocks look serenely down into the very heart of its turmoil, and the branches whisper to each other gently, and shake their leaves, light as the fall of baby fingers, on its troubled breast. The spray flies off as the fall leaps down from stone to stone, and the sun glints on it cheerily, and the huge mountains at the back, Wetherlam and the Old Man, send down their clouds and mists to swell the flow, which, in rainy times, is really grand. It is a leap in the river running between Little Langdale Tarn and Elterwater; an heroic leap, plunging down its rocky rift with the fury of a wild Arab rushing to the plain.

On the height above the Force, crossing Colwith Bridge, is a fine panorama of mountains. Wetherlam, big as an elephant and grim and wolfish in appearance, is to the extreme left, and next it comes the oddly-shaped crest of Wrynose; Bowfell between it and Lingmoor; the highest point to the right is one of the Pikes, and Pavey Ark follows, while it lowers, the line: High Raise—Serjeant Man just peeping up above—Silver How, and the dip of Dunmail Raise, are all in a cluster together; and then come Seat Sandal, Grisedale Pass, and Fairfield above. The rest are probably in the clouds, but the lower foreground crags are sure to come out fine and bold, and a bit of Elterwater shines in the sun to give animation to the landscape.

And now the road becomes at every yard more beautiful. You are no longer among the mountains, but among the fells—the Tilberthwaite Fells—notoriously the most picturesque of all. Not an attempt at neatness; not a sign of the intelligent landscape gardener anywhere; a good road, newly made, and an old and indifferent one abandoned, the only marks of man's life at all; not a house, not a garden, not a field, only the wildness of the

fell-side, with the steep hill and the steep valley, and the blue crags feathered with ling and bracken and sullen juniper, with the crimsoned leaflets of the bilberry and the purple pods of the gorse; little copses of elms and hazel by the wayside, the leaves all turned to fiery jewels in the autumn sun, with here and there a solitary thorn-tree, or an ash set high up among the rocks, or belted in with a chain of larch across the middle; wild-flowers of all kinds, from the dainty scarlet pimpernel to the coarse-leaved prickly ox-tongue; Wetherlam and the Old Man and Grey Friars ever in the landscape, and glimpses of Black Combe and the sea to be had at intervals; wildness, with nothing desolate about it, but only beauty and solitude; this is the character of the way between Little Langdale and Coniston. It is like a mountain park or garden, run wild; in its wildness bearing fruits and flowers, perhaps of little value, but still bearing both fruits and flowers, left to the grace of nature unchecked, not to barrenness and the disgrace of nature destroyed. Over by Oxenfell and Yewdale runs this beautiful fell-side road; one of the richest, the most varied, and the most picturesque; well worthy to be known and loved by all who care for the noblest kind of hill-side scenery, not necessarily including the hill-top.

If you have wanted to include Eskdale[9] in this walk "up the Duddon,"

[9] Speaking of Eskdale chapelry, Hutchinson says, "Wakes and Doles are customary, and weddings, christenings, and funerals are always attended by the neighbours, sometimes to one hundred. The popular diversions are hunting and cock-fighting." Winning the kail—in Scotland the brose, in West Cumberland Riding for the Ribbon—is mentioned in a curious local poem by one Edward Chicken, parish clerk of St. John, Newcastle-on-Tyne; and though not belonging strictly to the present note, yet it may be included as an appendix:—

"Four rustic Fellows went the while
To kiss the Bride at the Church Stile:
Then vig'rous mount their fetter'd Steeds—
To scourge them going, head and tail,
To win what country call 'the kail.'"

In the Westmoreland dialect we are told, the ceremony being over, "Awe raid haame fearful wele, and the youngans raaid for th' Ribband, me Cuson Betty banged awth Lads, an gat it for sure."

you must have either started from Ravenglass, or have turned back on Hard Knot, or else have diverged midway over by Wallabarrow Crag, as you were told. If you have gone from Ravenglass you will have had a fine day's excursion. In the first place there is Muncaster Castle,[10] at the foot of the Muncaster Fells, dividing you from Mitredale; and to those who care for grandeurs and the like, the castle will be a treat. Then there is Devoke Water, with the city of Barnscar (Bardskew and Barnsea), tempting the antiquarian with its strange old remains and suggestive fancies; and then there is beer to be had at the "King of Prussia." And beer in a mountain ramble does not count for little. Indeed, the "King of Prussia" is an institution of such importance that it is marked on the maps as a station equal in interest with Stanley Ghyll or Birker Force. Stanley Ghyll, by the way, is a stupid modernism. Dalegarth Force is the old name of the waterfall, and until the Stanleys of Ponsonby bought the property; but if our fells and falls are to change their names according to the baptism of the lords of the manor for the time being, we shall have rather a confused geography for future generations to commit to memory.

The name, however, cannot spoil the thing. Stanley Ghyll or Dalegarth Force, what matters it? here is one of the choice places of the earth. It is not the finest waterfall by any means (it is only sixty feet in fall), but it is the finest glen, and the view from the moss-house at the top is superb. A deep, dark, cool recess, where wild-flowers and ferns and bilberries grow

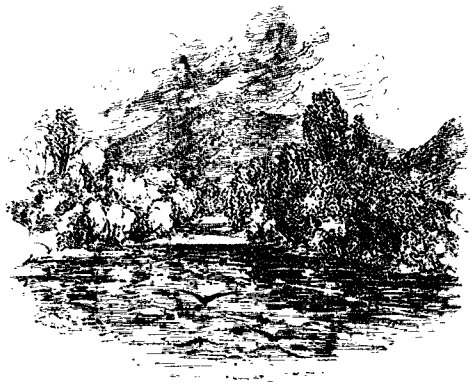
[10] Muncaster has its Luck as well as Edenhall, but the one has no pretension to the supernaturalism of the other. The Musgraves got their Luck from the fairies; it was Henry VI. who gave Sir John de Pennington his—a curiously wrought glass cup in remembrance of the zeal with which he had served him, and the fidelity with which he had followed the kingly fortunes, even when they were at their worst, and the head that wore a crown wanted a shelter, which who but Sir John supplied? The Fool of Muncaster, Thomas Skelton, was a man of note in his day, and his portrait is still to be seen in the castle. The boys of the district have preserved his memory in a certain game, which they call "Mad Tom of Mulcaster." The right name is Mulcastræ or Mœlcastre, according to Denton's MS., or Mealcastre, from the Meal on which it stood.

in more than ordinary luxuriance; a great steep rift, one side of which is bare crag, but the other covered with wood through which the sun slants with brightest radiance; a river as clear as a tremulous sheet of crystal flowing over its bed of rock and small fine golden sands; and then the waving of the plumy birch and the greater greenness of the damp moss, step by step greener and more damp, till you come up to the fall; the leap—the many leaps—the mad uproar, and the foaming waters, with those three frail bridges leading you across and across, till you have learnt every feature and have taken to heart every line—that is Dalegarth Force, such as you see it when you have got the key from the farmhouse—and have fee'd the keeper. It is something after the pattern of Ara, but smaller in volume and not so sheer in fall; and of even grander accessories. Or perhaps they look grander here in this narrow valley, where one has so lately left the long flat of sands and sea-side wastes, than they would if seen in the powerful nobleness of the larger mountain district.

Eskdale can boast a very fair share of natural riches; one of which is the green dale itself, with its glittering river winding like a silver snake through its midst; while Dalegarth is a thing to remember for ever, to long for, and to love—as one loves a noble poem or a beautiful and suggestive story. Passing on from this cool recess, you follow next the road that takes you to Birker Force, a finely placed waterfall, coming, in its small beginning, from Low Birker Tarn out on Birker Fell. Wilder and less rich than Dalegarth, with more mountain strength and less woodland loveliness about it, broad and bounding, and with a fine volume of water, not high, yet inspiring, like a full-toned mountain song—Birker Force is as unlike to Dalegarth as the Highland chieftain is unlike the Lowland lord. Both are noble and both full of manhood; but the one has added richness, not effeminacy, and the other has kept to his simplicity, which yet is not barrenness. They are well contrasted in tone and spirit; and if mere words of description fail to give their picture, at least they can give their meaning. For every place has its special meaning, and its secret sympathy

with human mood and circumstance; and it needs no fanciful imagination, no aptness at idealisms, to read a page in human character, or to fashion out the conduct of a life in the aspect of a waterfall or the features of a mountain side.

Then on by the road—a good highway as mountain paths go; through patches of common land, where wayside bogs show rare mosses, and the rough places have the bristly ox-tongue as their treasure, where the ground is blue with harebells and the air alive with birds; on, over the brow and under the crag, past the rock and the river, and in the shadow of the hill, till you come to where a long line of blue glitters in the autumn sunshine, and the sweet and tranquil waters of CONISTON welcome you like a loving face upturned to yours.



FROM JUDDON BRIDGE

THE OLD MAN—FROM BRANTWOOD

CONISTON AND HAWKSHEAD

CHAPTER XVII

It is a strange fact that Coniston,[1] which may be taken as the first of the lake series by the visitors approaching from the south, and which has direct communication by way, if not by vehicle, with all the rest, is still the least known and the least loved. Yet the scenery here is as beautiful as elsewhere, excepting, perhaps, the choicest parts about Keswick and Ullswater, which stand out as unique and inimitable. For there must always be the Best with everything, and Nature, like man, has the purple for some of her

[1] Anciently Conyngstone, or Cunyngstone, or Thurston Water. The several meanings given for these names may be mentioned here as an instance of the troubles into which etymologists get, when they attempt their rational (and irrational) derivations of the names of places. "Coniston: *ton*, a town; *con*, at the head of; *is*, a lake." "Conyngstone, or Konyg'ston," the royal town, without authority or tradition to connect it in any way with royalty. "Cunyngstone, or Cunning Stone," because of its many clefts, and caves, and hill-side hiding-places, good for old-time fugitives to whom the law was inconvenient; though indeed for that matter it is less suitable for a hiding-place than Ullswater, or Derwentwater, or Ennerdale, or Wastwater. In the tenth year of Edward III. the Abbot of Furness had a grant of free warren in several places, among which was "Kunygston."

cradles, if nothing better than shabby linings, torn and jagged, for others. Yet Coniston Lake, that long and narrow[2] sheet of water stretching its six miles of blue between the fells, deserves a more generous appreciation than what it has met with, and a more popular acceptance. And now that it has a railroad probing its very heart, it is likely that lovers will come round it, as thickly as round Windermere and Derwentwater.

Take the circuit round the lake, beginning at the Waterhead on the west side, and going southwards towards Furness, past the islands and by Brantwood on the east, as one example of the sweetness and the richness of the place. There is first that grand Old Man, at the feet of which you reverently walk, overshadowed by his huge crags as you pass through the ancient village of Church Coniston—one of those quaint villages with the flavour of old times about them, and the generous beautifying of nature around, so characteristic of our lake country. The old deer-park, where once the lord held his high days of sport and revelry, and which has still the inheritance of richer foliage and nobler growths than belong elsewhere, is one of those flavourings: so is that ivied and venerable house, Coniston Hall,[3] where the Flemings used to live, and which was the residence for a

[2] It is six miles long, and from three-quarters to a mile in breadth, and contains the best char of all the lakes, as Ullswater has the worst and poorest. Even Corry bears testimony to this fact, when he says, "Our learned Clarencieux (Camden) was imposed upon when he was informed that the char was a fish peculiar to Winder Meer, since in Coningston Meer, within five (?) miles, a char much fairer and more serviceable is caught." Also the best black-faced mutton feeds on the Coniston Fells, which are the richest in mines, have the best slate, and are of most geological importance, of the whole lake district.

[3] The manor of Coniston passed, by the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Adam de Urswick, in the reign of Henry III., to Richard le Fleming, and Coniston Hall became the family seat for seven generations. About the tenth year of Henry IV., Thomas le Fleming married Isabella, one of the four daughters and co-heiresses of Sir John de Lancastre, and acquired the manor of Rydal; and for seven generations more Rydal and Coniston vied with each other which should hold the family seat, and whether it should be in Westmoreland or Lancashire. Rydal conquered. Michael le Fleming, the founder of the family, had much land and property about this neighbourhood, but he was fond of

time of the Countess of Pembroke—"Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," but which is now only a farmhouse famous for its sheep-clipping. Both of these places have a world of suggestive thought lying about them; of quite another character to what is awakened by the primitive hamlet of Torver farther on; where was never a name of note, nor a family with spurs at their heels, nor "cote armoure" on their shields, but only sons of the soil—brave thralls and faithful serfs—whose descendants are, some of them, living on the same lands to this day, as brave, and happily somewhat better educated than their forbears. Here, at Torver, was once an old chapel, lately removed for one more suited to the ideas of the present day; but which had a special interest in that it was consecrated by Archbishop Cranmer, and said to be the first place of Protestant worship consecrated in England. It is doubtless right that these relics should pass away, and yet one cannot refrain from a feeling of sorrow and untimely loss when they have gone. It is the sacrifice of sentiment to convenience; and the sentiment seems to be the stronger fact of the two. The Black Beck of Torver is a beautiful episode in the day's ramble, and the Black Beck Falls, flowing down from the mountain's side and joining the Torver Beck which comes from Gait's Water lying under Dove or Dow or Dhu Crags, are worthy of all renown. But indeed these mountain cascades are so exquisite everywhere, that we might build shrines and say our orisons of praise impartially and equally by all.

Then on, under the hoary fells, where gorse and bracken clothe the old bleached bones with grace and glory; past Beacon Tarn, which, unless you have chosen the higher road from Oxenhouse, you must go out of your way to see, though it is not specially picturesque, being merely a well-sized pond lying tranquilly on the dark brown moors of Beacon Hill, and sending out

exchanging his rights and estates. Thus, he gave "Ros, with its fishponds and members and appurtenances" for Berdesey and its fishponds;" and he gave away Urswick and its appurtenances, save the church. Muchlands was originally "Michael's Land," as Much Urswick is only the corruption of Michael's Urswick: it is called Mychel-land in the Denby records—as the manor of Aldingham is called the manor of Muchland.

a small thread of living water, known to the world as Beacon Beck, which joins the Crake at Bouthray Bridge; then by Water Yeat, and Arklid, and Low Nibthwaite, first turning to note the whole length of the lake shining like a bright blue ribbon from the copper sheds to the noble park at the head. You are not among the mountains at the foot of the lake; only in the fell country, with the purple heights clustered against the sky in the distance, and nothing but whitened rocks or dark stretches of mossy uplands around you, bronzed or reddened as the growth upon them is dying fern or seeding gorse or the elfin bells of heath or heather. There, away to the south, lie the plains and the cities and the waste of sands and the eternal sea; there the loud whirr of the factory and the rattle of the steam engine, the hoarse murmur of life concentrated, and the fierce struggle for existence and pre-eminence for ever going on; and here, up to the north, is the loveliness of fell and flood, the noble peace of the mountain top, the grandeur of the mountain torrent, the sufficing space, and the breadth and power of true manhood: all emblemised in the glorious majesty of the Old Man, standing up against the west like a royal lord, with his court of lower nobles surrounding. Such a noble mass as he is, clothed now in this autumn time in purple and gold, with a crown of crimson if it is in the evening and the cloud wreaths are light and vapoury, but clothed ever with power and beauty, no matter what the season or the weather.

And now you turn up the east side of the lake, seeing where the floating island (for Coniston could once boast of this phenomenon as well as Derwentwater and Esthwaite) got stranded among the reeds at Nibthwaite during a high wind and heavy flood, and has never been able to get off again; passing by Gridiron or Peil or Montague Island as you choose, and then by Fir, or Knott's Island—sometimes island, sometimes promontory, according to the rain-gauge—where the wild balsam grows among the raspberries and blackberries, and where, on the road-side bank across the way, a very cloud of white convolvuluses hold up their "moonlight-coloured cups," and the grass of Parnassus shows its gold-green veins under its waxen skin. Then on

again, past pretty copses and over pleasant becks—one, the Black Beck, though not the "Black Beck of Torver" opposite—with a wide wealth of flowers by the wayside, and ever the noble mountain king to the left; past Brantwood, which Wordsworth's seat, where the great poet sat pronouncing this the best view of the lake and the Old Man, has made classical; past Tent Lodge, made classical, too, by the tragedy of poor Elizabeth Smith, who, in her last illness, used to be brought down to the lake-side here, and laid on her couch under a tent, whence the name of the house succeeding; up steep hills and down sharp pitches, through copses and by fields, and past the hazel-tree where the toothwort grows under the stone at its root; and so to the quaint and ancient village again—Church Coniston, at the foot of the Old Man. And here, it may be well to say, that there are two Conistons, though not two villages: Church Coniston on the west side of the lake, reaching from Yewdale, or Yellow, or Udale, or Ulldale Beck to Torver, and backwards to *Fell Foot*—once a chapelry in Ulverston parish, but made parochial in 1586; and *Monk Coniston* on the east side, and at the head of the lake, a chapelry in Hawkshead parish.

There are very few traditions about Church Coniston, but such as they are, they may be had for the asking. For instance, there is that brawling, rocky Church Beck, where a young miner was—not drowned, but dashed to pieces before he had time to drown—one dark night when out a-courting; and there is Priest's Stile, so called it is said because an old priest died suddenly while crossing it, or, according to another "saga," which got its name from the frequency of the priest's visits to Coniston Hall, when the right of Whittlegait was part of his stipend, and the larder at the hall the most inviting; for Priest's Stile leads to the Old Hall. Then there is Jenkin Syke, where poor Jenkin's dead body, enclosed in its coffin, slipped from the "sled" into the ditch, all unbeknown to the bearers until they came to Torver, when they turned back for their burden and found it in the "syke" or ditch just out of Coniston. This was in the days when Coniston had no burying-place of its own, but was obliged to send all its

deceased to Ulverston for interment and Christian "happing up." And beside these far-away traditions, interesting only for the glimpse they afford of the rougher ancient times, there is a certain classical savour remaining, for the Black Bull was the "Howf" where De Quincey established himself when he came to Coniston, and is therefore a fitting place of literary pilgrimage in the eyes of some. Though, after all, this is not much on which to found a Coniston Parnassus.

Of walks about, and to, and from, Coniston, there are plenty; and numerous excursions to be made into some of the finest and most striking scenery of the lake district. Tilberthwaite and the Langdales, Windermere, and even Derwentwater for the moderately strong who can take kindly to a mountain walk of over twenty miles, Furness Abbey and the Duddon; these are just a few of the most noteworthy among a crowd of the desirable. Then there is the road to Broughton, by the west side of the lake and over by the foot of the Duddon fells; but the better way is from Coniston to Seathwaite, over Walna Scar, and so down the Duddon—by the way you know. You do not know the Walna Scar road yet; you have not yet mounted that "brant bit" rising so sharply out of the village—mounting by what is a good road enough in the beginning, but which soon goes off into rudeness as you creep higher up on the flank of the Old Man, and the farms and fields of the home-land sink lower. On the way—and when the way is merely a dry torrent bed, and well for you if dry—turn aside to the right, and steer your course among bogs and stones and over watercourses and through stretches of reedy grass, to Gait's Water, the progenitor of the turbulent Torver Beck, which, by-the-by, gets lost in the ground soon after its issue from the tarn; and as you walk over the natural archway of moss and stones, you hear it bubbling and running beneath your feet down in the earth. The wildest of all the tarns is this of Gait's Water, hidden away under the bleak rocks of Dow Crags, like the very wreckage of creation and the spoils of a world foregone. Hemmed in on one side by a wall of precipice—black where the shadow, of a dead ashen colour where the sun, lies on those

jagged columns and shivering screes—surrounded on another by a tumbled mass of dark grey stones, at the roots of which foxes make their homes, as the ravens used on the crest of the precipice—lying far away from all signs of man, with no outlet into the wider world beyond, no prospect of distant lands, no opening to softer scenes—it is the most weird-looking and imprisoned of all the tarns; as if a ghoul or an Afrit was chained and fettered beneath its pitchy waters. In fact, it is a miniature Wastwater, as fierce and savage in degree if not in extent; and if seen on a gloomy day, with the winter wind raving through the sky, or the sullen summer thunders muttering overhead, it is a place where it would not be matter of surprise if weak nerves lost their balance, and unsteady wits were overset. Close at hand, too, to add to the weirdness and facility of terrifying imaginations, is what is locally known as the Giant's Cave; a large deserted slate quarry, about which are some tremendous traditions of how it goes right through the very entrails of the Old Man, falling into the copper mines on its way, and coming out on the other side — a terrible place, filled with bogies and kobolds and gnomes and all manner of evil influences, and utterly impossible to be explored through all its extent with safety to life or limb; so say the gobemouches of the district.

Now ascend (if you can) the rocky ridge that divides you from Low Water—the highest of the Coniston tarns, Levers Water lying just below it—where the hairy (?) trout used to live; a big monster very nearly as apocryphal as the Adam and Eve of Bowscale; and see the ripple and the shadow chase each other like smiles and sighs over its steel-grey face, and then scramble back to the main road again, where the view, even though familiar, will seem to you of divine sweetness by contrast with the savageness you have just left.

There is Coniston lake from Waterhead to Nibthwaite and on by the shining Crake to the glittering sea beyond; and there is Windermere with its islands like a nest full of young birds, and the pleasant line of the Leven running down to meet the Crake at the root of that rich tongue of land thrust

out between Morecambe Bay and the estuary of the Duddon, one of the "papillæ" of which is Furness Abbey; and there is Black Combe like a darkened Pharos built up against the sea; and, if the air is clear, you may see the hills of the Isle of Man, St. Bees Head, and the Scotch mountains —faintly: but at all times, save those of persistent gloom, you may see Bowfell and Great End out by Borrowdale, and Scawfell Pikes and Scawfell proper, and the Pillar and the other Ennerdale mountains; and ever the sweet valleys lying peacefully at the giant feet bestriding them, and ever the glittering expanse of sea, with the long thin lines of dusky grey where the steamers are passing up and down.

Then down the steep path to Seathwaite; diverging on your way to Blind Tarn, that voiceless pool which no clear stream issuing therefrom reveals or expresses; unique in this "blindness" and isolation; very different to its neighbour which sends out a mountain river every step of which is a cascade, and the voices of whose waters are noisy exceedingly, and of wonderful variety of modulation. Thence to the ruins on Black Fell, which archæologists pronounce definitively to have been what Dan Birkett says they were, "the ruins of a city of t' ould ancient Britons," though they cannot date them quite accurately; but which certain shrewd shepherds, without reverence, say are merely the remains of an abandoned "peat-scale," a building used for storing peats before carting them away for use in the farms and cottages, thus bringing into actual life Sir Walter's famous satire and rebuke. Then back to the road again—and stop to admire that little oasis of fields and farms, the first meeting of human habitation which befals you, and perhaps for that reason striking you as so specially sweet and homelike. And now on to Newfield, by the rugged path and the leaping stream and the flowers and the ferns and the purple heather, and so to Broughton—if your will carries you there; or by Wrynose and the Three Shire Stones, to Langdale—at your pleasure.

But the day of days at Coniston is the day spent on the Old Man, that big old patriarch of two thousand six hundred and fifty feet, with his "wife"

and "son" in his arms, and Wetherlam, his friend, by his side. You go up through Church Coniston, and by the old Walna Scar road, past the blue slate quarry—where the birds' nests, built on the ledges, show desertedness and long disuse, even more eloquently than the tufts of ling and closeness of white heath bedstraw; and when a steep pull has set you well on to the fell, note—for they are worth noting with much love—the tossing, tumbling Boon Beck falls in the ghyll yonder—the Boon Beck being the joint production of Low Water and Levers Water, aided by a third anonymous stream forking that of Low Water. Then to the coppermines, with the yellow veins glittering like gold in the shining quartz, and where you may go through the whole process and mystery of mining, even to a descent *in profundum*, and the pleasant chance of knocking your head against the roof and grazing your shoulders and elbows against the walls of the mine passages. In old times these mines were wrought on somewhat the same principles as those by which Hannibal cut his way through the Alps: the rocks were heated with fire, to the utmost heat attainable, then suddenly cooled with water, which caused them to split and crack sufficiently to admit the old workmen's rude wedges; some of which, scarcely fit for a modern Christian's "darrack," have been found jammed into the rock. They use gunpowder and the ordinary process of blasting now; generally without evil results, but sometimes to the destruction of the workman; as witness that fatal cut called "Simon Nick," still to be seen in the face of a precipice not far off, where one luckless Simon once made his ill-omened nick for blasting, but got caught in a premature explosion and so was blown to eternity unawares. Refuse heaps are about the mouth of the mines, troughs and water-pools, broken beams and rusted iron, and all the litter and lumber belonging; but they are not so desolate-looking as the Greenside mines at Ullswater, and have a more heartsome and inhabited appearance generally. And in truth they are inhabited; and not only with human beings; for they are also swarming with rats, which get sustained by some mysterious process of assimilation unexplained, seeing that they have nothing but quartz and

copper to eat; if they do not take to clay for a diversion. Higher up, and seemingly unconnected with the lower works, is a huge waterwheel, turning round as if for the benefit of the crows and ravens only; but in reality it hoists the kibbles in the mines below to a certain level, and does its business none the less effectually because remotely.

Then, leaving the mines, a rough and steep road leading zigzag up the hill takes you to some more works at Paddy End, and on to Kernal Crag; this last, a huge mass of solid rock with a face of broken precipice turned, threatening and impassable, against you. There is always a raven's nest on Kernal Crag. Let the shepherds kill one or even both the parent birds, with a nestful of younglings to look after—by which bereavement it is expected they will all perish and the world be rid of that generation, at least—so surely do other ravens appear and take the orphans under their charge. It is said to be impossible to exterminate the ravens on Kernal Crag—only one nest and one brood yearly, but a constant succession of foster-parents, and the orphans fed by strange maternal charity—let the shepherds shoot "till their arms drop off."

Then up and up, the way now becoming very steep, to the edge of Levers Water, the largest of all the tarns and one of the most beautiful, both in shape and position; nearly round and measuring a mile in circumference, with copper-mines near, to the uses of which it is turned. It lies between the Old Man and Wetherlam, and is not far from Low Water, the highest of the Old Man's lakelets, and placed immediately under the highest point—Buckbarrow Crags surrounding and overtopping it. It is as famous for foxes as Gaits Water; the fallen rocks affording the same kind of harbourage. And here it may be mentioned, what perhaps every one would not see for themselves even by looking at a map, that all the Waters on the Old Man lie to the west, and the Tarns to the north: though no one now knows why that distinction of terms was made. Now go along the bad road that you will find to the west of Levers Water; see Oukrigg precipice; toil up the side of a watercourse; see Ghyll cove; mount Brimfell,

which you will find as stiff a bit of work as you can desire; and then on to the narrow ledge of rock and fell which leads you to the top—"the varra topmost towerin' height," of the Old Man—the Alt Maen, as some people say it is righteously, and according to etymology—the Giant of Coniston Lake.

And now see your view. It sweeps round, as the outline, from Lancaster to the Scottish hills, seen over Skiddaw but faintly, and from Crossfell to Ingleborough; some indeed adding to the list Snowdon and Slieve Donard in Ireland. But these are the exceptionally clear-sighted who have made the ascent on exceptionally clear days, so are not to be taken as averages of what ordinary travellers may expect. Black Combe is there dark against the brightness, and Devoke Water filled yet with the fine fat trout, the fore-fathers of which the merry monks of Furness brought from Italy, to help the lentils and dry bread of abstinence days; Scawfell and Wastwater you see; the Borrowdale hills in a confused, inextricable mass; Skiddaw, Blencathra, and all the huge Helvellyn range, including Fairfield and Seat Sandal, Steel Fell, and the other lower heights; Langdale Pikes and Stickle Tarn; the Kirkstone Hills and High Street; Ill Bell; Windermere in fragments; and the sea beyond the valley. All these the eye takes in with loving admiration, while, lying seemingly close under you, are Seathwaite Tarn and the valley of the Duddon, Coniston Lake, and the houses and fields belonging, with the sparkling threads of running rivers, and the foam of the hill-side falls. And then, right against you, highest and grandest of all from where you stand, is the sober face of your companion, Wetherlam, and the mysteries of the Tarns and Waters not a stone's throw from you.

Come down by the slate quarries again; for almost all the mountain, where it is not copper, is of a fine blue roofing slate, of varying quality and of varying uses—for "London," "Country," "Tom," and "Peg," do not represent the same geological conditions or the same commercial value. Then see the Pudding Stone, that great travelled boulder of the like nature as the Borrowdale Bowder Stone; see High and Low Crawberry, with Crawberry Hawse between, the Old Man's "Sons," those queer protuberant gemini,

standing like massive heads crusted over with turf and stone; see all that lies before and behind and around you, and then fall into the road again, thankful for the emotions learnt on the heart of Coniston Old Man.

Another beautiful walk is to be had from Coniston to the Ferry (Windermere), passing by High Cross, Esthwaite Water, and Sawrey; adding the ascent of Iron Keld off the old Ambleside-road, going by Tarn Hawse, and coming down by Borwick Lodge. From Iron Keld is to be had one of the finest views of the whole lake district, at the least expenditure of force and from the most unusual level. For you see the other mountain ranges, not from a commanding height and thus flattened and foreshortened, but breast-high and face to face, so that you can understand all their magnificence and rejoice in their relative positions and distinctive features of structure undiminished by any tricks of perspective. This view from Iron Keld is very little known; it does not come into the programme of the ordinary lake tourist, and only a few of the more adventurous ever dream of exploring out-of-the-way places; so that, save the immediate neighbours who ferret out all things strange or lovely in their locality, the marvels to be seen from Iron Keld are as though they were not.[4]

When you have seen as much as you have time for, come down into the wild fell-road again, noticing the gorgeous autumn colouring of the way, till you come to Hawkshead Hall, called Hawks Hall in old deeds, that low-

[4] This is the roll-call of what you can see from the top of Iron Keld. Black Combe, the Old Man, Wetherlam, Wrynose, Crinkle Crags, Scawfell, Bowfell, Skiddaw, Helvellyn, Seat Sandal, Fairfield, Nab Scar, Rydal Park, Arnold Crag, Scandale, Kirkstone Pass, Red Screes, Ill Bell and Froswick, the Kentmere Hills, Farleton Knot, Ingleborough, Wyresdale Fells, Morecambe Bay, the Furness Fells, Greenodd, Ulverston, and the Duddon again. This is the outline. In the inner circle—the middle distance—Coniston Lake, The Tarns on Borwick Moor, Yewdale and Oxenfell, Little Langdale, the Pikes and Fellfoot, Great Langdale, Elterwater, and Loughrigg Tarn and Fell, Ambleside, Windermere, Blellam Tarn, Bowness, Latterbarrow, Lindal Fell and Heald Brow, Hawkshead, and Esthwaite Water.

browed ecclesiastical-looking old place, where the monks from Furness used to come at stated times to hold their manorial Court of Rights, looking after the temporalities while administering spiritual life and consolation and the righteous ordinances of the Church. It is a pleasantly placed old house, with noble trees about it, and the brawling Hawkshead beck running through the grounds; and it stands well for a sketch, which can be made without difficulty, leaning against the stone wall fencing off the house and its appurtenances from the highway. Like all these old places where the church met the parish, and pocketed the proceeds, it is turned now to very low mundane uses, being merely a barn and "shippon," or barn and beast-place, instead of the lordly dwelling, and the holy, of old time.

Then on to Hawkshead,[5] where again the evidences of the past[6] meet you in the face, and where the spirit of the departed is mightier than that of the present. It is a desolate-looking town enough, bleak and uncomfortable, as if it wanted counterpanes and blankets on winter nights; the want of "snugness" being the want most evident of all. The church is of the same class as Crosthwaite, but dedicated to St. Michael instead of to St. Kentigern, with one tablet against the wall worth noticing, and one tombstone in the churchyard, that of Elizabeth Smith's. Hawkshead has a grammar-school of some

[5] Hawkshead has four townships—Hawkshead, Monk Coniston with Skelwith, Claife including Sawrey, and Satterthwaite including Grizedale. It was a perpetual curacy only, though called a vicarage, and was ecclesiastically under Ulverston; but Ulverston was ecclesiastically under Dalton. In or about 1200 a dispute arose as to which of the two belonged a chapel at Hawkshead, when it was shown by old testimony that Ulverston had been dependent on Urswick, and Urswick on Dalton. Urswick, like every other valley in the days of the origin of names, gave a denomination to a family. Yet Urswick is the Wick of Urse, which seems a misnomer somehow.

[6] In the time of Elizabeth certain "blomaries" or iron smithies were suppressed at the common request of the tenants of Hawkshead and Coulton, that the tops and croppings of the woods might be preserved for the nourishment of the cattle. Christ. Sandys, gent., and Wm. Sawrey leased these smithies, and paid the Queen twenty pounds annually for the wood. At the suppression the tenants charged themselves with this rent, called bloomsmithy or wood-rent, assessed on and by the customary tenants. These bloomaries first belonged to Furness, then to the Crown, and have since been bought by private individuals.

note, founded in 1588, by Archbishop Sandys, whose family came into Furness before the time of Henry VI., and where the two Wordsworths were educated. The old prelate, the friend of Cranmer, Jewel, and Hooker the "judicious," is represented by the family at Graythwaite High, where are also other relics[7] of the past beside genealogical traditions. Hawkshead is not a very stirring place by history or by fact. The only register of consequence in the parish books, beside the record of its numerous charities, is of a tremendous storm in the summer of 1686, an account of which is given at full length, as in the note below.[8] It is perhaps better for a parish to be so destitute of disturbance; but only in the sense in which it is better to be an oyster than a man; thus avoiding anguish, but also foregoing nobleness and the sphere of noble action. It has Esthwaite for its lake; full of pike, as well as of such other fish as that ogre of the waters will suffer to exist in its vicinity, with its floating island, bearing alders and willows, careering about the little offset at the head called Priest's Pot; though why so called no one knows, if many guess. It was here that Wordsworth laid the scene of his famous skating

[7] A Saxon cornmill, with a small channel and a circular recess like a basin, was found in Field Head Moss, near Graythwaite High, at ploughshare depth. Graythwaite High is the seat of the Sandys, who came into Furness before the reign of Henry VI.: Graythwaite Low, of the Sawreys of the time of Henry VIII. There is a yew-tree at Graythwaite Head which is sixty-four inches in girth at the height of six feet above ground.

[8] "Be it remembered that upon the tenth day of June, at nighte, in the yeare of our Lord God one thousand six hundred eighty and six, there was such a fearfull thunder with fyre and rayne, which occasioned such a terrible flood, as the like of it was never seene in these parts of no man liveninge, for it did throwe down some houses and mills, and tooke away severall briggs, the water also did run through houses, and did much hurte to houses, besides the water washed down trees and timber, and the rills carried them, with stones and other things, a greate waye off, where they layd on —— ground: yea, further, the water did so fiercely run down the hye ways, made such deepe holes and ditches in them, that at severall places neither horses nor foote coulde passe, and the brookes and —— did so breake out of their places that they brought exceedinge greatt sand beds into men's grounde at many places, which did greater hurte than ever like was knowne. I pray God of his great mercy grant that none which is now liveninge never see the like again."

picture; here that Matthew was dreaming on the old grey stone, and "growing double" as he dreamed; and here, too, is the yew-tree, on the seat near which were left the lines beginning:—

> "Nay, traveller! rest. This lonely yew-tree stands
> Far from all human dwelling."

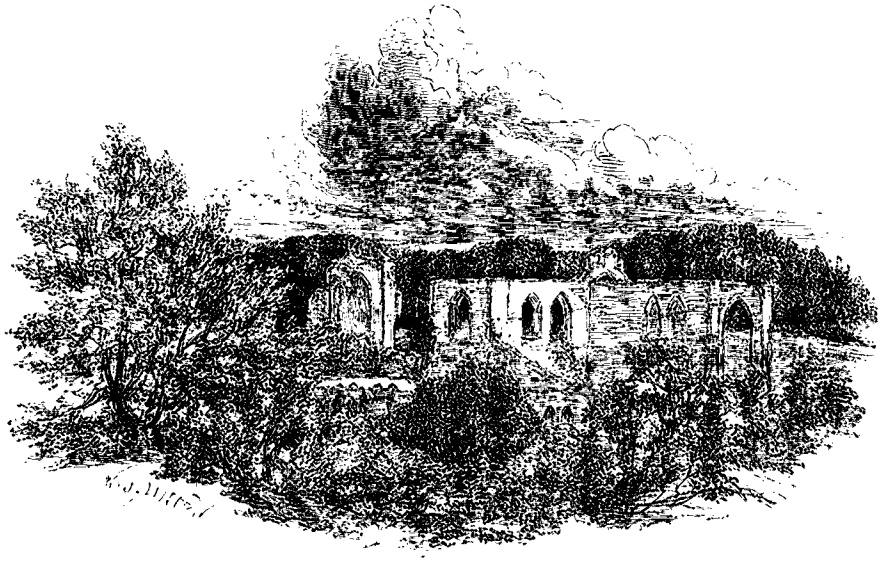
Esthwaite is not a large lake, though not one of the smallest, being sixth in degree from the smallest—standing indeed eleventh in the scale, of which Windermere is the largest and Brothers Water the least. The stream therefrom is the Cunsey Beck, which flows into Windermere, having first made Out Dubs Tarn and Eel House Pool, above the first of which is Ees Bridge, whence a glorious view is to be had, with the special grace of Helvellyn standing as a distant background, and filling in the bounding lines with a mightier sweep than any other hill repeats.

From Esthwaite water—which you leave before you have seen the last ripple at the foot—you go through the Sawreys, High and Low, where you may see where "Cooks' braw bog house" once held all the Sawreyans during a Scottish raid; and a braw bog house it must have been to have sheltered all the people on that dreadful day. And from the Sawreys you wind down the hill where the old blasted tree used once to stand, and on to the ferry and the Fashion of the lakes again.

Another way takes you to Ambleside by the Brathay and Skelwith, passing under Loughrigg Fell by the road we know of; unless Blellam Tarn is preferred instead, and the walk over the Wrays, both High and Low. And another famous Coniston walk is into Yewdale and on to Tilberthwaite—that most picturesque of all the fell foot valleys, lying between Oxenfell and Wetherlam; or by Oxenfell into Tilberthwaite. But the first is perhaps the most beautiful, because you keep under the steep wall of Coniston Crags. If you go into Yewdale you must look out for the old yew-tree, the patriarch of the Yewdale family, which, people do say, dates somewhere near the deluge, and which is a living fable as it is, with no exaggeration to help

its fabulousness. But there are plenty of yew-trees in the dale generally; and at High Yewdale (a farm of that name) is a small wood of them quaintly clipped and carved into all manner of monstrous shapes; the taste for which came in with our Dutch William. Then you can go to Esthwaite over the Grizedale fells if you like; or stop short at Grizedale if you like that better, though you will not come to much when you get there; still, it is a wild walk, and you see how the remoter dalesmen live, and what manner of minds and thoughts spring up in these far-away regions. In short, you can go everywhere to or from Coniston; but for all that, it is not one of the more frequented of the lakes: though, like many other things little flattered, it is among the more deserving of praise. And now turn down to the south, and set your face to the Abbey, of which this lovely lake was formerly the fief, and see where the Lords of Furness—and of Coniston—used to live and have their being.

CONISTON WATER



FURNESS ABBEY AND THE SANDS

CHAPTER XVIII

BEAUTIFUL as Furness[1] is now at this present time, with its noble ruin glowing among the autumn trees and across the rich meadows of its native glen, its main interest lies in the past. The system of which it is the representative

[1] Frudernesse or Futhernesse—Fudernesia in Stephen's charter, 1126—the farthest point or promontory, according to some; according to others, Fruder's point or promontory; but Fruder's identity left undetermined. Originally the name was Bekangsghyll, the Glen of the Deadly Nightshade, from Lethel Bekan, the solanum lethale. So says one John Stell, a monk and poetical historian of the time of Henry VI., in his famous lines:—

"Hæc vallis olim sibi nomen ab herba
Bekan, qua viruit, dulcis tunc, tunc sed acerba;
Inde domus nomen, Bekansgill, claruit ante."

was one of so much importance in our English life, it was at one time so wholly the law and the gospel, the guide of man's soul and the guardian of his body, that we cannot regard these ruins only as beautiful red sandstone architecture, but must go back to the days when they formed one of the thrones and castles of the rule set up throughout England for all men to obey.

Furness Abbey was a wide domain. The Lordship[2] included all that land between the Duddon and the Leven, and the sea and Windermere. It followed the water-line, beginning at the mouth of the Duddon and tracking the stream up to its source on Wrynose (then called the Wrinrose Hills), going down the opposite side with the infant Brathay, taking in Elterwater, following the Brathay to Windermere, and thence along the west side of the lake by the Leven to the sea again, where it swept in the Leven sands, the Isle of Foulney, the Pile of Fouldrey,[3] and the Isle of Walney.[4] On which last was built Peil Castle,[5] (the ruins to be seen yet near the landing-pier,) by an abbot of Furness in the time of Edward III.

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[2] The Duke of Buccleugh is the present Lord of the Liberty of Furness, and Ulverston manor is part of the same Liberty, which went to Furness by the grant of Stephen. At the Dissolution the Crown seized what the Crown had given, or at least confirmed; but Charles II. gave the lordship to John, Duke of Albemarle, as a reward for his services, and from him it passed by various descents and purchases to the Duke of Buccleugh and his heirs. Various privileges are attached to the Liberty, amongst them that of executing all writs, processes, and precepts of her Majesty within the limits.

[3] Where Lambert Simnel landed in 1487.

[4] The boundaries of Furness and the barony of Kendal are mentioned in the coucher's books of the Abbey. "Ab Eltrewatra ad Tillesbure, et inde ad Conigston et inde ad caput de Thurstin Watra (Coniston Water), et per ripam ipsius Aque, usque Crek, et inde ad Levenam." Later in another deed: "Ab Eltrewatra per vallem de Tildeburghthwaite, inde per Ywedale bec ad Conigton, sic in Thurstin Water, &c." — WHITAKER'S *History of Richmondshire.*

[5] Peil was reported to Elizabeth in 1588 as the only good haven for great ships between Milford Haven and Scotland. The famous "Papist Dr. Allen was born hard by the pyle:" and at the time of the Armada it was named as one of the places for the likely landing of the Spaniards: one reason thereof being its fine harbourage; the other, and in those days the most conclusive, that the deputy lieutenant was a Catholic.

The Abbot's power was equal to his domain, and recognized no other man's sovereignty or independence. He was the one absolute autocrat of his territory, and exacted the same oath of allegiance as was paid to the king. In all matters, civil, ecclesiastical, and military, he was supreme, ordering the supplies of men and the raising of armies for the border service or his own uses[6] as he liked; subject to the king only in so much that he was bound to furnish him with arms and men, when a general levy was commanded. He had the patronage of all the churches, save one, in his Lordship, and the appointment of the coroner, the chief constable, and all the officers connected with the Courts Baron; "he and all his men were free from all county amerciaments and suits of counties and wapentake;" he had a free market, a fair, and a criminal court at Dalton; in fact, he had all manner of rights everywhere, "with sac and soc, tol and team, infangene-theof,[7] and everything within Furness, except the lands of Michael le *Fleming*," as Stephen's charter expressed it. He issued summonses and attachments by his own bailiffs; he had the return of all the writs, and his territories were closed against the sheriff and his officers under any pretext whatsoever. His lands and his tenants were exempt from all "talliage, toll, passage, pontage, and vectigal;" and the man who presumed

[6] "The military establishment of Furness likewise depended on the Abbot. Every mesne lord and free homager, as well as the customary tenants, took an oath of fealty to the Abbot, to be true to him against all men, excepting the king. Every mesne lord obeyed the summons of the Abbot, or his steward, in raising his quota of armed men, and every tenant of a whole tenement furnished a man and a horse of war for guarding the coast, for the border service, or any expedition against the common enemy of the king and kingdom. The habiliments of war were a steel coat, or coat of mail, a falce or falchion, a jack, the bow, the byll, the crossbow, and spear. The Furness legion consisted of four divisions—one of bowmen horsed and harnessed; bylmen horsed and harnessed; bowmen without horse and harness; bylmen without horse and harness."—*Antiquities of Furness.*

[7] Saccum, the power of imposing fines; soccum, the power of administering justice; tollum, the right of levying tolls; team or theam, a royalty granted for trying bondsmen and villeins, with sovereign power over the villein, tenants, their wives, children, and goods (abolished 12 Car. II.); infangthefe, the power of judging theft.

to disturb or molest my lord abbot or any of his tenants was to pay a fine of ten pounds to the king. In addition to which he was the owner and occupant of almost half the low country, and he and his order had prolations, privileges, and immunities of every kind. One of which was, that as the sands of Morecambe Bay were dangerous (sixteen men having been drowned therein at one time, and six at another), the Abbot of Furness prayed Edward II. that he might have a frank-pledge and coroner of his own, "for everywhere it would be the salvation of one soul at least;" which was granted. Another was, that he was absolved from the obligation of appearing at the wapentake of Staincliffe and Friendless in York, it being a long way off—forty miles, with two dangerous arms of the sea to cross; wherefore my lord abbot was allowed to appear there by proxy, and in the person of an attorney only. In fact, he was the greatest man in the whole north country; and that wild and savage Lordship of Furness was as absolute an autocracy as Russia or China at the present day; happily, perhaps, for the district, which had greater chance of good rule and civilizing influences under the monks of Furness than if it had been under the ruder hand of some lawless old baron or God-denying knight, intent only on rapine and revel. The ecclesiastical rule of the middle ages might be hard and heavy and unloving, but it was not so actively oppressive, nor so thoroughly evil as many another.

Originally the monastery of Furness was of the Savignian order of St. Benedict, and was established at Tulketh in Amoundernesse, a branch of the Ribble near Preston. But two years after, namely, in 1127, it was taken by its founder and patron, Stephen,[8] then Earl of Morton and

[8] "In the name of the Blessed Trinity, and in honour of St. Mary of Furness, I, Stephen, Earl of Bologne and Moreton, consulting God, and providing for the safety of my own soul, the soul of my wife, the Countess Matilda, the soul of my lord and uncle Henry, King of England and Duke of Normandy, and for the souls of all the faithful, living as well as dead, in the year of our Lord 1127 of the Roman indiction, the 5th and 18th of the Epact. Considering every day the uncertainty of life, that the roses and flowers of kings, emperors, and dukes, and the crowns and palms of the great wither and

Boulogne, to Furness, where it reigned as we have seen in absolute supremacy until the Dissolution in 1537. In the meantime it changed its order and its colour. In 1148, under the Pontificate of Eugenius, the whole Savignian order passed over into the Cistercian,[9] or Bernardine, in honour of St. Bernard of Citeaux (hence the name), who remodelled the Benedictine rules. And after a severe struggle with the conservative element of the house, Bajocis, the fifth Abbot of Furness, and his prior and his almoner and all the rest of the body, made themselves Cistercians like the rest, and were no longer the Grey monks but the White. For instead of the grey dress which had formerly marked them, cassock, cowl, and scapulary were

decay, and that all things, with an uninterrupted course, tend to dissolution and death, I therefore return, give and grant to God and St. Mary of Furness, all Furness and Walney (Wagnea), with the privilege of hunting; with Dalton and all my lordship in Furness (infra Frudernisiam), with the men and everything belonging, that is in woods and in open ground, in land and in water; and Ulverston (Olvestonam), and Roger Braithwaite, with all that belongs to him; my fisheries at Lancaster and Little Guoring (Guorenem Parvam), with all the lands thereof, with sac and soc, tol and team, infangtheof, and everything within Furness, except the lands of Michael le Fleming: with this view and upon this condition, That in Furness an order of regular monks be, by divine permission, established; which gift and offering I, by supreme authority, appoint to be for ever observed; and that it may remain firm and inviolate for ever, I subscribe this charter with my hand, and confirm it with the sign of the Holy Ghost.

"Henry, King of England and Duke of Normandy.
Thurstan, Archbishop of York.

"Audin, } Bishops.
Bocko, }

"Robert, Keeper of the Seal.
Robert, Earl of Gloster."

[9] The spread of the Cistercian order was very rapid. Beginning with its titular saint and twelve monks who filiated from Citeaux, it soon rose to such repute that St. Bernard himself founded one hundred and sixty monasteries, and in fifty years from its first establishment it had eight hundred abbeys. In England and Wales were eighty-five Houses of Cistercians, two only in Lancaster, namely, Furness and Whalley; but nine in all as dependencies or filiations from Furness, the House of most importance in England, after, perhaps, Fountains in Yorkshire. All the Cistercian Houses were dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

now white, with, in full choir, a girdle of black wool with a mozet or hood coming down in front as far as the girdle, where it was rounded off, and falling to the mid leg behind. When they went abroad they wore a cowl and full black hood; but each house had its distinctive marks and signs; the description above is only general to the order. Furness once disputed with its brother abbey of Waverley in Sussex. It was on a question of precedence, wherein the pride of both holy fathers was roused almost to bloodshed point, and the Christian virtues got sadly put out of court in favour of the ecclesiastical. It was a long quarrel and a hard one, but it was settled at last by the good offices of the calm-headed; when it was arranged that the Abbot of Furness should have precedence through all the houses of eleemosyna in England, and that the Abbot of Waverley should be foremost in the Chapter of Abbots, with superiority over the whole order; which was not supremacy, be it remembered. This was about the hardest lesson that the proud House of Furness ever had to learn, till the end of all monkish things, when the abbot was fain to accept as his pension for life the rectory of Dalton, valued at thirty-three pounds six shillings and eightpence per annum. Rather an awkward translation for the head of a sovereign and independent establishment, worth, according to Dugdale, 805*l.* 16*s.* 5*d.* per annum, or 946*l.* 2*s.* 10*d.*, according to others; and 766*l.* 7*s.* 10*d.*, by Speed's calculation; exclusive of the woods, meadows, pastures, and fisheries retained in the hands of the monastery, and the mines, salt-works, and mills belonging, which would bring up the revenue to something more than princely.

Some of the painted glass formerly belonging to the Abbey, is in Bowness churchyard; the Virgin Mary, St. John, the Crucifixion, a group of monks and their abbot, some angels, St. George and the dragon, St. Catharine and her wheel, the arms of France and England, and the arms of various patrons and benefactors of the Abbey—Lancaster, Urswick, Le Fleming, Millom, &c. are yet to be seen. The glass belonged to the large east window—a magnificent and noble inlet of God's light; and on the outside, under an arched festoon,

are still the crowned heads of Stephen and Maud, his queen, which have evidently been finely executed. But the red sandstone of which the church and abbey were built is not good for finer sculpture. In the south wall, and at the west end of the church, are four seats with Gothic ornaments; and in the middle space, where the first strong-handed old Barons of Kendal were interred, lies the figure of a man in armour, cross-legged. As West's account is the best that has been given yet, and as the ruins are very much in the same condition as when he wrote of them, it is better to give part of his description as it stands, than to run the risk of obscuring what else is so plain and distinct.

"The chapter-house is the only building belonging to the Abbey which is marked with any elegance of Gothic sculpture; it has been a noble room of sixty feet by forty-five. The vaulted roof, formed of twelve ribbed arches, was supported by six pillars in two rows, at fourteen feet distance from each other. Now, supposing each of the pillars to be eighteen inches in diameter, the room would be divided into three alleys or passages, each fourteen feet wide. On entrance, the middle one only could be seen, lighted by a pair of tall pointed windows at the upper end of the room; the company in the side passage would be concealed by the pillars, and the vaulted roof, that groined from these pillars, would have a truly Gothic disproportional appearance of sixty feet by fourteen. The northern side alley was lighted by a pair of similar side-lights, and a pair at the upper end; the southern side alley was lighted by four small pointed side windows, besides a pair at the higher end, at present entire, and which illustrate what is here said. Thus, whilst the upper end of the room had a profusion of light, the lower end would be in the shade. The noble roof of this singular edifice did but lately fall in: the entrance or porch is still standing, a fine circular arch, beautified with a deep cornice, and a portico on each side. The only entire roof of any apartment now remaining is that of a building without the enclosure wall, which is supposed to have been a private chapel to the Guest Hall. It is a single ribbed arch that groins from the wall. The tower has been supported by four magnificent arches, of which only one remains entire. They rested upon four tall pillars, whereof

three are finely clustered, but the fourth is of a plain, unmeaning construction. The west end of the church seems to have been an additional part, intended for a belfry, to ease the main tower; but that is as plain as the rest: had the monks even intended it, the stone would not admit of such work as has been executed at Fountains and Rievaulx Abbies. The east end of the church contained five altars, besides the high altar, as appears by the chapels; and probably there was a private altar in the sacristy. In magnitude, this Abbey was the second in England, belonging to the Cistercian monks, and next in opulence after Fountains Abbey, in Yorkshire. The church and cloisters were encompassed with a wall, which commenced at the east side of the great northern door, and formed the strait enclosure; and a space of ground, to the amount of sixty-five acres, was surrounded with a stone wall, which enclosed the mills, kilns, ovens, and fish-ponds belonging to the Abbey, the ruins of which are still visible. This last was the great enclosure, now called the Deer Park, in which such terraces might be formed as would equal, if not surpass, any in England."

And now in these glorious grounds, where formerly the mighty Abbot and his monks walked and prayed and framed the laws of their generation, is a grand hotel for summer tourists, full of all modern luxury and modern self-assertion: the greatest contrast to that great thing of the past that could have been possibly made: greater even than a row of modern barracks, or a union, or a police-station would have been. The Furness Abbey Hotel is an essay in itself on the change of society included in the title.

The seal of the House was the Virgin and child in a circle, she with a crown, the nimbus, and a globe, he with only the nimbus; on either side were two escutcheons of the House of Lancaster, supported by bundles of nightshade, and charged with the three lions of England. At the base each shield was supported by two monks in full habit; in the foreground were two plants of nightshade, and over each monk's head a sprig of the same. The wyvern in the lower compartment was the device of Thomas Earl of Lancaster, and the legend was "Sigillum. Commvne. Domvs. Beate. Marie. de. Furnesio."

Until the time of Pope Sixtus IV. the rules of the order as to fasting and devotional exercises were very severe; but the good Pontiff, taking into account the frailties of human nature, granted them the privilege of meat thrice a week, for which a special room, distinct from the usual Refectory, was fitted up in every monastery. They were great benefactors in their way, and did their best for the land and the people committed to their charge—no doubt with an eye always to the advantage of the House and the permanence of their influence; but still, under this restriction, they did their best. They built chapels and threw out new Houses, as bees throw off new swarms; they enclosed waste places, and favoured piety and learning; if they laid their grip heavily on purse or scrip, it was with less cruel clenching of the fingers than the mailed hand would have had; and on the whole the rule of that great Cistercian autocracy was no hindrance to the progress or prosperity of the subjects living under its sway.[10]

Though Furness was the seat of ecclesiastical supremacy in the promontory, consequently of greatest importance to men and history, there were many other places of interest round about. There was, rather there is, the beautiful Conishead Priory, the paradise of Furness, founded by William

[10] In the reign of Edward I. the Abbot of Furness, to whom belonged the bailiwick of Coulton, enclosed by royal licence Abbott Stott, Oxen and Hill Parks, all in the said parish. By indenture dated the 28th of January, 1 Henry VIII., each tenant was allotted his proportion of common by a jury composed of the monks of Furness and the tenantry of Coulton. The lands fell to the Duchy on the dissolution of the monasteries, and were held of Queen Elizabeth by customary land, and bloomsmithy or wood-rents.

Tailbois the first baron of Kendal; for though the name still remains, it is only as belonging to a gentleman's mansion built on the old site. And there is Dalton, which used to be a Roman station [11] as well as the capital of the district in the time of the Abbey and before the rise of Ulverston, and which West thinks must have been the mother church, if antiquity and seniority go for anything. Dalton, too, was the place where George Romney the painter was born one fifteenth of December (1734); at least at Bankside or Cocken, nigh at hand and in the parish. Certain old customs are still kept up here: such as the cherry fair—the child's fair, held on the Sunday before Lammas; the habit of hiring reapers on Sundays in harvest time; and the strange fashion at funerals of not only giving bread and cheese at the house, but, when the corpse is buried, of the clerk proclaiming at the grave-side that the company must assemble at some public-house appointed, where they sit in groups of four—to each four one quart of ale allowed, half to be paid by the conductor of the funeral, and half by the company. In the meantime the waiter goes round with cakes, and gives one to each guest, which he must carry home with him, not eat. And then the Dalton Crag is worth looking at, being of the finest limestone in the district.

And there is Kirkby Irelath, with its relics [12] and its church—the "kirk by the western place of assembly," *temp.* Henry IV., and dedicated to St. Cuthbert; and its house—Kirkby Hall, or Cross House, or Kirkby Cross, as you like to call it, before which once stood a cross that Edwin Sandys, Archbishop of York, demolished in his Protestant zeal; nearly as zealous in his Protestantism as Barnaby Potter, the Right Reverend of Carlisle, of whom it

[11] West says the Roman road proceeds from the Thorn on Conishead Bank west through Street Gate (an important and decisive name), to the place where it joins the new turnpike road from Ulverston, and forming an obtuse angle to the south-west, points directly by Lindal to Dalton; at the Cross it turns up Scalegate, and slanting over the rocks by St. Helen's, crosses Goldmire, and circling a little takes its direction by Roan Head to Duddon Sands. The station must have been at Dalton, abandoned before the Itinerary was written.

[12] Four celts, three rude and one polished, were found at Haume, near Kirkby Irelath.

was said "that the organs would blow him out of church." [13] This Kirkby Hall was the home of the Kirkby family [14] for ten generations; the immediate neighbourhood is famous for the dark blue slate worked in almost inexhaustible quantities out of the fells surrounding. And there is Irelath hard by, where the best iron mines are; and Whitrigg, called the "Peru of Furness;" and Whicham, with its lake or pond famous for Will-o'-the-Wisps, where it is always calm when Barfield is troubled, so that the two parishes at the foot of Black Combe have never the same kind of weather; and Whicham Hall, where Scot's Croft is supposed to have been the site of an old battle with the border enemy. For once, Furness Fells, the "Apennines of Lancashire," as West calls them, were the boundary lines between Scotland and England, and the incursions into the low country were many and mighty; specially one in 1138, of gigantic violence and rapine. And there are the ruins of Gleaston Castle built in such haste, which belonged to the Duke of Suffolk, poor Lady Jane Grey's father; and Gutterby Bay, where the sunken rock, called Black Segs, causes the loss of many brave lives by shipwrecks, and where old roads, visible below water-mark, show that the sea has gained here, and how much, within the record of man's hand.

And there is Swart Moor, where, in 1486, "the German Baron, bold Martin Swart," mustered the forces of Lambert Simnel, poor knave; and where on the last day of September, 1643, Colonel Rigby, with seven or eight companies of foot, all "firemen," save about twenty with pikes—assembled for prayers, coming in from Ulverston, after which exercise they went on to Lindal Moor

[13] Sandys was imprisoned for taking part with Lady Jane Grey, and kept for some time in the Nun's Bower with Bradford the Martyr. He escaped, however, happily for himself, and went to Zurich and Peter Martyr, where he remained until Queen Elizabeth's accession, when he returned to safety and esteem, to be ultimately made Archbishop of York.

[14] Saxon families, so late as in the time of Henry VIII., lived in villages and places of their own names, as appears from the court rolls—the Braithwaites at Brathay, the Sawreys at Sawrey, &c. At Nibthwaite all were Redheads, at Finsthwaite all Taylors, at Coltham all Satterthwaites, &c., still a north-country peculiarity.

for more mundane matters. A few years ago, some labourers, making a new road over the moor, came upon large numbers of horse-shoes of very small size; but whether they had belonged to Colonel Rigby's forces, or to Lambert Simnel's, the antiquarians could not decide. Swart Moor is famous, too, for its connection with George Fox. In 1652, he went there in his character of itinerant preacher,[15] preaching Quaker doctrines to Judge Fell and his family; converting the women, but not at first the judge, whom afterwards however he reclaimed; converting the wife indeed—daughter of John Askew —to such good purpose, that he married her in 1669, eleven years after the judge's death. He lived at Swart Moor Hall, now a farmhouse merely, where his bed-room and study may still be seen; and he built a Quaker meeting-house on the moor, the first in England, with Ex Dono G. F. 1688, to be spelt out at this day over the door.

And there is Kirkby Thore, with its Whelp Dale, and Whelp Castle, where the Machels once lived; a grand family in their day, and going quite back into the haze of tradition. Their seal is a problem in itself, "an Indian dog, ex græco et tigride nato, and with a forked tail," on which hung a whole world of romance. They were great patrons of the church, for we find that Henry II. confirmed the grant of land at Crackenthorpe, (the village of the crakes, rooks, or crows,) to the priory of Carlisle, which had been given by Halth le Malchael, and Eva his wife; and L'Ulf, or Liulf of Kirkby Thore gave some lands there to the Abbey of Holme Cultram, also in the time of Henry II. Ulf le Malchael, "Wolf, that mischievous whelp," was a noted man in his day, though now only a name—a mere breath and no more. And then there is Cartmel,[16] still a place of some note if not so much as in olden times, when it was of such large monkish value that the priory was a kind of

[15] "The Quakers, whose errant lives as errant preachers made them the first travellers to solicit goods," have always been well considered in the north, and are notorious for their commercial respectability and worldly success.

[16] "The high antiquity of this district, with a town in it called Sudgetluit, is identified by a grant of Egfrida, a king of the Northumbrians (670—685), who gave the whole of it, with all the Britons in it, to St. Cuthbert."

rival to Furness. It stood on the little Ay stream, which rises in the small pool called the Ayside Tarn, in Stavely, three miles north of Cartmel.[17] Below the latter it goes by the name of Lower Cark Tarn, and Cark Beck, and falls into the Leven by Holkar Hall. Cartmel Priory was founded in 1188 by William Mareschal, Earl of Pembroke, for the regular canons of St. Augustin, and dedicated to St. Mary. The founder said in his instrument: "This house I have founded for the increase of our holy religion, giving and granting to it every kind of liberty that heart can conceive, or the mouth utter, and whosoever shall in any way infringe upon these immunities, or injure the said priory, may he receive the curse of God, of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of all the other saints, as well as my particular malediction."

The priory had various privileges; as was the case with all religious Houses; among them that of the exclusive appointment of guides over the sands, as the priory of Birkenhead had the privilege of appointing boatmen for the ferry across the Mersey. There were two of these guides, and the prior had synodal and Peter's pence allowed for them, afterwards commuted to a yearly stipend. It had also a spring good for scorbutic affections—the Holy Well in the limestone rock of Humphrey Head, where are the Fairy Church and Chapel, and where the knight once destroyed a ferocious wolf; the same knight as lies in Cartmel church, supposed to be Sir John Harrington, who went to Scotland with King Edward I. and was there knighted. He and his lady lie now in a fine open-wrought arch, with grotesque figures—monks chanting and others—on the surbase. Here is also the tomb of the prior William de Walton, with "Hic facit Frater Wilelmus de Walton, prior de Kartmel," on it. There is also a free grammar-school at Cartmel, under the superintendence of the churchwardens and sidesmen of the parish, where sixpence quarterage used to be paid for "grammarians" in 1635, and fourpence for "petties" (little

[17] Kert—camp, and mell—hill, some etymologists say; but these derivations are dangerous things to play with.

ones). In 1664 the master's salary was twenty pounds a year; in 1674 the quarterage for grammarians was eightpence, but no charge was made for petties; in 1711 the quarterage was one shilling and sixpence for Latin, and one shilling for English. People of means gave *cockpence* at Shrove-tide, on the plea of a prize for cockfighting. Any one may be taught here, but only twenty non-parishioners at a time. Dr. Law—Edmund Law, D.D., the Bishop of Carlisle—was educated at Cartmel free school, his father being only the curate of one of the small chapelries in the parish, which office he held for forty-nine years. When Lonsdale Hundred had a part to play, while Thurland Castle was besieged, Roger Kirby and Alexander Rigby of the Burgh, assisted by all the malignant gentry of Westmoreland and Cumberland, set on foot "to raise all the forces of Cartmel and Furness part of Lancaster, to surprise Lancaster and Hornby Castle, and to assault on all sides, and to raise on siege, and then to proceed further into Lancashire (as upon credible information, I believe), to joyn with Latham House and all the ill-affected in our country to our generall devastation. And for this end they drew together part of the Cumberland forces into Fourness, and with them the strength of that place to about the number of 1000, intending the next day to march into Cartmel." But they never did. The colonel intercepted and defeated them instead. And besides these ancient things there is the Holly or Holy Well—much frequented in summer-time and very lovely; and an intermittent spring at Pet Farm, something like the famous Giggleswick well in Yorkshire, and which old John Gough accounts for as produced by "a natural compound syphon formed in the recesses of the hills."

And then there is the comparatively modern town of the present capital of the peninsula, Ulverston; which was once pronounced Owston, and which is a derivation somehow from ulf, or wolf; where, in old times, William de Lancastre—he whose body lies buried in the quire of Furness Abbey—gave the mills to Lawrence de Cornwall, who, in his turn, gave them to Edmund Neville and his heirs, confirming also the manor of

Broughton or Broghton to Edward de Broghton. The Neville family[18] came into Furness in consequence of this grant, establishing themselves at Neville Hall; but lands and mills and estates were all forfeited by the rebellion of Sir John de Neville against his lawful sovereign. He joined his kinsman, Charles Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, and Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland, in the Mary Stuart attempt of 1569, and lost his goods and gear in consequence. Ulverston rose to favour and importance during the plague year of 1631, when Dalton was decimated, as was Bigger in the Isle of Walney. From the parish registers it appears that "there died in Dalton three hundred and threescore, and in Walney one hundred and twenty." It lasted up to the next Easter, and was so severe that the people left their homes and took to tents in the fields; the market being thus suspended for some months, Ulverston came into its place. The tradition went that it was brought into the town in a parcel of ribbon. So at least reports old West. In the eighth year of his reign Edward I. granted to Ulverston a charter for a weekly market and annual fair; but Dalton swallowed up all the good of this and of everything, till the see-saw of history adjusted itself.

And so come dreams and echoes of the old times as we wander by the sea-shore in the autumn evening, listening to the murmur of the receding waves, and looking back into the darkening depths of the mountain land behind us. It was the early spring morning when we stood on the wooded heights of Elleray; the mists were rising from the earth, and the new town of Windermere, and the young life of the year, lay burnished and bright in gold below us. It is the late chill autumn now, when we are on the level sands looking over the gloomy waste towards mutilated Furness, with the wreck of the past, and ruins and relics the only world before us. The

[18] It is almost impossible to know how to spell these old names. Should they be spelt as was usual at the time whereof we are writing, or as they are spelt at the present day? The name in question may be Nevil, Nevill, or Neville, as the reader likes.

sun is sinking, and a broad blood-red band dyes the sea with crimson; but a bank of sullen purple clouds is slowly gathering up and gaining on the last glory of the dying day; the wind is rising in the distant ocean caves, the sands are bleak and bare, the sea-birds are wheeling over head uttering their mournful cries, the wild night is coming on, and the tide is running out, like the tide of life ebbing into eternity and death.

APPENDICES

I. Provincialisms of the Lake District
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SCAWFELL MAN

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

PROVINCIALISMS OF THE LAKE DISTRICT

§ 1—GLOSSARY

A or Ay, yes; "Hoot ay mon!" Pshaw! yes, man; also always, ever.

Aandorn, Orndorn, or Orndinner, anything taken between dinner and tea; an afternoon luncheon or country "kettledrum;" also the afternoon.

Aback o' Behint, behind; in the rear; and "the other end of nowhere."

Abraide, to feel nausea after food; "to have the acid," in fact.

Acker, "to curl, as the curl of water from the wind, hence *Ackerspire*, the term for the shooting of barley when in steep for malt." *Westmoreland and Cumberland Dialects.*

Addle or Ettle, to earn by work; as Addlings or Ettlings, are earnings or wages received for work; but a horse that falls and rolls from side to side "addles his shoon."

Ae, a or one.

Afit, on foot; and A-foat, afoot; as "a design is afoot."

Agnailes, or Nangnailes, or Hangnails, the small strip of flesh, sometimes also called a Backfriend, which grows by the side of the nail and tears off down into the *whick*, or quick of the flesh.

Ahint, behind; "Gang ahint!"—the word of command to the colley, or shepherd's dog, to fall into the rear of the sheep and bring up the straying members.

Aiblins, perhaps; maybe. "Aiblins I wool, and aiblins I woonot:" Maybe I will, and maybe I will not.

Ail, to be ill; "She's varra ailing," she is very unwell.

Airt, Airth, a point in the compass, or the horizon.

> "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
> I dearly like the west."

Aither, either and each.

Ajee, awry; crooked.

> "The best laid schemes o' mice and men,
> Gang aft ajee."

Alaan, Alane, alone.

Alang, along.

Alegar, or Allekar, vinegar.

Allar, or Eller, the alder tree, (*Alnus glutinosa.*)

All Hallowmas, All Saints' Day; when (on All Hallow Een rather,) the girls try charms: such as melting lead, or breaking the white of an egg into a tumbler of water, tying up their garters, peeling apples before the glass, burning nuts, and other like efficacious manner of prophesy for the matrimonial future.

Amackily, in some fashion.

Amang, among.

Ambry, a pantry or cupboard.

AMEAST, almost.
AN, if; AN', and; EN', and.
ANAN, directly; immediately.
AND AW, and all.
ANE, own.
ANENST, over against.
ANTERS, in case that; also adventures and needless scruples. "He's fashed wi' anters," he is troubled with fancies and doubts.
ANUDDER, another.
ANUNDER, beneath.
APRIL GOWK, April fool.
ARD, or AIRD, high, when used for a place; ARD-LAND means a hard and hungry soil; a corruption, doubtless, of arid, but the original sense of *Ard* is high, and ard-land is bad land because it is high; ARDEN, the fallow quarter.
ARR, the scar of a wound; POCK ARRS, pock-marks.
ARRANT, errand.
ARVAL, a funeral; ARVAL-BREAD, funeral bread given to the followers in the open air, and expected to be carried home with them, not eaten on the spot.
ASS-BUIRD, the ash-box; ASS-MIDDEN, the ash-heap in the yard; and ASS TRUG, a coal-scuttle.
ASS, to ask; AST, asked.
ASSART, cleared; reclaimed. ASSART LANDS are forest lands reclaimed.
ATTERCOPPE, or ADDERCOP, a spider and a spider's web; also a cross-grained person, as is ATTERMITE.
AUGHTS, or OUTS, a large quantity; not to be confounded with ORTS, leavings. "I'll not eat your orts." I'll not eat your leavings.
AULD, or AWD, old; T' AULD ANE, the devil.
AURSELS, ourselves.
AUTER, altar; but generally called HEE-AUTRE, in unconscious remembrance of the High-Altar of olden times.
AVER, a cart-horse, or any common hack-horse.
AWF, an elf; a fool.
AWND, the awn or beard of barley, &c., often pronounced AUGS.
AX, to ask.
AY, always; yes; with an interrogative accent, meaning surprise.
AYONT, beyond. "That's ayont my gumption;" that's beyond my understanding.
AZZARD, "a little sneaking or insignificant fellow." —*W. and C. Dialects.*

BAAD, an improper woman; as is also BANDYLAN.
BABBY-CLOUTS, baby clothes.
BACK-BWORD, the dough or paste-board on which bread or paste is rolled, chiefly used for oat-cake.
BACK-END, the latter part of the month or year: the autumn generally.
BACKSIDE, the yard or back part of the house; but capable of many equivocal *doubles entendres.*
BADGER, a pedlar; originally a person who purchased grain at one market, and took it on horseback to sell at another.
BADLY, ill; "I'se nobbut badly." I am ill—nothing but ill, literally.
BAGGIN, food.
BAILIES, bailiffs.
BAIN, near; BAINER WAY, a nearer way; "The bainer the titter," the nearer the sooner.
BANG, to beat; to surpass; a loud noise; a thump; "he cam in wi' a bang," he came in with a noise, and in haste; and he "banged Bannager," he went beyond Bannager; BENSIL is also to bang or beat.
BANNOCKS, oatmeal cakes made thick, hot, and buttered—not the same things as "oat-cake."
BARGH, a short, sharp hill; also a horseway up a hill.
BARN, or BAIRN, child; but constantly used in conversation between people on friendly terms, whatever the age.
BARNEKIN, the outer part of the castle where the stables, byres, and barns were placed.
BARRING-OUT, still kept up in rough country schools, but declining like other old customs.
BASK, a sharp, acid flavour, as unripe fruit is *bask.*
BASLARD, a dagger; but obsolete now.
BASS, perch; BASSENTHWAITE is the place of the *bassen,* or perch. Also used for dried sedges and rushes; a rush-bottomed chair being a "bass-bottomed" chair, (a corruption of bast?)
BASTE, a blow; and BATERED, beaten.
BATTEN, a large truss of straw; called also WADS.
BATTER, dirt.
BATTLING-STONE, the stone, and BATTLING-WOOD, the piece of wood, used in washing and beating clothes by the river side.
BAWK, or BALK, a cross-beam; but BAWKS is a hay-loft.
BAWME, to dress oneself smart.
BAWN, ready; BAWNED, prepared to go; ready dressed.

BAY, to bend.

BAZE, to alarm.

BEAR MOUTHS, pit holes, or the passages into coal mines.

BEASE, or BEESE, beasts; and BEASTINGS, or BEASTLINGS, the first milk of a cow newly calved. *Beastings pudding* is a kind of rich batter pudding made of that milk; not recommendable.

BEBB, to drink; and BELVING, drinking greedily, or gulping down liquid.

BECK, a small river or brook.

BEELD and BIGG, to build.

BEELIN, bellowing; and BELDER or BLETHER, to bellow; cry lustily.

BEIRSH, BRASH, BRATTLE, or BEVISH, "to run headlong, a violent push, a sudden motion."—*W. and C. Dialects.*

BELIVE, presently.

BELPER, to cheat.

BELTAIN, BELTEIN, BELTAN, the first of May, when fires used to be lighted on the hills, with many quaint ceremonies, in which the quicken or mountain-ash tree had a large share.

BEMOOKED, dirtied; defiled; literally, *bemucked.*

BENSE, a cow's stall in the byre.

BENT-GRASS *(agrostis vulgaris)*, a long coarse grass that grows on poor land, and is used for baskets, &c.

BERRY, gooseberry; "a fine berry year" means a fine crop of gooseberries, not of berries in general.

BERRY, to thrash corn; and BERRIER, a corn-thrasher.

BETTERMER, better; "he's in summut o' a bettermer way just now," he is rather better at this moment.

BETWATTLED, confused; out of one's senses.

BEYTE, a sharper; also a bite.

BIDDEN-WEDDING, a wedding where the guests are *bidden*, but expected to make a collection for the newly married couple at the end of the feast.

BIDDY, *pediculus humanus.*

BIDE, to wait, to bear; "I canna bide, or abide, on him," I cannot bear him, I dislike him.

BIG, a species of barley of a poor kind.

BIGGIN, a building, but not used for large houses; also a wooden bowl, or what is elsewhere called *piggin.*

BILEY, brother.

BINK, a stone seat or table.

BIRLER, or BURLER, the M. C. at a "bidden-wedding," who looks after the liquor and gets up the subscriptions.

BIRR, or BURRE, whirr; a stone flung with force "comes with a birre," because it makes a whirring noise in the air, and a spinning wheel "birres" as it goes round.

BISPEL, mischievous and naughty; "lisle bispel moonkey," little mischievous monkey!

BIZEN, a bye-word; "to be a shame and a bizen," to be a disgrace, and the common talk of the place. *Bizen* is literally bye-said, a bye-saying.

BLACK-BERRIES, black currants, not bramble berries.

BLAEBERRY, or BLEABERRY, bilberry or whortleberry.

BLAINED, half dry, spoken mostly of linen hung out to dry; also bleached, whitened.

BLAKE, yellow; "as blake as a marygold," as yellow as a marygold; also bleak; cold; naked.

BLAKELING, the yellow bunting.

BLATE, bashful.

BLEB, or BLOB, a heavy gout of soap suds or thickened liquid of any kind; a blish, or blister.

BLEETS, the blight.

BLEMMLE, to mix up fluid and solid, as flour and water.

BLINDER BRIDLES, bridles with blinkers.

BLISH, a small blister.

BOBBER, BOBBEROUS, in high spirits; also boastful, bragging.

BOGGART, and BOGIE, and BOGLE, ghosts, and spectres, and evil spirits made visible.

BOGGLE, to be afraid; also to hesitate.

BOLDER, a loud noise; "the bolder of a cannon," the report of a cannon.

BONGAIT, to fasten.

BONNY, pretty; "a bonny wee wife," the ultimate perfection of womanhood to every young man's fancy.

BOON DAYS, free service days, when tenants are obliged to give work and labour gratis to their lords; a common clause in customary tenures, by which so much land in Cumberland is held.

BORN, suffered; but BORNED or BORNT or BRUNT is burnt.

BORTERY or BOUTREY, the elder-tree.

BOTTOM-WIND, that strange upheaval which sometimes takes place on Derwentwater in a perfectly

calm and windless day, when the waters are violently agitated from beneath, and flung in high waves from west to east.

Bouks, the divisions or boundaries of a field.

Bourt, to offer; to pretend.

Bout, time; condition; "She's a bad bout on't," she has a bad time of it; used in this sense for illness. "Ay! it'll sarve its turn this bout!" it will serve its turn for this time or purpose.

Bowder, Boolder, Bowlder Stones, large round cobbles, as witness the Bowder Stone of Borrowdale.

Bower or Boor, an inner room.

Bow-Houghed, having crooked thighs.

> "She's bow-boughed, she's hein shinned,
> Ae limping leg a hand-breed shorter."

Braad-Scar, a broad stone.

Brad, spread out, hot, inflamed.

Brae, rather an open stretch of upland than a bank.

Braids, resembles; is like to.

Brake, to beat violently.

Brandreth, an iron tripod fixed over the fire, on which is placed the pot or kettle or girdle. "Three legged Brandreth" is a secondary hill near Buttermere.

Brank, to bridle; to hold up the head like a horse sharply reined.

Brant or Brent, steep; Brantwood, steepwood.

Brass, money. "He's a gay loek o' brass," he has plenty of money.

Brast and Brassen and Brussen, and Brossen, burst; generally applied to over-eating. "Nay, what *I*'se eat till I'se fairly brossen," I have eaten till I am nearly bursting.

Brat, an apron or pinafore.

Brattle, a push, a stroke, to thunder, to hurry.

Brauchin, a horse collar.

Brawly and Bravely, well; in good health.

Brawn, a boar.

Braxy or Bracksie, hard mutton hams which take the skin off your mouth, and are very nearly uneatable altogether.

Brayed, beaten; "to bray in a mortar," to pound or beat up.

Break-ditch, a straying cow that will wander from her pastures.

Bree, a bustle.

Breed Bryder, a bread-basket.

Breeder, brother.

Bride-ale, wedding-ale; so called from the bride selling the ale at the poorer marriages.

Bride-cake, the thin currant (girdle) cake, which, after they had left the church, and generally at an inn, the bridegroom used to break over the head of the bride (covered with a clean napkin), and for the broken pieces of which the brides-maids and men used to scramble as for charms.

Bride-wain, an old custom now almost out of date, where the friends of a newly-married couple assemble for a treat of cold pies, furmenty, and ale, ending in a collection for the benefit of the entertainers. "At the close of the day, the bride and bridegroom are placed in two chairs, in the open air, or in a large barn, the bride with a pewter dish on her knee, half covered with a napkin; into this dish the company put their offerings, which occasionally amount to a considerable sum." "Wain," or "bride-wain," means the bride's wain or waggon, which, like the French corbeille, is assumed to be filled with bridal articles of value, taken from her father's to her new home, and decorated with ribbons, flowers, &c. But the name and the custom are both passing away.

The following is from the Cumberland *Packet*:—"George Hayter, who married Ann the daughter of Joseph and Dinah Collin, of Crossley Mill, purposes having a Bride-Wain at his house at Crossley near Maryport, on Thursday, May 7th next, (1789), where he will be happy to see his Friends and Wellwishers, for whose amusement there will be a Saddle, two Bridles, a pair of Gands d'amour, gloves—which whoever wins is sure to be married within the Twelvemonths, a Girdle (Ceinture de Venus) possessing qualities not to be described, and many other Articles, Sports, and Pastimes too numerous to mention, but which can never prove tedious in the exhibition."

Brig, a bridge.

Brock, a badger; a cabbage; a small fragment.

Brong, brought.

Brow, "saucy, pert, handsome, clever."—*W. and C. Dialects.*

Brown-cock, the cock-chafer.

Bruil, to broil; and Bruilliment, a broil.

BUCKSTALL, a forest service; attending at a certain station to watch the red deer in hunting, and assisting to turn them out on the fell tops; a net to catch deer.

BUDE, the participle of *bide;* having borne with patience.

BULL-STANG, a dragon fly.

BUMBLE BEE, the humble bee.

BUMMELLS, or BUMBLE-KITES, blackberries.

BUMMIN, humming. Ale is *bumming* when made into hot posset and *singing* by the fire on the hob.

BUMMLE, and BUMMELT, and BUMMLER'S Luck, means to bungle and bungled, and the bungler's or blunderer's luck.

BUN, or BUNNEL, a dry hemp stalk; a *kex*, or the dry hollow stalk of the hemlock.

BURLEY-BRIGGS, or BARLEY-BREAK, a game.

BURN, a brook.

BUTCH, to kill for meat; "he butches for Joe Ritson;" he kills Joe Ritson's "beasts" for him.

BUTTER-SHAG, a slice of bread-and-butter.

BUTTER-SOPS, wheaten bread or oat-cake fried in butter and sugar. An excellent sweetmeat.

BWORD-CLAITH, table-cloth.

BWORDER-COWPPERS, horse-dealers from the borders; generally sad rogues. "I'se fra t' border, lad!" Hoot, ay, mon, like eneugh; t' coarsest part o' t' claith 's allus nighest t' selvedge!" I'm from the border, lad! Pshaw, yes, man, very naturally; the coarsest part of the cloth is always next the selvage!

BYRE, cow-house.

CABBISH, cabbage; a "tailor's cabbish" is what the tailor filches or cabbages.

CADE LAMB, pet lamb.

CAFF, chaff; not to be confounded with CAULF or COAF, a calf.

CALEEVER, or CALLEVIR, to prance about; to make a riot; to be in any way wild and unrestrained; furiously frisky.

CALLAR, cold; fresh; cool.

CAM and COOM, comb; and the crest of a hill.

CAMMED, crooked, or ill-tempered.

CAMPLE, to reply saucily; to argue and dispute.

CANKERT, rusted; also ill-tempered.

CANNY, a clever and capable, or fine and handsome, woman; a good manager and a clever housekeeper; also a smart and capable man. "A canny body" of either sex is expressive of a wide range of practical virtues and administrative qualities, best translated, perhaps, by the American word "faculty;" but a *canny hinny* is a sly, and not a loveable person.

CAP, to surpass in any way. "That caps a';" that goes beyond all I have heard; that outherods Herod, and "bangs Bannager."

CAREL, Carlisle.

CARRAS, by elision and contraction, Car, or Cart-house.

CART-LOOSE, cart-rut.

CAT, sometimes NAPE or CAP, as 'Cat o' the neck,' —the *cap* or *cape* of the neck.

CATWITTED, silly and self-sufficient.

CAUD, or CAULD, cold.

CAUL, a swelling; a boil.

CAWKERS, or CLOGS, the iron tips and heels on the country wooden-soled shoes. SPRING CLOGS are the same things made with a sole separate from the heel, and tapering to a fine edge, thus giving a kind of spring-board sole to the shoe.

CAWL, to abuse; browbeat; frighten. "He cawll'd me reet nasty;" he abused me very shamefully.

CHAFT, the jaw; a corruption of *chaps.*

CHAR, our "golden Alpine trout," found in some, not all, the lakes.

CHATS, spray-wood.

CHEG, to chew a hard substance, as you *cheg* at a bit of wood, and you *cheg braxy*, or *bracksie.*

CHIMLEY, CHIMLEY LUG, and CHIMLEY NUIK, the chimney corner; the place on the settle nearest the fire.

CHITTY, the usual term for a cat. "Chitty-Puss-Lane" is a small back street in Keswick.

CHOP IN, to put in.

CHOW, to mumble and grumble and mutter like an old woman or peevish child.

CLAAHKIN, scratching.

CLAGGY, clammy and sticky; clay mud is *claggy;* and half-baked bread is *claggy*, as well as *sad;* and treacle is *claggy;* but a damp and sticky hand is *puggy.*

CLAM, to hunger; and to climb; CLAVER, or CLEVVER, is also to climb; but CLAVERS is idle talking.

CLAP-BREAD, thin cakes of oats or barley, baked on the griddle. They are made on the *clap-board.*

CLARTS, CLARTY, CLARTING, mud, muddy, and dirtying with mud.

CLASHES, tale-bearers and gossips.

CLAY DAUBIN, an old custom, dying out, when the friends of a newly-married couple met together and built them a clay house; ending the day with a feast or merry-making, as of course.

CLECK, or CLICK, to snatch. "He clicked it oot o' my hand;" he snatched it out of my hand.

CLECKINGS, a shuttlecock.

CLEED, to clothe; as CLED is clad or clothed.

CLEEK, to hook.

CLEGGER, to cling; and CLEGG is a horse-fly.

CLEPS, a wooden tool for weeding corn.

CLEUGH, or CLOUGH, a ravine or ghyll; the stem of a tree where it divides into branches.

CLIFTY, apt; active; generous.

CLINK, a blow.

CLINTS, a kind of limestone or porphyritic stone.

CLIPT and HEELED, properly drest, like *Bushed* and *Bouned*.

CLIPT DINMENT, a newly shorn wedder sheep; a mean, sorry-looking fellow.

CLISH-MA-SAUNTER and CLISH-MA-CLAVER, the one is a proser, and the other a gossip; and CLISH-MA-CLASH is silly gossip in the concrete.

CLOD, to throw.

CLOTT, to toss about.

CLOUT, a cloth; a piece of cloth; to patch; to give a blow. "I'll gie thee a clout on t' head on thee, lad, if thou fashes me ony mair," I'll punch your head, boy, if you tease me any more.

CLOWEN, to bustle about.

CLOWK, or CLOW, to scratch, but rather to claw; as two women might "clowk at ane anither."

CLUFF, a blow, (*pro* cuff); and CLUFFT, beaten or cuffed.

CLUUTS, feet; and CLUVES, hoofs.

COATTS, petticoats.

COBBY, headstrong and hearty: "A cobby lad," an obstinate, though he may be also a fine-natured, lad, but one who must have his head.

COCKER, a cock-breeder or fighter; COCKIN, cock-fighting; COCKLE, to crow like a cock. Cock-fighting, like pancake casting, used to be the popular amusement on Shrove Tuesday.

> "Whaar ther war tae be Cock-feightin', for it war Pankeak Tuesdny,
> We met some lads an lasses gangin' to kest their Pan-keaks."

COCKLER, a gatherer of cockles; COCKLIN, gathering cockles.

COCKWEBS, cobwebs.

COGGERS, woollen leggings.

COLLOP MONDAY, the first Monday before Lent, when they have collops, or rashers of bacon and eggs for dinner, as they have pancakes for the next day, Shrove Tuesday.

CONN, and SCUG, a squirrel.

CONNY, pretty; CONNOLY, prettily; cannily.

CONVOY, a railway break, chiefly used on the Whitehaven coal-pit tramways.

COO, or COE, to call.

COON, dust.

COON-THANKS, to requite a favour: "The deil coon him thanks;" the devil reward him.

COPPY, a small wooden stool; a coppice.

CORBY, a raven.

CORNAGE, "a tenure which obliges the landholder to give notice of an invasion by blowing a horn," *W. and C. Dialects*. Or was it not the service of finding and rendering certain horned beasts at certain times of need or stipulation?

CORN LAITERS, corn seekers. Newly married people begging for seed corn for their first crop; a custom yet in use about Black Combe and Broughton.

CORP, a corpse.

COTTERED, cluttered; entangled; matted.

COUPER FAIR, a market held at Kirkby Stephen the day before the great Brough-hill fair, when "helter for helter," means a proposal to exchange or barter horse for horse—halter for halter.

COUPRAISE, to raise by leverage.

COUREN, crouching, cowering.

COW-CLAT, to spread manure on the fields.

COWEY, a hornless cow.

COWD LWORD, oatmeal pudding made with suet; not recommendable.

COWL, to scrape up dirt.

COWP, to exchange; and to upset. "He cowped me o'er;" he upset me, or knocked me down; and "we cowped nags," we exchanged horses.

CRACK, to boast; to chat, as "He's a fine crack wid him," he is a good talker, an agreeable talker. "I'se du'it in a crack," I'll do it in a moment.

CRACKET, a cricket; also a lower kind of *coppy*, or stool.

CRAMBLE, to crawl and creep, as young children, on hands and knees.

CRAMMEL, to do a thing clumsily.

CRANKLE, weak.

CRANKY, checked; a dress is *cranky* when it is checked, and the Rob Roy tartan is *cranky*.

CRAP, crept; CRAPPEN, crept in.

CROFT, a small field.

CROUPE, to stoop; to crouch.

CROUSE, or CROWISH, spirited; pert, upstart.

CROW-COAL, an inferior kind of coal.

CROWDY, thick oatmeal porridge made with lard. A horrible mess.

CRUIN, CROON, or CRUNE, to murmur; to hum a tune; also to bellow. "The bull's crooning," the bull is bellowing. The church bells at Brough bear upon this word. They were given by one Brunskill, who lived on Stanemore, and who, one day hearing his bull crune, or bellow, from a great distance, said:—"Hear ye how loud that bull crunes? If all the kye could crune together would they not be heard from Brough to Stanemore?" Whereupon he sold his stock, and bought the church bells with the money, and in this way his bulls and cows "crune" to this very hour, and are heard from Brough to Stanemore.

CUDDY, Cuthbert, and jackass as well.

CUMMERLAN', Cumberland; generally "canny Cummerlan'."

CURCHY, to curtsey.

CURLEY-POW, a ringletted, curly head.

CURSENMAS, CURSMAS, Christmas; CURSININ, christening.

CURSTY, Christopher.

CUSH, an exclamation: "Cush, lass!" my word! look here! Also the call for the cows. "Cush! cush! cush!" cried at the gate will bring the kye up like dogs.

CUSHY-COW LADY, the ladybird.

CUTTEN, cut down.

CUTTER, to whisper; speak low.

CUTTY, short; a CUTTY pipe, a short black clay pipe at one time to be seen in every auld wife's mouth.

CWOLLY, or CWOALEY, a colley or sheep dog.

CWOATS, clothes.

DADDLE, the hand; to trifle.

DADGE, to saunter about; "to loaf."

DAFT, and DAFT-LIKE, idiotic; half-wise.

DAGGY, drizzly (*W. and C. Dialects*); also half cooked, and therefore sodden, meat.

DAIVE, or DILL, to soothe.

DANDER, to hobble.

DANNET, an improper woman.

DARRAK, a day's work.

DARTER, active; energetic; bustling.

DAWKIN, a simpleton; a soft, feckless, Dolittle. "I'd rather have a wife a *dule* than a *dawkin*;" I'd rather have a wife a devil than a fool.

DAZED, confused, or dizzy, as with overmuch light. Old people are often *dazed*.

DAZEG, a daisy.

DEAIL, DOLE, or DRAIL, a share or allotment in enclosed land; an intake.

DEETIN, or DEEGHTAN, winnowing corn.

DEFTLY, cleverly. To do a thing *deftly*, is to do it quickly and quietly and easily.

DEG, to sprinkle with water; to ooze slowly.

DESS, a row or heap; *to dess* is to sort or pile up.

DEYL'D, spiritless; careworn.

DEZZED, injured by cold. Chickens get *dezzed* when they are starved with the cold.

DIBBLER, a pewter plate.

DIDDER, to tremble; to shiver; to *dodder*, in fact.

DIDDLE, to hum a tune.

DIGHT, or DEST, to clean; to dress; to put in order. You *dight* yourself when you dress cleanly; and you *dight* a room when you arrange it.

DINNLE, to thrill; to tingle from cold.

DISSNINS, the eighth part of a mile in horse-racing.

DITT, to stop up.

DIV, to do, and DIVVENT, do not. "Ye divvent ken me." You do not know me.

DOBBY, a bogie, and a fool.

DOFF, to put off. You *doff* one gown, and you *don* another.

DOGGENEL, an eagle.

DON, to dress; put on.

DONNET, the devil.

DOPE, a simpleton.

DORTED, stupefied.

DOUBLER, the general bowl in which was served the posset ale, before the time of tea and individual spoons.

DOUSE, or DOUCE, a fresh, canny, well-conditioned person. "A douce woman," one who is gentle and prudent and well-behaved; also good-looking.

DOW, good; "naught a' *dow*," nothing that is good. "We maun dō as we *dow*," we must do as we can; also a dove.

DOWLY, melancholy as applied to persons; lonesome and grewsome as applied to places.

DOWN HOUSE, the kitchen.

DOWNO-CANNOT; "the bird that can sing and won't sing," is an exemplification of "*downo-cannot*," (don't know, cannot.)

DOZAND, spiritless; impotent.

DOZZEL, a hard knob or lump: "A' lumps and dozzels like Nanny Haikin's butter," is a proverb to express anything lumpy, as lumpy porridge, and a lumpy feather-bed.

DRAFF, brewer's grains and pig's food.

DREE, long and tedious. "A dree road," a long and weary way.

DREEAP, to speak slowly; to *drip* one's words in short.

DRIP, snow; "white as *drip*."

DRUIVY, overcast; muddy.

DUB, a small pool or hole of stagnant water.

DUBBLER, a large plate whether of wood or earthenware.

DUDS, clothes, but of poor quality. "Them bits o' duds," those few old rags.

DULE, the devil; and DULISH, devilish.

DUMB WIFE, a fortune teller, but only by consequence of her dumbness.

DUNCH, to nudge roughly.

DUNG-OWRE, knocked down.

DURDEM, uproar; row; hubbub.

DURTMENT, dirtment; anything useless and unconsidered.

DUST, money.

DWALLOWED, withered; a flower *dwallows*, so does a sick and fading child.

DYKES, detached parts of the vein of a coal mine.

EA, in; and.

EARLES-PENNY, or ARLES-PENNY, bargain money; money advanced to servants when they are hired, to make sure.

EAVELONG, oblong.

EAVER, or EEVER, a point or quarter in the heavens; "the rainy eever," the rainy quarter.

EEM, leisure.

EITH, easy.

ELCONE, each one.

ELCY, Alice.

ELDEN, old rubbish of all kinds, specially old wood fit only to be burned.

ELD-FATHER, a grandfather; but ELMOTHER, is a stepmother; an "old" or "ill" mother.

ELSON, a shoemaker's awl.

ESH, or AX, to ask; and ESHT, or AXT, asked.

ESHES, ash trees; and ESSES, like *asses*, ashes. "Skeer the esse," sift the ashes from the embers.

ETTLE, to prepare; also to earn.

FADDER-FWOK, father's family.

FADDLE, to fidget over things. "A feckless faddling body," an incapable, fidgeting, messing person.

FADGE, to loiter and lounge as if tired; FADGY, corpulent.

FAFFLE, to saunter and to fumble about.

FAGGED, tired.

FAIN, glad; desirous.

FAIR-TRO-DAYS, daylight.

FANCY, a ribbon; a prize for the best dancer at the "Murrey Neets."

FAN, found; felt.

FANSOME, kind; caressing.

FARISH-ON, nearly tipsy.

FARLIES, outlandish wonders; things from afar.

FARR, to ache.

FARRANTLY, orderly; decently; respectable. AULD FARRANTLY, old-fashioned, but in a decent and respectable sense.

FASH, to trouble; to tease. "I canna be fashed just noo, sae hoo ways wi' ye!" "I cannot be troubled just now, so be off with you!"

FASHEN, fashion; AULD-FASHINED, or AULD-FASSIONED, wise beyond your natural years or opportunities.

FASHERY, annoyances; also tediously nice ways; and FASSIOUS is tedious and tiresome—"bothering," in modern slang.

FASSEN'S-EVEN, fastings eve, or Shrovetide.

FAUL, a farmyard.

FAWD, a bundle of straw.

FEARFUL, very. "A fearful gran' sceght," a very fine sight.

FEATER, a good dancer, or *footer*.

FEATLET, four pounds of butter.

FECKLESS, feeble; incapable; dawdling.

FEEAG, to encumber; to load.

FEEAL, to hide. "He that feeals can find."

FELL, the lower spurs of the mountain ridges; also the lower elevations, if rocky, all through the country. As a verb, to knock down.

FEND, to work hard; "he fends hard for a living;" also used as a form of greeting; "hoo fend ye?" how do you do? how do you thrive?

FENDY, thrifty, and well managing.

FEST, to let out; also to bind, as an apprentice.
FETTLE, to put in order whatever is amiss, whether broken, or untidy, or unprepared; also, substantively, a cord to fasten a pannier. To be "out of fettle," is to be out of condition—out of health—but not seriously so.
FEW'T-WEEL, promised fair.
FIDGE, to fidget; to sprawl. FIRTLE and FECK are also to fidget.
FIG-SUE, ale boiled with figs and fine "white" (wheaten) bread, and eaten on Good Friday.
FILTH, a bad man or woman; generally a slut.
FINE, to cease or end.
FISSEL, to rustle lightly.
FIZZLE, to nestle; to get close up to; caressingly.
FLACKER, to quiver; to flutter; as FLACKERED, it is rejoiced.
FLAITCH, to flatter; to persuade.
FLATE, or FLAIT, frightened.
FLANN, shallow.
FLEAD, stood.
FLECK, a flitch.
FLEEBYSKY, (fly by the sky, fly by night), a flighty inconsiderate person.
FLEEK, or FLOOK, a flounder.
FLEER, the floor; also to jeer and make game of; as is FLYER, or FLYRE.
FLIG-ME-GAIREY, a flaunting, "fast," untidy girl.
FLIPE, the rim of a hat.
FLOU, or FLEW, or FLUE, bleak; windy; shallow; also used to express a certain blue unwholesome pallor, as from cold or weakness.
FLYRE, to jeer.
FLYTE, to scold.
FOE, fall; FOETH', fall thee; FOIN-AWT, fallen out, or quarrelled.
FOIN, falling.
FOOSEN, generosity; FOOSENABLE, generous.
FORCE, a waterfall.
FORRET, or FORRAT, forward; also impudent; pert. "To be weel forrat with ane's wark," and a "forrat lisle lass," have different moral meanings.
FORMAT, to bespeak.
FOSSPLE, the impression of a horse's hoof on soft ground.
FOU, full; also tipsy. "We're no fou," we are not tipsy.
FOUDERSOME, bulky; cumbersome.
FOUMART, a pole-cat; the foul marten.
FOUT, fond; foolish; substantively, a spoiled child; a pet.
FRAHDLE, to talk foolishly.
FRASE, fray; and FRATCH, quarrel.
FREMMED, strange.
FRID or FRITH, unused pasture land.
FRIDGE or FRUEN, to brush or rub against another in passing.
FRITTISH, cold.
FROSK, a frog.
FROW, a worthless woman.
FUDGEL, a clumsy, stupid little child.
FUE, or FEW, to attempt. "I canna fue to do it," I cannot make the attempt, I cannot dare to do it.
FURED, went.
FUSOME, or FEWSOME, handsome; neat; notable; tidy.
GAAPEN, or GOWPEN, the hands; also what can be held by the two hands placed together.
GAILY, very well. "I'se gaily, thank ye," I'm all right, quite well.
GAIT, goat; also a path; a way; a single sheaf of corn; two buckets of water. *To gait corn* is to set up sheaves of corn in wet weather to dry.
GALLOWAY, a horse under fifteen hands high; a hackney.
GALLUS or GALLOWS, much; very; exceedingly.
GAMMASHERS, spatterdashers; gaiters.
GAMMERSTANG, "a tall, awkward person of a bad gait, a hoyden or awkward girl."—*W. and C. Dialects.*
GANG, to go.
GANGING-A-ROCKING, going a visiting, and taking a rock and spindle for the combination of pleasure and business.
GANGRIL, a toad.
GANT, to yawn.
GANTREE, a barrel stand.
GAR, to make, to compel. "I'll gar thee greet," I'll make you cry.
GARRICK, or GARRACK, an awkward lout.
GARTH, a garden, or piece of enclosed cultivated land.
GATE, a road, or path, or way, as is GEATT; "gang the gate," go your way, be off.
GATTLE-HEADED, forgetful; addleheaded.
GAVELOCK, an iron bar used as a lever.
GAWMIN, silly; stupid; a moral gawky.
GAYSHEN, smockfaced and silly.

GEAR, money; possessions; the tackling of a cart or plough.
GED-WAND, a goad for oxen.
GESLINGS, goslings; the yellow blossoms of the sallow or willow, which fall into the river and become goslings.
GIF and GIN, if.
GILL, or GHYLL, a deep ravine with a force or stream at the bottom.
GILLIVER, a gillyflower.
A GIRD of laughter, a fit of laughter.
GIRN, to grin.
GIRT, or GURT, great.
GLAD, smooth.
GLEAAN, squinting.
GLEAD, or GLEDE, a kite.
GLENDER, to stare; and GLINT, a glimpse, a glance, as is also GLIFF; but *gliff* means a more transient and momentary glance than *glint*.
GLIME, to look askance; to squint—substantively the glaire or slime that comes from the nostrils of cows and horses.
GLISH, or GLISK, to shine or glitter.
GLOAR, or GLOWER, to stare with passion or malevolence; to leer. "E'en Satan glower'd an fidged fu' fain."
GLOP, a fool; and GLOPPEN, to astonish; to stare; to frighten; to disgust.
GLOUPING, silent or stupid.
GLUMPED, gloomed.
GLUNCH, to look cross and angry.
GLUTHEN, to gather for rain.
GOB, the mouth.
GODDARTLY, cautiously.
GODIL, God's will; and GODLINS, God willing.
GOFFRAM, a clown; and GOBSLOTCH, a greedy clown.
A GOOD FEW, a good many.
GOPE, to talk vulgarly and loud.
GOSH and GOMM, exclamations of the same character as *Cush*.
GOVE, to gape and stare like a fool.
GOWD I' GOWPENS, gold in handfuls.
GOWK, the cuckoo; a fool; the core of an apple; the yolk of an egg; the inner part of anything.
GOWL, to weep; to cry sulkily; as GOWLAN is crying and sobbing in a "howling" kind of way.
GRAIDELY, honestly.
GRAIPED, groped.
GRAITH, "the condition of the body, as being fat or lean" (*W. and C. Dialects*); but GRAITHED is dressed.
GRANK, to moan.
GRATH, to repair; assured.
GREEAV or GROVE, to cut peat; to dig.
GREET, to weep; to cry.
GREPEN, clasped (gripen or griped?)
GREYMIN, a thin covering of snow.
GREYPE, or GRAPE, a pitchfork for manure.
GRISE, young pigs; used to be anciently wild swine.
GROUSOME, or GREWSOME, fearful; frightful; grim; awful.
GRUMP, and GRUMPY, cross; displeased.
GRYKE, a cranny; a chink; a fissure.
GUD HAWNS, good hands—stanch drinkers.
GUDMAN, the husband, called also generally "t' maister."
GUFF, a fool.
GULDER, to speak harsh and loud.
GULLEY, a big clasp-knife, a *jocteleg* or *jackey legs*.
GURDLE, GIRDLE, GRIDDLE, the iron laid over, or on, the *brandreth*, and on which cakes are baked.
GURSEN, grazing, pasturage.
HACKED, a term used when a player has won all the stakes; chopped or chapped.
HACKER, to stammer; "to hacker and stammer" is to prevaricate.
HACKLED, cross and ill-tempered.
HACK PUDDING, a pudding made of suet and sheep's heart, sugar and dried fruits, and eaten on Christmas morning.
HACK-SLAVER, a nasty fellow; a sloven.
HADLEYS, hardly.
HAG, to hack or cut; to haggle; to dispute.
HAIKE, an exclamation.
HAISTERT, hoisted about.
HALLAN, the passage or space between the outer and inner door of a cottage; also the partition between the passage and the room. Birkett derives the word from the German, *helden*, to conceal; it is more likely to be the diminutive of *hall*; a *hallan* is to a cottage what a *lobby* or *hall* is to a large house.—*W. and C. Dialects*.
HALLAN-SHAKER, a beggar who stands in the *hallan* to excite charity.
HALTS, "a pair of strong wicker hampers which were joined by a pack saddle, and hung across a horse's back; they were put to various uses in

husbandry, which offices are now performed by carts."—*W. and C. Dialects.*

HAM-SAMM, anyhow; confusedly.

HANTLE, a handful, or good quantity. "She's a hantle o' brass," she has a good handful of money.

HAP, to cover, and HAPPIN, a coverlid; HAP UP, cover up.

HAPPEN, or MAPPEN, perhaps it may be; literally the corruption of "it may happen."

HARDEN-CLOTH, sacking; HARDEN SARK, one of the stipulated modes of paying certain small country priests in former times; a shirt of very coarse texture.

HARK'T, guessed.

HARNS, brains. "Ding out your harns," knock out your brains.

HASK, rough; parched; stiff.

HASPIN, an idle fellow doing nothing but lounging about.

HASTER, surfeit; something that *hastes* you to your end.

HAUGH, like SOUGH, low flat marshy ground.

HAUSE, HAWSE or HOSE, the neck; the throat; the lower spur or ridge of the mountain line; with a way leading over, as Buttermere Hawse, Bassenthwaite Hawse, &c.

HAVER, oats; to talk nonsense.

HAVEY-SCAVEY, helter-skelter.

HAW, hungry.

HAWFLIN, a halfling—a half witted person next thing to a fool.

HAWKEY, a white-faced cow.

HAY-BAY, noise; confusion; HAY-MAIDEN, the ground ivy (*glechoma hederacea*).

HEALD, or WEALD, to lean on one side.

HEAMS, a wooden collar for horses.

HECK, "the division from the side of the fire in the form of a passage in old houses; also an enclosure of open work of slender bars of wood, as a rack to hold hay for horses. A HECK-BOARD is the board at the tail of a cart; HECK DOOR, the inner door, not closely panelled, but only partly so, and the rest latticed; HALF-HECK, the half or lower part of a door."—*W. and C. Dialects.*

HECKLE, to dress tow or flax; to get impotently angry.

HEEAD-WARK, headache.

HEFFLE, to hesitate; to prevaricate.

HELLE, to pour in a rapid manner.

HELM WIND, the peculiar wind coming with the cloud called the Helm, which rests on the top of Crossfell.

HERD, a cattle keeper; HERDWICK, a farm famous for its herds or beasts and sheep. Two or three farms in Cumberland have this name, hence the designation of Herdwick sheep.

HERIOT, a fine paid to the lord when a landholder dies, generally a horse or cow, but sometimes, when the lord is "keen," the best thing the unfortunate landholder has left behind him.

HERRY, or HARRY, to rob and distress; to rob by violence as in the border times, when William of Deloraine harried the lands of Richard Musgrave.

HESP, to latch. "Hesp or hasp the door," latch the door; only to be used for the old fashioned latches.

HETHER-FACED, rough faced.

HEUCK, a crook or sickle; and HEUCK-FINGERED is thievish.

HEUGH, a ravine.

HIGHT, to promise; to vow.

HIND, a farm servant.

HINNY, honey; one of the prettiest terms of endearment of the country.

HIRPLE, to limp. "He hosts and he hirples the weary night lang."

HITTEN, eaten.

HOAST, the curd for cheese before it is taken from the whey.

HOB THROSS, "a bodie a' owre rough" that lies by the fireside at nights; the Brownie.

HOCKER, to clamber a little unsteadily.

HOGS, sheep from six months old until they are shorn.

HOLM, rich meadow lands, as Abbey Holm, &c.; lake islands, as the holms on Windermere and Ullswater, and Ramps Holm on Derwentwater.

HOLT, a peaked hill, wooded.

HOST, to cough.

HOT, a square basket, used for manure.

HOTCH, to shake. "An' hotched an' blew wi' might an' main."

HOVE, swelled; to lift or heave.

HOW, empty; "the how neet," the empty lonely night.

HOWDER, to walk heavily.

HOWDON-CAN-PANTER, an ungraceful rider.

HOWDY-WIFE, a midwife.

HOWK, to dig out with a spade or pick.

HUBBLESHOO and HUBBLE-TE-SHIVES, a mob and confusion.

HUDDLE, to embrace; to hug; HUDDLIN, cuddling.

HUNSUP, to scold; to "fratch."

HURSLÆ, to shrug the shoulders.

'HWOAZIN, resin.

ILK, or IKA, each; the same.

IME (a contraction of rime), also IZLE, hoar-frost.

IMP, an addition to a bechive; a length of hair in a fishing-line.

INGLE, fire or flame; INGLEWOOD, fire-wood; INGLE-NUIK, the fire-corner, or seat nearest the fire. An *ingle* of sticks is a common phrase.

JACKEY SLOPE, a kite.

JANNAK, fit; proper; good; fair and honourable; smart or fine. — HALLIWELL'S *Archaic Dictionary*.

JANNOCKS, loaves of oatmeal — oat-bread, not cake.

JARBLE, to bemire; to daggle.

JAWS O' YELL, great quantities of ale.

JIDDY-CUM-JIDY, a see-saw.

JIMMER, a hinge.

JIMP, slender; a "jimp waist," a small round, trim waist.

JINKAN, and CAREERING, "junketing and keeping it up."—*W. and C. Dialects.*

JOAN-NA-MA-CRANK, a heron.

JOBBY and JWOSEP, Joseph.

JOISTED, pastured.

JOWRING, or JOWLING, pushing and shaking against anything.

JYKE, to creak.

KAAIKIN, looking about stupidly.

KAIK, or KELK, a kick.

KALE (Kail), broth.

KEANE, to scamper away.

KEAVE, to plunge and struggle and writhe clumsily.

KECKSY, whooping cough.

KEEK, to peep and pry.

KEEL, to cease.

KEEP and CREEK (keeper and crook), hook and eye.

KELD, a well or spring; also those dark smooth places which come upon the lakes, without wind, or shadow of cloud.

KELP, a young crow; also a pot-hanger or crook.

KEMPS, coarse fibres or hairs in wool.

KENCH, a twist; a sprain.

KENGUID, an exemplar; also the mark distinctive of any one.

KENSPECKLE, noticeable for any peculiarity of dress or appearance.

KERLEY-MERLEY, kickshaws and follies; what we might now perhaps call *bric à brac*, if speaking fashionably.

KESSEN, to cast on; as to "*kest* a loop," to cast on the first or additional loops in knitting.

KETT, rubbish.

KEVVEL, to walk awkwardly.

KEX, the hemlock; the withered stalk of the hemlock.

KEYSAND, KYSANT, KISTY, dainty in food; squeamish.

KEZZLUP-SKIN, rennet; the stomach of a calf used for curdling milk into "come milk" (curds and whey).

KINK, a small sore—specially a small chapped sore on the lips or hands; KINK-HOST, the chin-cough.

KIRK-GARTH, the churchyard.

KIRN, churn; KIRN-SUPPER, *harvest-supper*, so called because a *quantity* of cream, slightly churned, was originally the only dish which constituted it.—*W. and C. Dialects.*

KIROCK, a raise, a heap of stones.

KIST, a chest.

KITE, the abdomen.

KITS, pails.

KITTLE, to tickle, also quick; KITTLY-SLIP-DOUNS, barley-meal porridge.

KIZZARD, wizzened; shrivelled; parched; dry.

KNACK, or KNAPP, to mince in speaking; to speak affectedly.

KNAP, the top of a hill.

KNIEF, or KNEAVE, or NEAF, the fist.

KNOP, a large tub; also the top of a gooseberry. You have to *knop* gooseberries, "berries," before using them; in the south you *top and tail* them.

KYPE, heed; care; attention.

LAAVIN-DAYS! an exclamation, meaning "la!"

LAIRLY, or LAIRY, idle; base.

LAIT, to seek; and LAITIT, found; LATING, an invitation or a seeking out.

LAKE, or LAIK, to play; LAKER, a person playing, or in high good humour; LAKEING, a plaything.

LALL, LILE, and LISLE, little.
LALLOPS, a trollop.
LAM, to beat.
LANE, or LEAN, to hide a fault; to connive at.
LANG LENGTH, the whole length; LANGSOME, long, tedious.
LANT, loo; LANTER, a player at loo; LANTED, loo'd.
LASH-COMB, the large "back hair" comb, with wide teeth.
LAUKE, to whip; to weed corn; LAUKIN, weeding.
LAVE, the rest; "ahint the lave," behind the others.
LEATHER-TE-PATCH, a certain step in a jig.
LECK, hard "blue clay," the substratum so often found in the north.
LEDDER and LEATHER, to beat.
LEEA, LEAGH, LEIGH, a scythe; and LEEATH, or LEATHE, a barn.
LEEFTAIL, a quick sale.
LEET, or LYTE, to meet with; to chance; to alight; to expect; and to depend on.
LET-TO-GATE, went home.
LICK, to beat.
LIDS, *manner*; *fashion*,
LIG, *to lay*; *also a lie*; LIGGING, *lying*.
LILT, to sing, or "*turn a tune*;" *also* to walk jauntily.
LIMBER, supple.
LINK, to take hold of arms; to walk quickly.
LIPE, a piece cut off anything.
LIRPLE, Liverpool.
LIRT, to toss.
LISH, active; as a "lish dancer."
LITHE, to listen; to attend.
LOCK, or LOKE, a small quantity. "A lisle lock o' brass," a small quantity of money.
LOFF, to offer. "I'd like t' loff on 't," I would like to have the offer of it.
LONNIN, LOANING, a lane.
LOOME, lame.
LOW, to blaze up; to flame. LOWES, small knolls rising in the plains. Is this the meaning of tame and pretty Lowes Water, where are no mountains but only gentle, well-tempered little hills?
LOWN, or LOUND, a calm.
LOWP, or LOPE, leap; LOPE E' DYKE, a cow that leaps the hedges and wanders abroad.
LOWSE, to loosen; LOWS'D, loosened.
LUGS, the ears.
LURRY, to pull.
LUSH, the noise of anything falling into water.
LYTHEY, thick.
MAANDER, to wander; and MAAP, to maunder; MAAPMENT, rigmarole.
MACK, or MEK, make; sort. "Them mack," that kind or sort of person or thing.
MADDLED and MAFFLING, confused like an old person; MAFLIN, a simpleton.
MADLIN, a bad memory.
MAIDEN, a clothes-horse.
MAISLIKIN, foolish.
MAL, Mary.
MAN-KEEN, fierce after men, said of animals whom the presence of a man makes mad with rage.
MANNERLEY, in a proper manner.
MAN-SWORN, perjured.
MANT, to stutter.
MAPPEN, maybe.
MARROW and MARRAS, the match; the like to; the equal.
MAWKIN, a bunch of rags used for cleaning out ovens and other such places; a slattern.
MAWM, peaceable; quiet.
MAYTHEM, a "may gosling."
MAZLE, daft; stupid; MAZELINS, silly confused people.
MEAKIN, water milfoil (*Myriophyllum*).
MEAN, to bemoan.
MELL, to meddle; also a mallet.

> "I, John Bell,
> Leave this *mell*,
> For to fell
> Them that gi'es a' to their bairns,
> And keeps nought for theirsel',"

"Epitaph on himself by an old country mason, who, during his life, had given away all his property to his ungrateful children. The jockey who is last in a race, is called the *mell*."—*W. and C. Dialects.*

MELL-DOOR, the space between the heck and outward door; the entry or passage; that is, the middle or intermediate door. The *mell-door* and *heck* were always at the back of the house.
MENSE, manners; decency. TAILOR'S MENSE, the bit of meat which a country tailor always leaves when working out at houses, lest he be charged with eating up everything; MENSFUL, is man-

nerly and decent; and MENSELESS, is mannerless, mean, or wanting *mense*.

MENT, mixed or mingled.

MERE, a lake or pool; MEER, a mare.

MERTH, greatness; extent.

MESS, truly; indeed; an untranslateable exclamation.

METHY, difficulty of breathing.

MICKLE and MUCKLE, much. "Many a little makes a mickle."

MIDDIN, a dunghill; also MIDDEN-STEAD.

MIFF, a mow or rick; and MIFFMAFF, nonsense.

MIRK, dark.

MIRLIN, pining.

MISMANNERED, ill-mannered.

MISNARE, to inconvenience or mislay.

MISTETCH, evil teaching. "A mistetcht horse" is a horse with one or more special vices.

MOAM, mellow.

MODYWARP, and MOULDIEWARP, a mole.

MOIDER, to distract; to bewilder; to work hard.

MOMMOCKS, little bits, fragments.

MOOD, roared; but used chiefly for a cow's "moo," or bellow.

MOODLE, to fold up, but not neatly.

MOORMASTER, the superintendent (not the captain) of the mines.

MUL, the dust of peats; MULL, to break into small pieces.

MULLOCK, dirt; refuse.

MURELL, to muse or think with great attention.

MURRY, merry; and MURRY-NEET, merry night; a dance or other entertainment held at a public-house, where all the guests pay their share, and where drinking—the cardinal sin of the north—and its companion immorality are rampant. Happily now on the decline.

NANTLE, to fondle.

NASH, brittle.

NATTLE, to rattle lightly; to *nattle* at a door or window is to shake or tap it lightly.

NEB and NESS, a point; a beak; the nose; and, allusively, the mouth.

NECKED, when the ears of corn are laid by the wind they are *necked*; and things notched are *necked* too.

NIGHT-COURTSHIP, or SITTIN' OOP, a custom something like the bundling of Wales, when two lovers "sit up" together through the night in the dark, generally lying in bed, both dressed; it need scarcely be said with what fatal consequences. But this, too, is a custom fast dying out from all but very rough and remote places.

NOBBUT, only.

NODDY, a game at cards.

NOLT, black cattle; but also horned cattle generally.

NOOLED, curbed; broken-spirited.

NOUSKAITH, a wishing or longing mixed with envy.

NOUTEGELD, or NEATGELD, a tax paid in "beasts" in olden times.

NUIKKEL, or NUIKKELT, yielding milk; TOP-NUIKKEL, full of milk, said of a cow in the early days after calving. "*Nuikkel* is probably a corruption of new calved."—*W. and C. Dialects.*

NYFLE, to pilfer.

OAST, curd for cheese.

ODDMENTS, odds and ends.

ODDWHITE, an oath. "God wite," God knows.

OFF-AT-SIDE, mad.

ONDERGANG, to undergo.

OON EGG, a soft egg without a shell.

OPEN'D-THEIR-GILLS, "said of those who gape wide and drink much."

OSS, to offer; to attempt anything; OSSING, offering.

OUT-ROUP, a public auction.

OWND, fated; or "overlooked."

PACE-EGGS, Easter eggs, boiled hard and dyed all colours—red, purple, yellow, and black—much prized by children.

PACK, a measure of coals equal to about three Winchester bushels.

PADDOCK, frog; PADDOCK-RUD, or PADDOCK-RIDE, frog spawn.

PAFFELDIN, baggage.

PAN, to fit; to agree.

PANG'D, quite full, as with food.

PARLISH, dangerous; a corruption of perilous.

PARRACK, a paddock near a house.

PARSEN, personal charms.

PATE, a badger; also the head, as elsewhere.

PAUT, to walk with a heavy, clumsy step.

PAWPE, to step forward in a leisurely measured manner.

PEAN, to strike or beat.

PECH, to pant.

PEE, to squint; to peer; to look with one eye; PEED, blind of one eye.

PEFF, to cough.

PEG, to beat with sharp knuckles.

PELDER, to encumber; and PELTER, a large mass or quantity.

PELL, a storm of wind or rain; a turmoil and tumult.

PELSEY, obstinate; froward.

PENNYSTONES, stone discs, made like quoits; a PENNYSTONE CAST, the distance they can be thrown.

PET-LIP, a hanging, sulky-looking lip.

PETTLE, to trifle. "He pettles and fidges," he fidgets about doing little nothings.

PEYL, to beat.

PEZ-STRAE: when a girl loses her lover, she is rubbed with peastraw by the young men of the village; and the same thing is done to a youth, by the girls, if he is jilted by his sweet-heart.

PICK, pitch; PICK-DARK, pitch dark; PICKS, diamonds in cards.

PICK-THE-FWOAL, said of mares which foal prematurely.

PIGGINS, small wooden pails, made like half barrels, with one long stave left for a handle. They are used for milk and potatoes, and "a' macks o' things."

PIG-HULL, a hog sty.

PIRNED, dried up; pinned.

PLACK, a piece of money.

PLEENIN, complaining; "badly." "I'se nobbut pleenin'," I'm ill.

PLOAT, to pluck the feathers from a fowl or bird.

PODDISH, porridge.

POKE, a sack or bag; and POKEY, saucy; inquisitive; pushing.

POPPLE, to bubble up.

POPS-AND-PAIRS, a game at cards.

POSSET-CUP, the pewter flagon in which the old-fashioned ale posset used to be served.

POW, to pull; also the head; POWDER, is bustle; haste.

PRIMELY, like *brawly*, very well; capitally.

PRIMP, to be a prude; to act priggishly.

PROD, thrust.

PUBBLE, plump.

PUDDER, confusion.

PUGGY, damp or moist; as "a puggy hand," a warm, damp, sticky hand.

PYELE, to pick delicately.

PYONNET, magpie.

QUALITY-MAK, quality folk, gentlefolk.

RACKEN, to think; also to reckon or count.

RACK-HURRY, the tramroad down to a *hurry*—that is, a *staith* or coal-wharf.

RACKLE, rude, boisterous; RACKLE-DEED, disorderly conduct.

RADDLE, to weave; to banter; to riddle.

RAGABRASH, ragamuffins; low people.

RAID, an incursion over the Border, when the Scots harried the poor Borderers and lifted their gear.

RAISE, a cairn; a tumulus; a heap of stones; a robbery.

RAM, having a foul strong smell; RAMMISH, violent; also as the adjective of *ram*; RAM-STAM, thoughtless.

RANNEL-BALK, or RANNEL-TREE, the beam across the chimney, bearing the chain with crooks and hangers for the pots and kettles, and specially the RATTEN-CROOK, or longest crook, reaching from the *rannel balk* to the fire.

RANNIGAL, a wild "outward" unmanageable person; REEUL has the same meaning.

RANTY and RANDY, wild to dissoluteness; also, more innocently, only frisky.

RAPPIS, a rapscallion; RASCOT, a rascal—both corruptions.

RATCH, a straight line; to pull asunder; to stretch; as is also RAX.

RATTENS, rats. RATTEN-ROW is the name of a hill near Caldbeck.

RAVE, rove; tore.

REAR, to raise; to rally; REER'D, raised on end.

REDD UP, to put to rights; to tidy oneself or a room.

REEK, smoke.

RIDE, to ride out on horseback on a raid or foray; a border term. "Ride Rowlie, the hough's i' the pot!"—Go out, Rowley, the last bit of beef (represented by the shin, or hough, the worst part) is in the pot, so go out and get more.

RIDING THE STANG. "On New Year's Day the populace carry stangs and baskets; whoever will not join them is mounted on the stang, and carried shoulder height to the next publichouse and fined sixpence."—*Gentlemen's Magazine*, 1791. Also, certain classes of misdoers were mounted on the stang, but if too reputable in station for such a display of popular feeling, a

substitute was found, who repeated, to make sure of no mistake,—

> "It isn't for my foat at I ride stang,
> But for W. B. who his wife does bang."

The class of offenders generally made to "ride the stang" were unfaithful husbands and such as beat their wives, and those who worked on Sundays and holidays.

RIP, news.

ROCK, a distaff.

ROOP, or ROUP, hoarseness; a public sale.

ROUGHNESS, abundance.

ROUK, a great number.

ROWNDGE, a great noise; a violent push.

ROWORGIN, an organ—one that makes a large noise.

ROW UP, to devour.

ROYSTERAN, roystering; ROYSTERING, screaming loudly.

RUGGS, woollen counterpanes.

RUMBUR, the short run before leaping.

RUSSLIN, wrestling.

SACKLESS, weak and simple.

SAIRY, poor and innocent.

SANK, a great quantity. "A sank o' havver," a great quantity of oats.

SARK, a shirt or chemise; a "cutty sark," a short shirt or shift.

SARRA, to serve. "Will that sarra your turn?" will that do for you?

SATTLE, or SETTLE, the long oaken bench with a back to it, placed along the chimney side.

SAURIN, vinegar—the *sowering*.

SAWW, "a violent yet sluggish kind of ache or pain, such as follows a blow upon the head, or is felt in the fingers when brought to the fire in a severe frost."—*W. and C. Dialects.*

SCALE, to waste; also to spread. You *scale* your property when you waste it, and you *scale* manure when you spread it abroad on the field.

SCAR, a bare, steep, jagged rock.

SCAUMY,[1] a thick, misty, flaky look in the sky, as if covered with cloud scaum, or scum.

SCOMTHER, to scorch severely.

SCONCE, a screen drawn from the *heck* to the fire, giving the family an inner room or place of ensconce; also a tin candlestick with a reflector.

SCONS, barleymeal cakes, eaten hot with butter.

SCOTTY KYE, Scotch cows—the small black Highland breed.

SCOWDER, and a SCROW ON, an untidy bustle; also a row; a confusion.

SCRAFFLE, to struggle, and to quarrel. The pigs *scraffle* for food, and the bairns *scraffle* at their games.

SCRAT, a scratch; said also of a busy, careful, and economical little housewife, who scrats or scrapes up every penny she can make. "She's a lisle scrat," meaning nothing disrespectful, but only expressive of her exceeding industry and carefulness.

SCRAWLEN, sprawling.

SCREES, loose, shingly precipices—the Screes at Wastwater the type of the rest.

SCRUDGE, scrowdge; and SKREENGED, squeezed.

SCUFTER, to bustle; to hurry; to scuffle after.

SCUGG, hid in a corner, like a squirrel.

SCUMFISHED, suffocated.

SEA-NAG, a ship.

SECK, such.

SEEK AS A PEET, sick as a magpie; extremely sick.

SEEVY CAP, a cap made of "sieves" or rushes.

SEGGY, hard and horny skin.

SEUGH, or SOUGH, a wet ditch; also a morass.

SEYPERS, those who drink to the last drop.

SHAG, a slice of bread.

SHAKIN, the ague.

SHALLY-WALLY, and SHITTLE-CUM-SHAW, both exclamations of contempt.

SHAWL, to walk ill, with bent and bowed legs.

SHEAR, to reap; also to shear sheep.

SHED, to excel.

> "Here lies John Richmond, honest man;
> *Shed* that who can."
>
> *Gravestone in Cockerham Churchyard (W. and C. Dialects).*

SHEM, shame; a SHEM and a BIZIN, a shame and a public scandal or byeword.

SHILLA, a stony beach; also used for "shale."

SHIRL, and SKIRL, and SLIRD, to slide or skate; SKIRL is also to scream.

SHIVE, to cut in slices. "Harry-lad shive," a whole round of bread.

SHWORT-CAKES, Scotch bread; short-cakes.

[1] Halliwell has it "clear, bright, glossy."

SIDE, to tidy; to put things away.
SIEVEYTHWAITE, the place of rushes.
SIKE, or SYKE, a small stream or rill that runs dry in summer.
SIN, since; SIN SYNE, since that time.
SIND, to rinse.
SINE, to strain.
SINEWAYS, many ways.
SKAIF, distant, wild, fearful, scattered abroad.
SKEER, or SCOWER, gravel, or small pebbles; also the place where cockles are gathered.
SKELLED, "anything twisted or warped out of a flat or straight form into that of a curve, *skell*, or shell."—*W. and C. Dialects.*
SKELP, to "pelt along," to walk very fast, also to yelp.
SKEEN, to squint.
SKENSMADAM, or WHO MAY SAY; "a mock dish set up on the table for show."—*W. and C. Dialects.*
SKEWIN UP, tossing up; SKEW'T and TEW'T, tossed about and fagged.
SKILVINGS, "a wooden frame to fix on the top of a cart, in order to widen and extend its size."—*W. and C. Dialects.*
SKIMMELS, forms; seats.
SLAISTER, to beat violently.
SLACK, a valley or small shallow dell. A *slack* is also the depression in a mountain range.
SLAKE, to wipe gently; "the slut's slake," is when a room is only half cleaned, merely slaked over, not thoroughly dusted.
SLAMMAKIN, untidy; sprawling; careless. "A slammakin lass," a big, sprawling, untidy trollop.
SLAPE, slippery; said, too, of a man not over honest or truthful.
SLAT, to spill; and SLATTERY, wet and dirty and untidy, and SLATCHIN is untidy too.
SLETHERING, lounging; "loafing;" also slippery.
SLINGE, to slink away.
SLIVE, to dress carelessly and slovenly.
SLOKKEN, to quench thirst.
SLON, sly.
SLOSH, SLOSHY, (*slush, slushy,*) muddy; wet; dirty.
SMIDDY, a blacksmith's smithy.
SMOOR, to smother; *to suffocate.*
SMULY, demure; looking graciously and *smugly.*
SNAAR, greedy.
SNAFFLEN, a sauntering, do-little way.
SNAG, to cut off; to notch.
SNAPE, to gird at others; to snap at them.
SNAPS, small round gingerbread cakes.
SNARREL, a hard knot bad to undo; and SNOCK SNARRELS is both entangled and cross.
SNECK, the latch of a door or gate.
SNIFT'RIN; snivelling, as is SNOTTERING.
SNIGGS, young eels.
SNIRP, to pine; to wither.
SNIRRELS, the nostrils.
SNIZY, cold.
SNODD, smooth; demure.
SOAV and CLIP, to salve and shear sheep.
SONN, to think and ponder.
SONSY, a well-favoured, stout, good-humoured person.
SOOND, to swoon; to faint.
SOPS, lumps of blacklead.
SOSS, to fall with a thud, as would any weighty soft body; SOSSING, drinking in a heavy, sodden manner. "To lie sossing in bed," is to lie lazily, stuffy and hot in bed.
SOTTER, to boil slowly.
SOUR-MILK, butter-milk.
SPAIN, to wean.
SPANG, to shoot with pain; to leap out; to jump. "My side spangs sae," my side shoots with pain.
SPAT, a sharp quick slap.
SPELK, a splinter or thatching pin.
SPOTTLE, schedule.
SQUOAVERAN CALLAN, a light, merry boy.
STAAT, an estate; the STATESMEN are the estatemen, men holding a little landed property of their own—a race unfortunately fast diminishing to make room for large landed proprietors and monopolists.
STAFFLE, STAVEL, or STOAP, to walk like a drunken person; to wander about as if lost.
STAG, a young horse.
STANG, a long bar or wooden pole, very strong.
STANK, to sigh; to moan; to gasp for breath; also a dam or weir.
STARKEN, to tighten.
STAVLAN, lounging.
STEE, or STIE, a ladder or stile; a way of ascent as STY is ascent. "Ye shall see heaven opened, and the angels of God *stiynge* up and coming down upon the Son of Man."—*Wiclif's Bible.*

STEEK, or STUIK, to shut; to close.

> "Kittle t' coal and mak t' ingle shine;
> Steek t' dere, and keep out t' swine."

STEG, a gander.

STEVEN, "to set the steven," to agree upon the time and place of meeting for an appointment.

STEVVIN, to be in a fuss and flurry.

STINT, a limited allowance.

STITCHES, narrow ridges of cultivated land; the "stitch of potato" is not the furrow.

STODGE, any thick satisfying food, as porridge, peas-pudding, &c.; STODGY is the adjective of *stodge*, and is used also for a fat, clumsy girl.

STOMPY, a heavy walker, one who *stomps* or stamps about; a pianoforte player with a heavy touch *stomps*.

STORKEN, to cool; to stiffen like cooling tallow.

STOUN, or STOUND, a sudden transient pain, like *spang*.

STOUR, dust; and, metaphorically, a dispute or noisy meeting.

STOVE, a young shoot of wood.

STOWTER, to struggle; to walk clumsily.

STRAMMER, large; great. "A strammer lie" is a bouncer.

STRONES, tenants bound to assist the lord in hunting the red deer.

STROO, "to strain a liquid through cloth, or to press it through a narrow passage, as through the teeth;" also to draw anything through the teeth, as asparagus, &c., instead of biting it.

SUKKEN, wet; literally "soaking."

SUMP, a dirty puddle or pond; but SUMPLE is a blockhead.

SUNKETS, suppers.

SWAITH, like WRAITH, the fetch or ghost of a dying person.

SWAYMUS, shy, bashful.

SWEELS OF LAUGHTER, bursts of laughter; a candle *sweels* when placed in a draught.

SWEET BUTTER, or RUM BUTTER, butter and sugar mixed up with rum, and used at childbirths; generally a piece of this is put into the baby's mouth as its first taste of earthly food.

SWELT, overcome; faint; to swoon; to die away; "grass when cut in hot weather is said to *swelt*. In a hot, dry season it is said that every green thing *swelts* for want of rain."—*W. and C. Dialects.*

SWIPE, to drink off hastily; and SYPE, to drain.

SWIRTLE, to fidget about; also to be nimble and active.

SWORT, a syringe.

SWURLT, whirled.

SYKE, or SIKE, a ditch.

SYZLE, to saunter.

TAAKIN, in a temper. "She's in a fine taakin," she's very angry, very much put out.

TAAS, wood split thin to make into baskets.

TAAVE, or TEAVE, to wade through mire; but TAAVIN is kicking.

TAGGELT, a bad character, male or female.

TAHMY, untwisted; stringy.

TAMMY, glutinous; sticky.

TANGLE, sea-weed.

TAPPY-LAPPY, in a hurry, "with the coat laps flying behind through speed."

TARN, a small lake or lakelet on the hill tops.

TARN'D, ill-natured.

TAVE, moving the feet about quickly—fidgeting with them; also working up plaster with a spade.

TAYSTRAGELT, *i.e.*, tie strayed; a loose idle person, strayed from the tie or tether like a cow or horse.

TEA DRAA (to draw), a place of refuge; a home.

TEANALE, a basket.

TEARAN, tearing. A "tearan fellow" is a rough, hot-headed, riotous person.

TEDDER-STYAK, the tether stake to which cattle are tied or tethered.

TEEHT, a lock of wool, flax, &c.

TEEM, or TOOM, to pour out of one vessel into another.

TEM, to kindle, to light.

TERRIBLE, often used as very. "'Twas a terrible great sheep;" "aye, 'twas a maist serious grand sheep indeed!"

TEYLLEYER, a tailor.

TEYNEY, tiny.

TEYTE, tide, or time, used for "as soon as." "I'd as teyte hev a glass o' rum as a pint o' yell."

THACK, thatch; THECKED, thatched; THECKER, thatcher.

THIBEL, or THIVEL, the wooden stick with which porridge is stirred.

THICK AS WAMPS, intimate friends.

THRANG, thronged; busy.

THRAW, to writhe; to twist.

THREAP, THRUP, to assert, generally a lie. "She threaped 'till my face," she said positively that falsehood to my face.

THRESHWOOD, threshold.

THRIMMELT, pulled out.

THROPPLE, the windpipe; and THROPPLED, throttled.

THROSSEL, or THROSTLE, a thrush.

THROUGH STONE, or THURFF STONE, a flat tombstone; also the large binding stones which go through the whole thickness of the unmortared walls.

THWAITE, a cleared piece of land.

TIFT, a small draught of liquor; a short fit of doing anything; also condition as to health of the body; as a verb it means fetching of the breath quickly, as after running.

TIG, to strike gently; also to drag after another. A child *tigs* at its mother, and too often *tews* her in doing so; and people that bore one with their constant company, *tig efter ane.*

TINKLER, a tinker.

TITTER, sooner; earlier. "The bainer the road the *titter* you'll come," the nearer the way the sooner you will come.

TITTY, sister.

TOCHER, a dowry.

TOIT, to topple over, as is also TOYTLE.

TOME, a hair line for fishing.

TOOMING, an aching and dizziness of the eyes; also to empty out.

TOP, or TOPPER, superior; first-rate.

TRAAVE, or TREEAVE, to stride along lifting the feet high.

TRAILY, in a slovenly, reckless manner.

TRAM, a line, or succession of things, as cattle, carts, &c.

TRIG, tight; compact; also *full* with food. In this sense *trig* is a stage lower than *brussen*; you are first *trig* and then *brussen.*

TRIPPET, "a small piece of wood obtusely pointed, something like a shoe, hollow at one end, and having a tail a little elevated at the other, which is struck with the *buckstick* in a game called 'trippet and coit,' played by the rustics."—*W. and C. Dialects.*

T'ROD, the road. "Moses' trod" not far from "Aaron End," is a steep path going up by Great Gable.

TROLLYBAGS, tripe.

TROUNCIN, a beating.

TUE, or TEW, to work hard; to be worn out and fatigued "A tewing darrak" is a laborious, fatiguing, wearying day's work.

TUITHWARK, the toothache.

TUMBLE-CAR, "a cart drawn by a single horse, probably so named from the axle being made fast on the wheels, and turning round with them."—*W. and C. Dialects.*

TWILT, a quilt.

TWISTER, a year-old sheep.

TUP, a ram.

TYER, moreover.

TYKE, a coarse, rough, ignorant fellow; also a rough terrier dog.

UNCO, exceeding; extremely.

UNHOMED, awkward; untidy.

UNNAME, or UNKNAAM, unknown.

UNKAT, awkward; uncouth; uncultivated; but UNKET is strange news.

URCHON, an "urchin"—a hedgehog.

VARSAL, universal. "In t' whole varsal world," in the whole universal world.

WAAT, or WAIT, to understand.

WABBLE, to shake, as boiling water; in fact, to wobble.

WAD, black-lead; plumbago.

WA, DANG IT! why, hang it! a very frequent expression.

WAFF, a whiff; a slight blast of smell; also a short snappish bark.

WAFFLER, a wavering, undecided person.

WAINTLY, very well.

WAISTOMEA, woe is to me, woe's me.

WAIT, or WARED, spent on goods or wares.

WAIT, to know.

WALE, choice.

WAMP, wasp.

WANDLY, gently.

WANKLE, feeble.

WANKLY, very well.

WANTERS, the unmarried who want partners.

WAP'D, wrapt.

WAPS, or BATTEN, a large truss of straw.

WAR-DAY, the worse or workday; every day in the week but Sunday.

WARISON, the stomach.

WARK, to ache.

WEAHZE, WEEZE, or WAZE, a plot of wool, or soft cushion, put on the head to protect it from a load.

WEATHERGALL, "the lower part of the rainbow, when the rest of the arch is not seen."—*W. and C. Dialects.*

WEBSTER, or WOBSTER, a weaver.

WED, the heap of clothes placed in the middle of the game of Scotch and English.

WEE, small. "A wee bittock," a small bit.

WEEAKY, moist; juicy.

WEGHT, or WECHT, a sheep-skin vessel, like a sieve without holes.

WELLY, well-nigh.

WELSH, or WALLOW, "tasteless; insipid. Broth and water and pottage without salt are *wallow* or *welsh*. A person whose face has a raw, pale, and unhealthy (*flew*) look, whom a keen frosty morning pinches, and to whom it gives an appearance of misery and poverty, has a *welsh* and *wallow* face. A *welsh* day is the same as a *sleety* day when it is neither thaw nor frost; but a *wallow* day is when a cold, stormy, and hollow wind prevails."—*W. and C. Dialects.*

WELT, to lean on one side; to upset.

WEY, yes; certainly.

WEYTE, blame.

WHAKER, to quiver; to shake; WHAKERED, quivered and shook.

WHANE, to stroke down; to soothe.

WHANG, to jump clumsily; a blow or bang; also a thick clumsy piece of anything eatable. "A whang" of meat, and a "Harry-lad-slive" of bread, would satisfy any one not a ghoul or an ogre

WHANTER, to flatter.

WHANTLE, to fondle.

WHELKER, also YARKER, a thump or blow; and a *thumper* generally.

WHEMMLE, to turn upside down.

WHEWTLE, a slight whistle.

WHEY-FACED, white faced; like whey milk.

WHEYTE, quite.

WHEYWIG, buttermilk whey, with an infusion of herbs—generally mint or sage.

WHICK, quick, in the old sense; alive; also the raw or live flesh.

WHICKS, couch-grass.

WHICKFLAW, a whitlow.

WHIDDER, to tremble.

WHIEW, to fly quickly; to use great speed.

WHINGE, to whine; to weep; and also to shrink back.

WHINNERING, neighing. (Whinnying.)

WHINS, gorse or furze.

WHIPPING-THE-CAT, the custom of workmen going out to get work from house to house.

WHISHT, hush.

WHISSENDAY, Whit Sunday.

WHITE, to requite; also to cut wood with a knife.

WHITTLE-GAIT, the privilege of the small priests of old time, when dining at the houses of their parishioners in rotation—that is the privilege of using their knife or "whittle,"—was part of their salary. A mode of payment adopted, too, for the schoolmasters of the parish schools, but abolished now everywhere excepting at Wastdale, where it is still in force, or was, at least, until very lately.

WHYE, a heifer; WHYE-CAULF, a cow calf.

WHYLLYMER, or ROSLEY CHESHIRE, the poor hard skim-milk cheese of the country.

WIDDERSFUL, endeavouring.

WIG TO WA', "he's banged aboot frae wig to wa';" he is knocked about from pillar to post.

WIGGEN, the mountain ash, or rowan.

WILLY-WANDS, willow rods.

WISKET, or WHISKET, a basket.

WISSEN, to know.

WON, to dwell; to inhabit.

WONTED, or WENNIED, milk kept till it is sour.

WOOD, or WUD, mad.

WORCHET, an orchard.

WOT, to know.

> "When Skiddaw wears a cap,
> Criffel wots full well of that."

WOTS, oats.

WRAMP, a sprain.

WRAUL, to fret; to find fault; to grumble.

WREEDEN, peevish; ill-tempered.

YAMMERT, bawled.

YANCE, once; YANS, ones.

YAT and YETT, gate.

YAUD, or YAWD, a jade, or sorry horse. "The grey yauds" are Druid stones at King Harry, in the parish of Cumwhitton; called grey yauds, it is supposed, because of the colour of the stones in such striking contrast to the black peat soil.

YEDDER, a straight hazel stick used in binding down or plashing fences.

YEK, an oak.

YELL, whole; also ale.

YILP, to chirp.

YOUNGERMER, younger persons.

§ 2.—GENERAL TERMS.

BAND, the summit of a secondary height; as Taylor's Ghyll Band, and Randerson Band, Borrowdale.

BARROW, a hill; as Latterbarrow, Mitredale, and Styebarrow and Gowbarrow by Ullswater.

BECK, a brook.

CAM, or COMB, the crust of a hill, the analogue of which is the comb of a cock; as Rosthwaite Cam and Catsty Cam.

COOM, a hollow, or valley, in the side of a hill.

COVE, a recess rather than a valley; as Red Cove and Keppel Cove, Helvellyn; Atkinson Cove, Hartsop.

DAL, a dale; as Lindal.

DEN, or DENE, a glen; as Mickleden, "the great glen," Langdale.

DOD: 1. the smaller process, half detached, of a larger hill, as Skiddaw Dod, Hartsop Dod; 2. A hill with a blunt summit, as the Great Dod.

DORE, an opening or fissure between rocks; as Lodore, Mickledore.

DUN, a second-class hill; as Dunmallet.

EA, water; as Eamont, Easdale.

FELLS, the lower spurs of the mountains; bare, rocky, elevated land.

FORCE, a waterfall; as Stock Ghyll Force, Scale Force.

GATE, a way; or GAIT, goat; as Gatescarth, a hill with a way over it; or Gaitscarth, the goat hill.

GARTH, an enclosure.

GHYLL, a ravine, generally with a "force;" as Dungeon Ghyll.

GRANGE, a farmstead; as the Grange, Borrowdale.

HAG, an enclosure; as Strandshag, Keswick.

HAWSE, a narrow passage, or a narrow ridge; as Buttermere Hawse.

HOLM, an island, or the rich low land lying near to water; as the holms on Windermere; Abbey Holm, and Holm Cultram.

HOW, a small hill; as Butterlip How..

HUL, a hill.

INGS, low meadows; as Broad Ing, Askham.

KELD, a well or spring; as Threlkeld.

KNOCK, a hill; as Knock o' Murton.

KNOT, a rugged, rocky, *knotty* hill; as Farleton Knot, Hard Knot.

MAN, or MAEN, the pile of stones built up on the summit of all the higher mountains.

MERE, a lake; as Grasmere, Windermere.

NAB, the "neb," or nose, or prominent projection of a hill; as Nab Scar.

NESS, a promontory, also the neb, or nose; as Bowness, Furness.

PEN, a hill; as Penrith, the Red hill.

PIKE, peak; as Herring Pike, Scawfell Pike.

POT, circular holes, whether formed in the hills by the action of the weather, or in the stones of a river by that of water; as Lade Pot, and the Pots by Birks Bridge.

RAKE, the sunken, practicable way on an otherwise impracticable hill; as the Lady's Rake on Walla Crag, and the Scot's Rake in Troutbeck.

RAISE, a tumulus formed of up-heaped stones; as Dunmail Raise.

REACH, the divisions of a lake made by the forward thrust of the mountains.

RIGG, a ridge; as Loughrigg and Riggendale.

SCAR, or SCAUR, a bare rock.

SCREES, precipices covered with loose, shivering stones. The large stones at the base of the screes are all called *Borrans*. The Screes, Wastwater, and Red Screes, Kirkstone.

SCROGGS, stunted trees or bushes.

SLACK, a hollow or depression in the outline of the hills; as the Slack between Seat Sandal and Fairfield, the Scandale Slack, and others.

SYKE, a ditch, or rivulet.

TARN, a small mountain lake.

THWAITE, cleared ground; as Thornthwaite, Bassenthwaite, &c., a most common postfix.

WATH, a ford.

WRAY, a landmark.

WYKE, a bay, or creek; as Peel Wyke, Windermere, and Peel Wyke, Bassenthwaite.

§ 3.—NAMES OF PLACES.

ASCHAM, and ASKRIGG, and ASHNESS, the village, the ridge, and the promontory, or projection of water.

AMBLESIDE, or HAMELSIDE, said to be from *ea*, water, and *mel*, brow or hill; water from the sides of the brows or hills.

APPLETHWAITE, if not the village of apples, then *Ea pul thwaite*, the village of water (redoubled).

BASSENTHWAITE, the place of *bass*, *bassen*, or perch.

BLEA TARN, the blue tarn.

BORROWDALE, or BOARDALE, Barrowdale, or wild boar dale.

BOWFELL, the bowed or arched fell.

BOWNESS, the bowed or arched promontory, ness, or "neb."

BRATHAY, water from the *brae*.

BROTHERILKELD, *Broad-dur-ail-keld*, a broad water from the keld or spring.

BUTTERMERE, *Bode-tor-mere*, the lake of a village by the hill, or is it the butter lake, famous for cows and dairy?

CALDER, wooded water.

CARL LOFTS, the high dwelling.

THE CARRS, the Scars or Scaurs.

CARROCK FELL, the rocky fell.

CATSTYCAM, or CATCHEDECAM, the wild cat's ladder hill.

CAUSEY PIKE, causeway Pike.

COCKLEY BECK, a winding or rugged stream.

CONISTON, a town at the head of the lake. *Ton*, town; *con*, at the head of; *is*, the lake.

CRINKLE CRAGS, with a crooked or crinkled outline.

DERWENT, the windy lake, *Dwr-gwynt*; or the clear lake, *Dwr-gwyn*. Both names are characteristic.

DONNERDALE, the Duddon dale; and DUDDON is the *Dod-den*, the lesser or lower valley.

DOW CRAGS, dove or black crags.

EASEDALE, *Eas-dale*, or *Is-dale*, the water dale.

FAIRFIELD, the sheep hill, from *Faar-feld*, Danish.

FLOUTERN, from the Islandic *Floi*, the place of a marsh.

GATESCARTH. See *ante*, GATE.

GLENCOIN the corner glen.

GLENDERATERRA, a glen conducting water from the hill. *Glen-dwr*, water; *turret*, the hill or eminence.

GRASMERE, or GRASMOOR, or GERSMERE, or GRISMERE, the lake of green grass, or of the wild boar, *Grise*.

GRETA, the great *ea*, or water.

GRISEDALE, the dale of the wild swine.

HAMMER SCAR, the rocky scar.

HARRISON STICKLE, Harrison's peak or pike. Steel Pike was the old name of this point.

HARTSOP, the deer's hill.

HELVELLYN, the hill that walls in the lake. *Hel*, hill; *gwal*, wall; *lyn*, lake.

HINDSCARTH, the hind's or shepherd's scarth or hill.

KESKADALE, a corruption of Gatescarthdale.

KESWICK, *Kesh*-wick, the village of the Keshes or water hemlock.

KIRKSTONE, from the fashion of the stones at the top.

LADE POT, the way (*lad*) over the pot or depression.

LAMPLUGH, the loam (*lam*) ploughed, or GLANFLOUGH, *dale wet*.

LANGDALE, or LANGDEN, long valley.

LANGSTRETH, long street or way, as it is.

LEGBERTHWAITE, an inclosed barley field; *leigh*, meadow; *bera*, barley; *thwaite*, an inclosure.

LINGMELL, the ling, or heather hill or mell.

LODORE, or LOWDORE, said by some to be the same as LOWTHER (*Lodwr*), the black-water, but by others to be the low opening or gully.

LYULPH'S TOWER, L'Ulf's, or the wolf's tower, from Liulf, the first baron of Greystoke.

LONG-SLEDDALE, the long smooth valley.

MATTERDALE, either *Mater* dale, the mother dale, or *Mathair* dale, the dale of waters.

MELL FELL, the smooth conical hill (*moel*).

MICKLEDORE, the great rift or opening; and MICKLEDEN, the great dale or valley.

NANBIELD, the torrent shelter; *Nant*, water or stream, or torrent; and *bield*, shelter.

ORMATHWAITE, the cleared place of snakes.

PATTERDALE, Patrick dale.

PENRITH, the red hill; *Pen*, hill; *rhydd*, red.

PIKE O' STICKLE, the pike of the peak; the point of the point.

PORTINSCALE, *port*, a landing-place; *ing*, a meadow; *scale*, a basin.

PULL WYKE, a *bay* in the *pool* or lake.

RHYDAL, either a contraction of Rothaydale, or *Rhydle*, a passage place.

SALE FELL, BLACK SAIL, TOP SAIL, SAYLE BOTTOM, all coming from the same word, *sagal* or *sahl*, bar.

SANDWYKE, a sandy inlet or bay.

SATURA CRAG, SETTARA PARK, SATERRY WATERCROOK, SATTERTHWAITE; from *saetter*, the Icelandic summer châlets for the herdsmen.

SCANDALE, *shans*, a fort or rampart.

SCARF GAP, *scoef*, smooth, the smooth gap.

SCAWFELL, either the fissure fell, or the topmost, the most conspicuous fell.

SEATHWAITE, *seath*, a well or pond, *thwaite*, an inclosure.

SKELWITH, *scale wath*, a ford in a hollow.

SKIDDAW, the horse-shoe hill (*yseyd*), or the protecting hill (*scœd*).

STAKE PASS, *stoeger*, a stair or road over a hill.

STRIDING, or STRACHAN EDGE, the name expresses the kind of walking needed.

STY HEAD, *stie*, ladder, or way.

SWIRREL, or SWIRL EDGE.

THRELKELD, *Thor's hill held*, or the *Thrall* or serf's *held* or spring.

TILBERTHWAITE, *Till*, *bera* (or barley), *thwaite*.

WALLA CRAG and WALLABARROW, *gwal beorg*, a natural rampart, or smooth grassy ground.

WANSFELL, *wang*, a field; *wangsfell*, an exposed hill.

WATENDLATH, *waden*, ford; *lethe*, or *lathe*, a northern "hundred."

WHINLATTER, *gwynt-hlaw-tor*, windy brow hill; or is it simply the hill of whins or gorse?

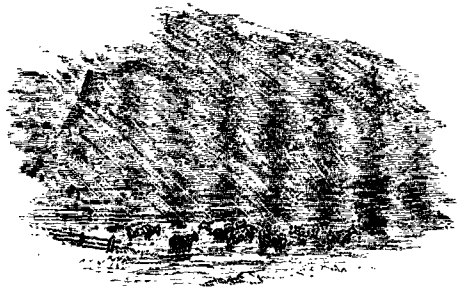
WINDERMERE, *gwyn-dwr-mere*, bright water lake; or the winding lake?

WRYNOSE, the nose of the *rhin*, hill.

YOKE, a hill in a chain of hills.

ULLSWATER, L'Ulf's water.

This list has been taken out of Black's and Wordsworth's Guides, and is given for what it is worth; which is not much. No attempt was made in the glossary to give roots or derivations. To do this well needs a thorough and sound philological education; and even then there are traps and pitfalls into which the wariest fall. But I might have given a few very striking coincidences of sound, had I not thought it better to refrain from even conjecture; else, *fremmed* strange, and *fremd* the same thing in German; *arles-penny*, bargain money, and *arrhes*, French; *gang*, to go, and *gangen*, Dutch; *gavelock*, an iron bar, and *gaveloc*, Saxon; *hause*, the neck, and *hals*, German; *helle*, to pour, and *hella*, Icelandic; *hot*, a basket, and *hotte*, French; with many others, of which these are only samples, were tempting opportunities for a little commonplace etymology; which, however, all tolerably well-educated people can supply to themselves.



BUTTERMERE.

APPENDIX II.

THE BOTANY OF THE LAKE DISTRICT.

§ 1.—THE FLOWERS.

RANUNCULACEÆ.

THALICTRUM ALPINUM, Alpine Meadow-Rue. Between Great End and Scawfell; Helvellyn; Fairfield.

T. FLAVUM: Yellow Meadow-Rue. Windermere; margin of the Greta, Howray (Keswick).

T. MINUS: Lesser Meadow-Rue. Common.*

T. MAJUS: Greater Meadow-Rue. Lodore; Derwentwater shores; the Screes; Ullswater; Ennerdale; Thirlmere; Pooley Bridge.

ANEMONE NEMOROSA: Wood Anemone, or Wind-Flower. Everywhere in woods.

RANUNCULUS AQUATILIS: Water Crowfoot. Common; but specially luxuriant on St. Bees moor.

R. AURICOMUS: Wood Crowfoot, or Goldilocks. Common.

R. FICARIA: Lesser Celandine; R. BULBOSUS, Bulbous Buttercup; R. REPENS: Creeping Buttercup; R. ACRIS, Meadow Crowfoot. All common.

R. HEDERACEUS: Ivy-leaved Crowfoot. Lamplugh Hall; but common elsewhere.

R. LINGUA: Greater Spearwort. Wastdale and Ennerdale.

R. FLAMMULA, Lesser Spearwort. Common.

R. HIRSUTUS: Pale Hairy Buttercup. Drigg.

TROLLIUS EUROPÆUS: Mountain Globe-Flower, or Lucken-gowans. The lake sides generally, but specially fine at Windermere.

CALTHA PALUSTRIS: Common Marsh-Marygold. Common. This and the Globe-flower are two of the handsomest flowers of the spring time.

HELLEBORUS VIRIDIS: Green Hellebore. Duddon woods; Plumbland; Braithwaite. Rare.

H. FŒTIDUS: Stinking Hellebore. Between Bowness and Kendal. Rare.

AQUILEGIA VULGARIS: Common Columbine. Common.

NYMPHÆACEÆ.

NYMPHÆA ALBA: White Water Lily. Common.

NUPHAR LUTEA: Common Yellow Water Lily Common.

PAPAVERACEÆ.

PAPAVER RHŒAS: Common Red Poppy. Common.

MECONOPSIS CAMBRICA: Yellow Welsh Poppy. Very rich about Windermere and Ambleside, where it is much cultivated; Ullock Moss (Keswick); Long Sleddale; Coniston.

GLAUCIUM LUTEUM; Yellow Horned-Poppy. Fimby; Coulderton; Bootle.

CHELIDONIUM MAJUS: Common Celandine. Common.

FUMARIACEÆ.

FUMARIA OFFICINALIS: Common Fumitory. Common.

CORYDALIS CLAVICULATA: Climbing Corydalis. Not uncommon.

C. SOLIDA: Solid-rooted Corydalis. Newlands. Rare.

CRUCIFERÆ.

SUBULARIA AQUATICA: Water Awlwort. Ennerdale Lake. Rare.

THLASPI ALPESTRE: Alpine Penny-Cress. On the road from Kendal to Ambleside. A limestone variety, therefore rare in this district.

* *T. Majus* and *T. Minus* are made synonymous by Chi.ds.

TEESDALIA NUDICAULIS: Naked-stalked Teesdalia. Raven Crag (St. John's); Thief Ghyll in Dean.

CAPSELLA BURSA-PASTORIS: Common Shepherd's-Purse. Common.

LEPIDIUM SMITHII: Hairy Pepperwort. Lowdore.

L. CAMPESTRE: Field Pepperwort. Common.

L. DRABA: Whitlow Pepperwort. Whitbarrow.

COCHLEARIA OFFICINALIS: Common Scurvy-Grass. Kirkstone; Helvellyn; Long Sleddale; Fleswick Bay. *Var. Alpina* of Babington is found on Helvellyn and Place Fell. Another variety, as yet unbaptized, is found on Sty Head, according to Otley.

C. ANGLICA: English Scurvy-Grass. Workington Shore.

CAKILE MARITIMA: Purple Sea-Rocket. Seaton Shore.

CRAMBE MARITIMA: Sea-Kale. Coulderton Shore.

SENEBIERA CORONOPUS, or CORONOPUS RUELLII: Common Wart-cress or Swine's-cress. Beast Banks (Kendal); Seaton.

CARDAMINE AMARA: Large flowered Bitter-cress. Rare.

C. HIRSUTA: Hairy Bitter-cress. Common.

C. PRATENSIS: Cuckoo-flower. Common. Sometimes double, but rarely so.

CAMELINA SATIVA: Common Gold-of-Pleasure. Workington Mill in 1848. (Harriet Martineau.)

ARABIS HIRSUTA: Hairy Rock-cress. Whitbarrow; Shoulthwaite Moss.

A. PETRÆA: Alpine Rock-cress. The Screes. Rare.

A. STRICTA: Bristol Rock-cress. Lamplugh Hall. Rare.

CHEIRANTHUS CHEIRI: Wallflower. Scaleby Castle. Rare.

TURRITIS GLABRA: Long-podded Tower-Mustard. Stainburn.

BRASSICA MONENSIS: Isle-of-Man Cabbage, or Wallflower Cabbage. Flimby; St. Bees.

B. CAMPESTRIS: Common Wild Navew. Common.

SISYMBRIUM OFFICINALE: Common Hedge-mustard; ERYSIMUM ALLIARIA: Garlic Treacle Mustard; SINAPIS ARVENSIS: Wild Mustard or Cherlock. All common.

RESEDACEÆ.

RESEDA LUTEOLA: Dyer's Rocket, Yellow Weed, or Weld. Flimby; Eaglesfield; Workington.

CISTINEÆ.

HELIANTHEMUM CANUM: Hoary Dwarf Rock-rose. Witherslack; Humphrey Head (Cartmel); Scout Scar.

VIOLACEÆ.

VIOLA CANINA: Dog Violet; V. TRICOLOR: Heartsease or Pansy. Both common; the last singularly fine and richly coloured.

V. HIRTA: Hairy Violet. Barrowfield (Kendal).

V. PALUSTRIS: Marsh Violet. Cunswick Tarn and Spittal (Kendal).

V. LUTEA: Yellow Mountain Violet. The Keswick hills, specially Skiddaw; Brigham.

DROSERACEÆ.

DROSERA ROTUNDIFOLIA: Round-leaved Sundew. In all bogs everywhere.

D. LONGIFOLIA: Long-leaved Sundew. Borrowdale, where it is common; Foulshaw Moss; Ullock Moss; Windermere, where it is rare.

D. ANGLICA: Great Sundew. Foulshaw Moss; Helvellyn.

POLYGALEÆ.

POLYGALA VULGARIS: Common Milkwort. Everywhere, and in all colours, from the purest white to the deepest blue, and from the palest pink to the fullest rose; a lovely growth carpeting the moors and fells.

CARYOPHYLLEÆ.

SAPONARIA OFFICINALIS: Common Soapwort. Not common, but found at Keswick.

SILENE ACAULIS: Moss Campion. Black Rocks (Great End); Grisedale Tarn; Fairfield; Helvellyn; Borrowdale. Very rare.

S. INFLATA: Bladder Campion. Common.

S. MARITIMA: Sea Campion. Between Keswick and Lodore, but rare; and at Eskmeals and Brackenthwaite.

S. NUTANS: Nottingham Catchfly. Dean; Moorland Close.

LYCHNIS FLOS-CUCULI: Ragged Robin; and L. DIOICA: Campion. Common, and very fine about Ambleside.

L. ALPINA: Red Alpine Campion. Brackenthwaite Fells.

SAGINA PROCUMBENS: Procumbent Pearlwort. Common; as are also SPERGULA ARVENSIS: Corn Spurrey; STELLARIA MEDIA: Chickweed;

S. HOLOSTEA: Greater Stitchwort; and S. GRAMINEA: Lesser Stitchwort.

SPERGULA NODOSA: Knotted Spurrey. Lilly Hall.

STELLARIA NEMORUM: Wood Stitchwort. Windermere; Burdoswald; Moorside Hall; Laverock Lane (near Kendal).

ARENARIA PEPLOIDES: Sea-side Sandwort. Seaton; Flimby.

A. SERPYLLIFOLIA: Thyme-leaved Sandwort. Pardshaw Hall.

A. VERNA: Vernal Sandwort. About the lime-kilns, Kendal. Rare.

A. TRINERVIS: Three-nerved Sandwort. Common.

CERASTIUM VISCOSUM: Viscid Mouse-ear Chickweed. Common.

C. TETRANDRUM: Four-stamened Mouse-ear Chickweed. Cockermouth.

C. ALPINUM: Alpine Mouse-ear Chickweed. Helvellyn.

LINEÆ.

LINUM CATHARTICUM: Cathartic Flax. Common.

RADIOLA MILLEGRANA: Thyme-leaved Flax-seed. Ehenside.

MALVACEÆ.

MALVA SYLVESTRIS: Common Mallow. Common.

M. MOSCHATA: Musk Mallow. Common.

TILIACEÆ.

TILIA EUROPÆA: Common Lime. Common.

HYPERICACEÆ.

HYPERICUM ANDROSŒMUM: Common Tutsan. Windermere; Coniston.

H. QUADRANGULUM: Square-Stalked St. John's Wort. Clifton.

H. PERFORATUM: Perforated St. John's Wort. Common; specially at Keswick and Ara Force.

H. DUBIUM: Imperforate St. John's Wort. Below Kirkby Lonsdale Bridge.

H. HUMIFUSUM: Trailing St. John's Wort. Everywhere, but specially fine about Lodore.

H. MONTANUM: Mountain St. John's Wort. Scout Scar (Kendal).

H. HIRSUTUM: Hairy St. John's Wort. Camerton; Clifton.

H. PULCHRUM: Small Upright St. John's Wort. Common.

H. ELODES: Marsh St. John's Wort. On the road from Kendal to Ambleside; Birker Moor; Aitcha Moss; Ullock Moss.

PARNASSIA PALUSTRIS: Common Grass of Parnassus. Cunswick Tarn and Coniston, specially; but not infrequent in boggy places generally.

ACERINEÆ.

ACER CAMPESTRE: Common Maple. Common.

A. PSEUDO-PLATANUS: Sycamore. Common.

GERANIACEÆ.

GERANIUM SANGUINEUM: Bloody Crane's-bill. Scout Scar; St. Bees; Whitbarrow.

G. ROTUNDIFOLIUM: Round-leaved Crane's-bill. Common.

G. PHÆUM: Dusky Crane's-bill. Kirkby Lonsdale; Borrowdale; Pepper Hag near Burnside.

G. PRATENSE: Blue Meadow Crane's-bill. Not uncommon, but singularly fine about the banks of the Rothay, and at St. Bees.

G. SYLVATICUM: Wood Crane's-bill. Coniston, Water Head; the Kendal lanes; the lane under Swart Fell; St. John's Vale; Windermere.

G. PYRENAICUM: Mountain Crane's-bill. Yeorton Hall, and Keswick. Rare.

G. ROBERTIANUM: Herb Robert. Everywhere; a low-growing deep-coloured variety is on Place Fell, and a white variety is in a field near Jenkin Crag, Kendal, and in one locality at Coniston.

G. LUCIDUM: Shining Crane's-bill. Troutbeck; Lowdore; Windermere; Hawkshead.

G. MOLLE: Dove's foot Crane's-bill. Common.

G. PUSILLUM: Small-flowered Crane's-bill. Etterby Scar; Windermere.

G. COLUMBINUM: Long-stalked Crane's-bill. Cockermouth; Fellfoot; Newby Bridge; the canal banks at Kendal.

ERODIUM CICUTARIUM: Hemlock Stork's-bill. Gosforth.

E. MARITIMUM: Sea Stork's-bill. St. Bees.

BALSAMINEÆ.

IMPATIENS NOLI-ME-TANGERE: Balsam Touch-me-not. Furness Fells; Coniston; Windermere; Ambleside; Scale Hill.

OXALIDEÆ.

OXALIS ACETOSELLA: Common Wood Sorrel. Everywhere in woods and by rivulets and waterfalls.

CELASTRINEÆ.

EUONYMUS EUROPÆUS: Common Spindle-Tree. Near Kendal; Lodore Woods; Coniston.

RHAMNEÆ.

RHAMNUS CATHARTICUS: Common Buckthorn. The Windermere islands and woods; Cunswick Wood.

R. FRANGULA: Alder Buckthorn. Cunswick Wood; Windermere; Ullock Moss; Cockshot, and the Cass (Keswick).

LEGUMINOSÆ.

ULEX EUROPÆUS: Gorse or Yellow Whin. Everywhere, and one of the most beautiful characteristics of the country.

U. NANUS: Dwarf Furze. Gosforth; Lamplugh; Pooley Bridge; Buttermere; Wastdale.

GENISTA TINCTORIA: Dyer's Greenweed. Common.

G. ANGLICA, Needle Greenweed. Drigg; Bootle.

CYTISUS SCOPARIUS: Common Broom. Common, but singularly beautiful about Windermere.

ONONIS ARVENSIS: Common Restharrow. The *seaside generally*; Coniston.

TRIFOLIUM ORNITHOPODIOIDES: Bird's-foot Trefoil. Workington Warren.

T. ARVENSE: Hare's-foot Trefoil. Flimby.

T. REPENS: White Clover; T. PRATENSE: Purple Clover. Common.

T. STRICTUM: Upright Round-headed Trefoil. St. Bees.

T. FRAGIFERUM: Strawberry-headed Trefoil. Low Levens, Milnthorpe.

T. PROCUMBENS: Hop Trefoil. Common; as is also T. FILIFORME: Lesser Yellow Trefoil.

LOTUS MAJOR: Greater Bird's-foot Trefoil; and L. CORNICULATUS: Common Bird's-foot Trefoil. Both common.

ANTHYLLIS VULNERARIA: Lady's Fingers. Maryport.

VICIA SATIVA, or ANGUSTIFOLIA (Childs): Narrow-leaved Vetch. Common.

V. SYLVATICA: Wood Vetch. Clifton Woods; Laverock Bridge.

V. CRACCA: Tufted Vetch. Common, and singularly lovely with its bright purple flowers threading the green hedge-rows.

ERVUM HIRSUTUM: Hairy Tare. Lowes Water.

LATHYRUS SYLVESTRIS: Narrow-leaved Everlasting Pea. Parton.

L. NISSOLIA: Crimson Vetchling. Irton, in sand.

L. PRATENSIS: Meadow Vetchling. Common; as is also OROBUS TUBEROSUS, Tuberous Bitter Vetch.

ORNITHOPUS PERPUSILLUS: Common Bird's-foot. Irton church; St. Bees Moor; Coniston Lake (east) side; Tenterfell (Kendal).

HIPPOCREPIS COMOSA: Tufted Horseshoe Vetch. Scout Scar; Grange; Windermere.

ROSACEÆ.

PRUNUS SPINOSA: Sloe or Blackthorn. Everywhere.

P. PADUS: Bird Cherry. Windermere (specially fine), and elsewhere.

P. AVIUM: Wild Cherry. Common.

SPIRÆA ULMARIA: Meadow-Sweet. Common; abundant in Borrowdale and by Derwentwater.

S. SALICIFOLIA: Willow-leaved Spiræa. Pool Bridge near Hawkshead; the Ferry, Windermere. A doubtful native.

GEUM URBANUM, Herb Bennet; and G. RIVALE: Water Avens. Common.

G. INTERMEDIUM: Intermediate Geum. Rare.

POTENTILLA FRUTICOSA: Shrubby Cinquefoil. In the Devil's Hedgegate; the Screes.

P. VERNA: Spring Cinquefoil. Whitbarrow.

P. ANSERINA: Silverweed. Common.

TORMENTILLA OFFICINALIS: Common Tormentil. Common and abundant.

FRAGARIA VESCA: Strawberry. Common, and very fine.

F. ELATIOR: Hautboy. Woodhall; Keswick.

RUBUS IDÆUS: Wild Raspberry. Common; fine in the Ashness Woods.

R. FRUTICOSUS: Blackberry. Everywhere.

R. CÆSIUS: Dewberry. Tallantire and Coniston.

R. SAXATILIS: Stone-Bramble. Gilsland; Cunswick Wood; Cockshot (Keswick).

R. CHAMÆMORUS: Cloudberry. Styx Moss; High Street; Goatscar; Long Sleddale.

AGRIMONIA EUPATORIA: Common Agrimony. Common. *Var. odorata*, Lorton.

ALCHEMILLA VULGARIS: Common Lady's-Mantle. Common.

A. ALPINA: Alpine Lady's-Mantle. Helvellyn crags; Honister crags; the Screes; Black Sail; Long Sleddale; and mountain crags generally.

A. ARVENSIS: Field Lady's-Mantle, or Parsley Piert. Common.

POTERIUM SANGUISORBA: Salad Burnet. Scout Scar; Hardendale Nab (Shap); Cartmel Fells; Kendal Fells. Rare.

SANGUISORBA OFFICINALIS: Common Burnet. Rare.

ROSA SPINOSISSIMA: Burnet-leaved Rose. Windermere, rare; Seascales, plentiful; Keswick.

R. TOMENTOSA, or VILLOSA: Downy-leaved Rose. Lamplugh; Gilsland; Windermere. Common.

R. CANINA: Dog Rose. Everywhere; but in greatest luxuriance about Ullswater and on the Under-Skiddaw road.

R. ARVENSIS: Trailing, or White Dog Rose. Whillimoor; Coniston, &c.

R. RUBELLA, or HIBERNICA: Red-fruited Dwarf Rose. Brackenthwaite.

R. INVOLUTA, or SABINI: Prickly Unexpanded Rose. Derwentwater Bay.

R. CINNAMONIA: Cinnamon Rose. Howray (Keswick).

R. BRACTESCENS. Ambleside. Some of the Guides give this as a separate species, but Childs has it as a synonym with R. Canina.

R. GRACILIS. Whinlatter. (Black's Guide.)

PYRUS COMMUNIS: Wild Pear. Not common.

P. MALUS: Crab Apple. Common.

P. TORMINALIS: Wild Service-Tree. Not common.

P. AUCUPARIA: Mountain Ash. Common, and one of the most beautiful of all trees, whether white with flower in the spring, or scarlet with its clustered berries in the autumn.

P. ARIA: White-Beam Tree. Humphrey Head (Cartmel).

CRATÆGUS OXYACANTHA: Hawthorn. Common; but most beautiful about Ullswater.

ONAGRARIÆ.

EPILOBIUM ALSINIFOLIUM: Chickweed-leaved Willow-herb. Buckbarrow-well; Long Sleddale.

E. ANGUSTIFOLIUM: Rose-Bay Willow-herb. High Barrow Bridge, near Shap.

E. TETRAGONUM: Square-Stalked Willow-herb; and E. MONTANUM: Broad Smooth-leaved Willow-herb. Common.

E. HIRSUTUM: Great Hairy Willow-herb. The River Eden.

ŒNOTHERA BIENNIS. Evening Primrose. Windermere.

CIRCÆA LUTETIANA: Common Enchanter's Nightshade. Common; but in special profusion about Ullswater and Keswick.

C. ALPINA: Alpine Enchanter's Nightshade. Barrowside and Ashness Ghyll; Derwentwater; and between Ulverston and Hawkshead.

HALORAGACEÆ.

MYRIOPHYLLUM SPICATUM, and M. VERTICILLATUM: Whorled and Spiked Water-Milfoil. Common everywhere.

HIPPURIS VULGARIS: Common Mare's-Tail. Dub Mill. Rare.

CALLITRICHE VERNA: Vernal Water-Starwort. Whinlatter.

C. AUTUMNALIS, or PEDUNCULATA: Autumnal Water-Starwort. Ennerdale.

LYTHRARIÆ.

LYTHRUM SALICARIA: Spiked Purple-Loosestrife. Common; singularly beautiful in the meadows about Easedale Beck.

L. HYSSOPIFOLIUM: Hyssop-leaved Purple-Loosestrife. Said to grow near Derwentwater; but very rare, if not altogether doubtful.

PEPLIS PORTULA: Common Water-Purslane. Harras Moor; Kinniside Longmoor; Calder Ghylls. Rare.

CUCURBITACEÆ.

BRYONIA DIOICA: White Bryony. Partial.

PARONYCHIEÆ, OR SCLERANTHACEÆ.

SCLERANTHUS ANNUA: Annual Knawel. Derwentside, near Workington.

CRASSULACEÆ.

RHODIOLA ROSEA: Rose-Root. Helvellyn; Fairfield; Goatscar; Long Sleddale; the Screes.

COTYLEDON UMBILICUS: Wall Pennywort. Windermere; Ehenside; Gosforth.

SEMPERVIVUM TECTORUM: Houseleek. Langdale.

SEDUM TELEPHIUM: Orpine, or Livelong; S. ANGLICUM: English Stone-crop; and S. ACRE: Yellow Stone-crop, or Wall Pepper. All common.

S. SEXANGULARE; Tasteless Yellow Stone-crop. Hunday.

S. VILLOSUM: Hairy Stonecrop. Mosedale.

GROSSULARIACEÆ.

RIBES GROSSULARIA: Common Gooseberry and R. RUBRUM: Red Currant. Common.

R. NIGRUM: Black Currant. Derwentwater. Rare.

R. ALPINUM: Tasteless Mountain Currant. Coniston. Rare.

SAXIFRAGEÆ.

CHRYSOSPLENIUM OPPOSITIFOLIUM: Common Golden Saxifrage. Common about all the roadside streamlets and wet places, where its close-growing leaves and dull gold-coloured flowers make a very lovely moss-like covering.

C. ALTERNIFOLIUM: Alternate-leaved Golden Saxifrage. Portinscale; Benson Hall, Kendal; Windermere, but rare.

SAXIFRAGA UMBROSA: London Pride. Found once wild in the woods behind the Ferry Inn, Windermere, but certainly not a true native.

S. NIVALIS, Alpine Clustered Saxifrage. Helvellyn, by Red Tarn; Legberthwaite. Rare and precious.

S. OPPOSITIFOLIA: Purple Mountain Saxifrage. Borrowdale; Striding Edge, Helvellyn; the Screes; Black Rocks, Great End. Rare and precious.

S. AIZOIDES: Yellow Mountain Saxifrage. Common.

S. TRIDACTYLITES: Rue-leaved Saxifrage. Moota and Whicham; old walls about Dacre; Swirrel Edge, Helvellyn. Rare.

S. STELLARIS: Starry Saxifrage. Mountain tops, and sides of mountain streams.

S. HYPNOIDES [1]: Mossy Saxifrage. Kirkstone; Windermere; Helvellyn; Fairfield.

S. GRANULATA: White Meadow Saxifrage. Harrington churchyard. Rare.

UMBELLIFERÆ.

It is impossible to give a perfect list of this order; I can only attempt to catalogue those which are special, either for their rarity or their abundance.

ERYNGIUM MARITIMUM: Sea Holly. Common.

SANICULA EUROPŒA: Wood-Sanicle. Common, specially about Windermere and Elterwater, and noticeable because of its exceeding gracefulness and beauty.

HYDROCOTYLE VULGARIS: Common Whiterot, or Marsh-Pennywort. Common in bogs.

CONIUM MACULATUM: Common Hemlock. Not common.

APIUM GRAVEOLENS: Smallage, or Wild Celery. Workington Marsh; Kirkbride; Brigsteer Moss, Kendal. Rare.

BUNIUM FLEXUOSUM: Common Pig or Earth-Nut. Everywhere.

PIMPINELLA SAXIFRAGA: Common Burnet-Saxifrage. Common.

P. MAGNA: Greater Burnet-Saxifrage. Ballantire. Very rare.

ANGELICA SYLVESTRIS: Wild Angelica. Common.

SIUM ANGUSTIFOLIUM: Narrow-leaved Water-Parsnip. Common.

S. LATIFOLIUM: Broad-leaved Water-Parsnip. Stock Beck, Kendal. Rare.

HELOSCIADIUM NODIFLORUM: Procumbent Marshwort. St. Bees. Rare.

H. REPENS: Creeping Marshwort. Nathdale; Brigsteer Scar, Kendal.

H. INUNDATUM: Least Marshwort. Lowes Water; Brigsteer Moss, and other places near Kendal.

FŒNICULUM VULGARE: Common Fennel. St. Bees.

MEUM ATHAMANTICUM: Spignel, Meu, or Bald Money. Ennerdale; Keswick; Docker Garths, and other places near Kendal. Rare.

CRITHMUM MARITIMUM: Sea Samphire. St. Bees.

HERACLEUM SPONDYLIUM: Cow Parsnip, or Hog weed. Everywhere.

DAUCUS CAROTA: Wild Carrot. Ravenglass; Kendal Fell, where it is abundant; but not generally common.

TORILIS NODOSA: Knotted Hedge-Parsley. Bewaldeth. Very rare.

TORILIS ANTHRISCUS: Upright Hedge-Parsley. Everywhere, and abundant, as are also ANTHRISCUS SYLVESTRIS: Wild Beaked-Parsley; and A. VULGARIS: Common Beaked-Parsley.

CHÆROPHYLLUM TEMULENTUM: Rough Chervil. Gillfoot and Whicham. Rare.

MYRRHIS ODORATA: Sweet Cicely, or Sweet Bracken. Banks of the Ehen and about the Coniston lakes and rivers. Not common.

[1] Childs makes *S. Palmata* and *S. Platypetala* (both of which are given in the botanical lists of the lake district as distinct species) synonyms with *S. Hypnoides*.

PEUCEDANUM OSTRUTHIUM, or IMPERATORIA: Broad-leaved Hog's Fennel. Gilsland, and by Thirlmere Lake. Very rare.

ARALIACEÆ.

ADOXA MOSCHATELLINA: Common or Tuberous Moschatell, and HEDERA HELIX: Common Ivy. Everywhere. The latter specially noticeable in that small-leaved, close-growing kind, which botanists do not make into a variety, but which has quite a different appearance to the looser and fuller and larger-leaved.

CORNEÆ.

CORNUS SANGUINEA: Wild Cornel or Dogwood. Not common, but in great beauty about Windermere, where it has probably been planted.

CAPRIFOLIACEÆ.

SAMBUCUS NIGRA: Common Elder. Common.

S. EBULUS: Dwarf Elder or Danewort. Brackenthwaite; Scalelands; Brigham. Not common.

VIBURNUM OPULUS: Guelder Rose or Water Elder. Keswick and Borrowdale.

LONICERA PERICLYMENUM: Common Honeysuckle, or Woodbine. Common; in great beauty in Gowbarrow Park and under Skiddaw.

L. CAPRIFOLIUM: Pale Perfoliate Honeysuckle. Has been found at Lorton Hall and

L. XYLOSTEUM: Upright Fly Honeysuckle at Workington Park; but they are more than doubtful as natives.

RUBIACEÆ.

GALIUM CRUCIATUM: Crosswort, Bedstraw, or Mugwort; G. VERUM: Yellow Bedstraw; G. MOLLUGO: Hedge Bedstraw. G. SAXATILE: Heath Bedstraw, and G. APARINE: Goosegrass or Cleavers. All common.

G. PALUSTRE: Water Bedstraw. Brackenthwaite and Lodore.

G. BOREALE: Cross-leaved Bedstraw. Common.

G. PUSILLUM: Least Mountain Bedstraw. Abundant on Kendal Fell.

SHERARDIA ARVENSIS: Field Madder. Fields about Hawkshead.

ASPERULA ODORATA: Sweet Woodruff. Common.

A. CYNANCHICA: Squinancy Wort. Whitbarrow.

VALERIANEÆ.

VALERIANA OFFICINALIS: Great Wild Valerian. Common, and specially fine at Langdale Head.

V. DIOICA: Small Marsh Valerian. Wansfell and Loughrigg bogs; also in bogs at Bampton, Kendal, Shap, and elsewhere.

FEDIA OLITORIA: Common Corn Salad or Lamb's Lettuce. Moresby Hall.

F. DENTATA: Toothed Corn Salad. Frizington.

DIPSACEÆ.

SCABIOSA SUCCISA: Devil's Bit, or Premorse Scabious; S. COLUMBARIA: Small Scabious; and KNAUTIA ARVENSIS: Field Knautia or Field Scabious, are all common.

COMPOSITÆ.

TRAGOPOGON PRATENSIS: Yellow Goat's-Beard, John-go-to-bed-at-noon. Common at St. Bees, but not general elsewhere.

T. PORRIFOLIUS: Salsafy. Workington.

HELMINTHIA ECHIOIDES: Bristly Ox-Tongue. Rare; to be found on Oxenfell.

PICRIS HIERACIOIDES: Hawkweed Picris; APARGIA AUTUMNALIS: Autumnal Hawkbit; THRINCIA HIRTA: Hairy Thrincia; HYPOCHÆRIS RADICATA: Long-rooted Cat's-Ear; LATUCA MURALIS: Ivy-leaved Lettuce; SONCHUS OLERACEUS: Common Sow or Milk Thistle; S. ARVENSIS: Corn Sow or Milk Thistle; CREPIS VIRENS: Smooth Hawksbeard; HIERACIUM PILOSELLA: Mouse-Ear Hawkweed; H. SYLVATICUM: Wood Hawkweed. All quite common everywhere.

APARGIA HISPIDA: Rough Hawkbit. Common.

HIERACIUM SABAUDUM: Shrubby Hawkweed. Emerdale.

H. UMBELLATUM: Narrow-leaved Hawkweed. Kirkland.

LEONTODON TARAXACUM: Common Dandelion; LAPSANA COMMUNIS: Common Nipplewort; ARCTIUM LAPPA: Common Burdock; SERRATULA TINCTORIA: Common Saw-Wort, are all common.

SAUSSUREA ALPINA: Alpine Saussurea. Helvellyn. Rare, and very precious.

CARDUUS NUTANS: Musk Thistle. Near the toll-bar, Shap.

C. ACANTHOIDES: Welted Thistle. Carlisle Castle.

CNICUS LANCEOLATUS: Spear Plume-Thistle; C. PALUSTRIS: Marsh Plume-Thistle, are both common.

C. Acaulis: Dwarf Plume-Thistle. Barrow. Rare.

C. Heterophyllus: Melancholy Plume-Thistle. Armboth; Thirlmere; Shap; Kendal; Long Sleddale. Rare.

Onopordon Acanthium: Scotch Thistle. Common.

Carlina Vulgaris: Common Carline Thistle. Ennerdale. This is the Charlemagne Thistle.

Centaurea Nigra: Black Knapweed or Hardhead. Common.

C. Scabiosa: Greater Knapweed. Eaglesfield.

Bidens Cornua: Nodding Bur-Marygold. Braithwaite. Rare.

B. Tripartita: Trifid Bur-Marygold. Keswick; Bootle.

Eupatorium Cannabinum: Common Hemp Agrimony. Common at Coniston, but not elsewhere.

Tanacetum Vulgare: Common Tansy. Tallantire; Ellercar.

Gnaphalium Dioicum: Mountain Cudweed; and G. Uliginosum: Marsh Cudweed, are both common.

G. Sylvaticum: Highland Cudweed. Common.

Filago Germanica: Common Filago. Drigg; Wansfell. Rare.

F. Minima: Least Filago. Fieldshead in Eskdale.

Petasites Vulgaris: Common Butter-bur. Windermere.

Tussilago Farfara: Colt's-Foot. Common.

Aster Trifolium: Sea Starwort. Eskholm; Holborn Hill. Rare.

Solidago Virgaurea: Golden Rod. Common.

Senecio Vulgaris: Common Groundsel; and S. Sylvaticus: Mountain Groundsel, are both common; so are S. Jacobœa: Common Ragwort; and S. Aquaticus: Marsh Ragwort.

S. Tenuifolius: Hoary Ragwort. Little Broughton, and very rare.

S. Saracenicus: Broad-leaved Ragwort. Moresby; Sebergham.

Inula Helenium: Elecampane. Mosser.

I. Conyza: Ploughman's Spikenard. Whitbarrow Fells.

Pulicaria Dysenterica: Common Fleabane. Not common.

Bellis Perennis: Daisy; and Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum: White Ox-Eye, everywhere, like mother and daughter.

Pyrethrum Parthenium: Common Feverfew. Nether Hall (Maryport).

P. Inodorum: Corn Feverfew; Matricaria Chamomilla: Wild Chamomile. Common.

Anthemis Cotula: Stinking Chamomile. On the road to Seascales from Calder Bridge.

A. Maritima: Sea Chamomile. Coulderton.

Achillea Ptarmica: Sneezewort; and A. Millefolium: Milfoil, are both common.

Campanulaceæ.

Campanula Rotundifolia: Hairbell. Common towards the end of summer and the beginning of autumn; mixing in with the golden gorse, the purple heather, and the crimson leaves of the bramble, in wonderful blending of colour.

C. Trachelium: Nettle-leaved Bell-flower. Common, and in great beauty about Watendlath and Applethwaite (Keswick.)

C. Glomerata: Clustered Bellflower. Hardendale, near Shap; but not uncommon elsewhere.

C. Latifolia: Giant Bellflower. Isel; Lamplugh; Milnthorpe; Kendal; Coniston. Not common.

Jasione Montana: Sheep's Scabious. Not uncommon on the heathy fells, but partial.

Lobeliaceæ.

Lobelia Dortmanna: Water Lobelia. On all the lakes.

Vaccinieæ.

Vaccinium Myrtillus: Whortleberry, Bilberry, Whinberry. Very common in all the woods, and on almost all the mountains.

V. Uliginosum: Bog Whortleberry, or Great Bilberry. Wardrow Moss; Moorside Parks.

V. Vitis Idœa: Red Whortleberry, or Cowberry. Skiddaw; Iron Crag; Swinside Fell.

V. Oxycoccus: Marsh Whortleberry, or Cranberry. Partial, but abundant.

Arbutus Uva-Ursi: Red Bear-Berry. Bootle Fell; Brackenthwaite; Grassmoor on Crummock.

Ericeæ.

Erica Tetralix: Cross-leaved Heath; Erica Cinerea: Fine-leaved Heath; and Calluna Vulgaris: Ling, or Heather, abundant everywhere, to the rich colouring of which half the autumnal beauty of the mountains is owing.

Andromeda Polifolia: Marsh Andromeda. Moresby; Drumburgh.

MONOTROPEÆ.

PYROLA ROTUNDIFOLIA : Round-leaved Winter-Green. Walla Crag.

P. MEDIA: Intermediate Winter-Green. Stockghyll Force; Kirklinton Moors.

P. MINOR: Lesser Winter-Green. Stockghyll; said also to grow about Keswick.

P. SECUNDA: Serrated Winter-Green, Helvellyn. All these growths are very rare, and some of them a little apocryphal.

MONOTROPA HYPOPITYS: Pine Birds'-Nest or Fir-rape. Barrowfield, near Kendal. Rare.

ILICINEÆ.

ILEX AQUIFOLIUM: Holly. Common.

OLEACEÆ.

LIGUSTRUM VULGARE: Privet. Not uncommon.

FRAXINUS EXCELSIOR: Ash. Common.

GENTIANEÆ.

GENTIANA AMARELLA: Autumnal Gentian. Lime-kilns, Kendal Fell; Tallantire.

G. CAMPESTRIS: Field Gentian. Common.

G. PNEUMONANTHE: Marsh Gentian. Foulshow Moss, near Grange. Rare.

ERYTHRÆA CENTAURIUM: Common Centaury. Common, "and a pure white variety at Lowes Water." (H. M.)

MENYANTHES TRIFOLIATA: Fringed Water-Lily, Buckbean or Marsh Trefoil. In peaty bogs on the fells; on Brothers-water, and White-Moss pond; one of the loveliest flowers of the whole collection.

POLEMONIACEÆ.

POLEMONIUM CÆRULEUM: Greek Valerian, or Blue Jacob's-Ladder. Graythwaite Woods, near Windermere. Rare.

CONVOLVULACEÆ.

CONVOLVULUS ARVENSIS: Field Bindweed. Fitz-tollbar. Rare.

C. SEPIUM: Great Bindweed. Common.

C. SOLDANELLA: Sea Bindweed. Sea-shore at Coulderton and Harrington.

BORAGINEÆ.

PULMONARIA OFFICINALIS: Common Lungwort. Common.

SYMPHYTUM OFFICINALE: Common Comfrey. Not uncommon.

ANCHUSA SEMPERVIRENS: Evergreen Alkanet. Kendal; Long Sleddale; Gosforth; Sandwith.

LITHOSPERMUM OFFICINALE: Common Gromwell or Grey Millet. Mosser and Westward Parks. (H. M.)

L. ARVENSE: Corn Gromwell. Stanger. (H. M.)

L. MARITIMUM: Sea-side Gromwell. Bootle and Workington. (H. M.)

MYOSOTIS PALUSTRIS: Forget-me-Not. Common.

M. ARVENSIS: Field Scorpion-Grass, and M. VERSICOLOR: Party-coloured Scorpion-Grass. Common.

LYCOPSIS ARVENSIS: Small Bugloss. St. Bees.

CYNOGLOSSUM OFFICINALE: Common Hound's-Tongue. Flimby; near Levens Church. Rare.

SOLANEÆ.

SOLANUM DULCAMARA: Woody Nightshade, or Bittersweet. Common.

ATROPA BELLADONNA: Deadly Nightshade. Furness Abbey; Flookburgh; and once about Egremont, but now only cultivated.

HYOSCYAMUS NIGER: Common Henbane. Cockermouth; Flimby; Harrington; Levens Church. Rare.

OROBANCHEÆ.

LATHRÆA SQUAMARIA: Toothwort. Wansfell; near Kendal, in three places; Coniston lake-side. Rare.

SCROPHULARINEÆ.

DIGITALIS PURPUREA: Purple Foxglove. Common and very fine. In certain places, as in the Wythop Woods, Bassenthwaite, and in the Beck Leven Woods, Coniston, attaining to quite majestic stature, and an almost tropical luxuriance of growth and colour. Sometimes found with white flowers.

ANTIRRHINUM ORONTIUM: Lesser Snapdragon. Common.

LINARIA VULGARIS: Yellow Toad-flax. Common.

L. CYMBALARIA: Ivy-leaved Toad-flax, Mother of Thousands. Common on old buildings, as Calder Abbey, Rose Castle, &c.

L. ITALICA: Italian Toad-flax. Rare, but has been found near Coniston.

SCROPHULARIA NODOSA: Knotted Figwort; and S. AQUATICA: Water Figwort, both common; as is MELAMPYRUM PRATENSE: Common Yellow Cow-wheat; which last is specially fine in the Linthwaite woods, Scale Hill.

PEDICULARIS PALUSTRIS: Marsh Red-Rattle Common; very fine in the fields on the way to Easedale Force.

P. Sylvatica: Dwarf Red-Rattle. Everywhere.
Rhinanthus Crista-galli: Cockscomb, Yellow Rattle. Common.
R. Majus: Large Bushy Yellow Rattle. Chapel Bank, St. Helens.
Bartsia Odontites: Red Bartsia. Common.
Veronica Serpyllifolia: Thyme-leaved Speedwell; V. Chamœdrys: Germander Speedwell, or Bird's Eye; V. Officinalis: Common Speedwell; V. Beccabunga: Brooklime; V. Agrestis: Field Speedwell. All common.
V. Anagallis. Water Speedwell. St. Bees and the Ellen. Rare.
V. Scutellata: Marsh Speedwell. Ullock Moss. Rare.
V. Montana: Mountain Speedwell. Walla Crag. Rare.
V. Hederifolia: Ivy-leaved Speedwell. Distington; Workington. Rare.
V. Spicata: Spiked Speedwell. The rocks at Humphrey Head, Cartmel.
Verbascum Thapsus: Great Mullein. Brigsteer Scar.

Labiatæ.

Lycopus Europæus: Common Gipsy-Wort. Burnside Farm, Kendal; Ribton Hall; Drigg Moor.
Mentha Rotundifolia: Round-leaved Mint. Between Lodore and Borrowdale. Not common.
M. Hirsuta: Hairy Mint. Common.
M. Piperita: Pepper-Mint; and M. Arvenis: Corn-Mint. Near Sykes in Nathdale, and on Whitbarrow.
M. Sativa: Marsh Whorled Mint. Windermere. Not common.
Thymus Serpyllum: Wild Thyme. Common on all the dry uplands.
Origanum Vulgare: Common Marjoram. Cunswick Wood near Kendal.
Calamintha Officinalis: Common Calamint. Kendal Castle and Calva Hall.
C. Acinos: Common Basil. Low Lingbank. Rare.
C. Clinopodium: Common Wild-Basil. Windermere; Mockerkin; Papcastle. Rare.
Ajuga Reptans: Common Bugle. Common; as is Teucrium Scorodonia, Wood Sage, or Wood-Germander.
Ballota Nigra: Black Horehound. Workington. Rare.
Leonurus Cardiaca: Common Motherwort. Workington Row. Rare.
Galeobdolon Luteum: Yellow Weasel Snout, Archangel, or Yellow Dead-Nettle. Crosedale and Coniston. Not common.
Galeopsis Tetrahit: Common Hemp-Nettle. Common.
G. Versicolor: Large-flowered Hemp-Nettle. Sprint Bridge and Burnside Hall, Kendal.
G. Ladanum: Red Hemp-Nettle. Hawkshead Fields.
Lamium Purpureum: Purple Dead-Nettle. Common.
Betonica Officinalis: Wood Betony. Common, as is unfortunately Stachys Sylvatica: Hedge Wound-Wort, or Stinking Roger, with its foul odour so terribly suggestive of carrion; but S. Palustris, Marsh Wound-Wort, (common) is innocent and inodorous.
Glechoma Hederacea: Ground Ivy, and
Prunella Vulgaris: Self-Heal. Common.
Scutellaria Galericulata: Greater Skull-cap. Not common.
S. Minor: Lesser Skull-cap. Thornthwaite and Windermere. Rare.

Verbenaceæ.

Verbena Officinalis: Common Vervain. Whitbarrow; Lindale, near Cartmel.

Lentibulariæ.

Pinguicula Vulgaris: Common Butterwort. Common in all the bogs.
Utricularia Vulgaris: Common Bladderwort; and U. Minor, Lesser Bladderwort, on Foulshaw Moss, Shoulthwaite Moss, and Eskmeals. Rare.
U. Intermedia: Intermediate Bladderwort. Keswick. Rare.

Primulaceæ.

Primula Vulgaris: Primrose. Common; in the spring-time colouring every bank and hedge with its pale sunshine, and to be found in shady and elevated places until quite late into the summer.
P. Elatior: Ox-lip. Kendal and Caldbeck for greatest beauty; as also P. Veris: Cowslip. A red variety of this last is found at Egremont Castle.

P. FARINOSA: Bird's Eye Primrose. In bogs everywhere about Windermere and Troutbeck, but not generally common. A dark red variety is found near Ireby Low. (H. M.)

ANAGALLIS ARVENSIS: Scarlet Pimpernel; Poor Man's Weather-glass. Common; starring every field with its "prescient" bright scarlet spots.

A. CERULEA: Blue Pimpernel. Hensingham Toll-bar. Rare.

A. TENELLA: Bog Pimpernel. Common.

LYSIMACHIA NEMORUM: Wood Loosestrife, Yellow Pimpernel. Common; perhaps in richest profusion about Elterwater.

L. VULGARIS: Great Yellow Loosestrife. Keswick; Ennerdale; Lorton.

L. NUMMULARIA: Moneywort, Herb Twopence. Windermere. (H. M.)

GLAUX MARITIMA: Sea Milkwort. Ravenglass; St. Bees. Rare.

SAMOLUS VALERANDI: Brookweed. Coulderton shore.

PLUMBAGINEÆ.

STATICE ARMERIA: Thrift. Scawfell and sea-shores.

S. LIMONIUM: Sea-Lavender. Common at St. Bees, and other sea-coasts.

S. SPATHULATA: Spathulate Sea-Lavender. St. Bees Head. Rare.

PLANTAGINEÆ.

PLANTAGO MAJOR: Greater Plaintain; and P. LANCEOLATA: Ribwort Plaintain. Common.

P. MEDIA: Hoary Plaintain. Arcledon; Egremont; Kendal; Whitbarrow.

P. MARITIMA: Sea-side Plaintain. Flimby and Gillerthwaite.

P. CORONOPUS: Buck's-Horn Plaintain. Flimby; Ravenglass, &c.

LITORELLA LACUSTRIS: Shore-Weed. Common.

CHENOPODEÆ.

CHENOPODIUM BONUS-HENRICUS: Good King Henry; C. ALBUM: White Goosefoot. Common.

ATRIPLEX PATULA: Spreading-fruited Orache. Workington, north shore.

A. LACINIATA: Frosted Sea Orache. St. Bees and Harrington.

SALSOLA KALI: Prickly Saltwort. Coulderton. Rare.

SALICORNIA HERBACEA: Jointed Glasswort. Ravenglass; Workington. Rare.

S. RADICANS: Rooting Glasswort. Workington, north shore.

POLYGONEÆ.

OXYRIA RENIFORMIS: Kidney-shaped Mountain Sorrel. Ashness Ghyll; Honister; Wastdale; Helvellyn; Great End Crag; Long Sleddale, near Buckbarrow well. Rare and highly-prized.

POLYGONUM BISTORTA: Common Bistort or Snake-weed—"Eastern giants," as the children call them. In special beauty about the Rothay meadows, but not uncommon everywhere, and cultivated as a pot-herb in the cottages.

P. VIVIPARUM: Viviparous Alpine Bistort. Helvellyn; Hardendale, near Shap. Rare.

P. AVICULARE: Common Knot-Grass; P. CONVOLVULUS: Climbing Persicaria; P. PERSICARIA: Spotted Persicaria; and P. HYDROPIPER: Water Pepper. Common everywhere.

P. AMPHIBIUM: Amphibious Persicaria. Dearham.

RUMEX OBTUSIFOLIUS: Broad-leaved Dock; R. ACETOSA: Common Sorrel; R. ACETOSELLA: Sheep's Sorrel. Everywhere.

THYMELEÆ.

DAPHNE LAUREOLA: Spurge Laurel; and DAPHNE MEZEREUM; are given in Martineau's Guide as having been found in the Rayrigg, and Graythwaite woods.

ARISTOLOCHIEÆ.

ASARUM EUROPÆUM: Asarabacca. About Keswick. Very rare.

EMPETREÆ.

EMPETRUM NIGRUM: Black Crowberry, Crakeberry. Not uncommon on the higher fells.

EUPHORBIACEÆ.

EUPHORBIA PEPLUS: Petty Spurge; E. HELIOSCOPIA: Sun-Spurge. Common.

E. EXIGUA: Dwarf Spurge. Bridgefoot.

E. PORTLANDICA: Portland Spurge. Braystons and Drigg shores.

E. PARALIAS: Sea Spurge. Haverrigg and Harrington shores.

MERCURIALIS PERENNIS: Dog's Mercury. Common.

URTICEÆ.

URTICA DIOICA: Great Nettle. Common.

U. URENS: Small Nettle. Distington; Ullock.

PARIETARIA OFFICINALIS: Common Pellitory-of-the-wall. Torpenhow Church; Crookdale Hall. (H.M.)

HUMULUS LUPULUS: Common Hop. Keswick; Egremont; and elsewhere.

ULMACEÆ.

ULMUS CAMPESTRIS: Common Small-leaved Elm. One of our most beautiful trees.

AMENTACEÆ.

SALIX ALBA: White Willow; S. CAPREA: Goat's Willow, or Sallow. Common.

S. HERBACEA: Crack Willow. Scawfell Pikes; summit of Skiddaw and top of Helvellyn,[1]

POPULUS NIGRA. Black Poplar. Everywhere.

MYRICA GALE: Sweet Gale, or Dutch Myrtle. Common; specially plentiful at Coniston, by Birks Bridge, Duddon, and Wastwater Foot.

BETUTA ALBA: White Birch—the lady of the woods. Common. *Var. Pendulosa* about Derwentwater. (H.M.)

ALNUS GLUTINOSA: Common Alder; FAGUS SYLVATICA: Common Beech. Everywhere; as are also CASTANEA VESCA: Sweet Chestnut; QUERCUS ROBUR, or PEDUNCULATA: Common British Oak; and Q. SESSILIFOLIA: the Sessile Oak; CORYLUS AVELLANA: Common Hazel Nut; and CARPINUS BETULUS: Common Hornbeam.

CONIFERÆ.

PINUS SYLVESTRIS: Scotch Fir; JUNIPERUS COMMUNIS: Common Juniper; ABIES EXCELSA: Spruce Fir; and ABIES LARIX: Larch. All common.

TAXUS BACCATA: Common Yew. Not large growing trees in general, save in the well-known "Fraternal Four" of Borrowdale, "the Pride of Lorton Vale," the Patterdale Church Yew, and others; but in general they are stunted.

HYDROCHARIDACEÆ.

STRATIOTES ALOIDES: Water Soldier. Ennerdale Lake. Very rare.

ORCHIDEÆ.

ORCHIS MASCULA: Early Purple Orchis, or Dead Men's Fingers. Common; as is also ORCHIS MACULATA: Spotted Orchis, with its strange variety of growth and colour.

O. USTULATA: Dwarf Dark-winged Orchis. Wood Hall; Keswick. Rare.

HABENARIA VIRIDIS: Green Butterfly Orchis. Murton Moss and Tenter Fell; Kendal.

H. CHLORANTHA, or H. BIFOLIA: Great Butterfly Orchis. Not uncommon, and in special beauty about the Ara river.

GYMNADENIA CONOPSEA: Fragrant Gymnadenia, or Sweet-Scented Orchis. Common, specially about Borrowdale.

LISTERA OVATA: Common Tway-blade. Common.

L. CORDATA: Heart-leaved Tway-blade. Castlerigg Fell; Mellbreak; Helvellyn; and one place only on Coniston Fell.

L. NIDUS-AVIS: Common Bird's-nest. Flimby Wood; Wood Hall; and, rarely, near Windermere; Coniston; Cunswick Wood, Kendal.

OPHRYS MUSCIFERA: Fly Orchis. Near Newby Bridge and Kendal. Rare.

O. APIFERA: Bee Orchis. Meadows round Caldbeck. Rare.

EPIPACTIS PALUSTRIS: Marsh Helleborine. Isel; Whitbarrow.

E. LATIFOLIA: Broad-leaved Helleborine. Dean Scales; Bridgefoot; and Whitbarrow.

E. ENSIFOLIA: Narrow-leaved White Helleborine. Whitbarrow. Rare.

CYPRIPEDIUM CALCEOLUS: Common Lady's-Slipper. Whitbarrow. Rare.

IRIDACEÆ.

IRIS PSEUD-ACORUS: Yellow Iris, Corn-flag. Common; in great beauty in the Wythop Woods, and by Bassenthwaite Lake.

AMARYLLIDACEÆ.

NARCISSUS PSEUDO-NARCISSUS: Common Daffodil, Lent Lily, Flocks. Common.

DIOSCOREACEÆ.

TAMUS COMMUNIS: Black Bryony. Common; and beautiful in all stages, whether in its spring dress of shining leaves, heart shaped and deeply

[1] Wordsworth's Guide.

green, or lightened by its waxen pale-green flowers, or gorgeous with its scarlet berries, starring the spaces between the dark purple and bright yellow of its autumnal leaves.

TRILLIACEÆ.

PARIS QUADRIFOLIA: Four-leaved Herb Paris, or True-Love-Knot. In shady woods; but not common.

LILIACEÆ.

CONVALLARIA MAJALIS: Lily of the Valley. In the two islands of that name on Windermere, but perhaps it is better to say were, for frequent thefts have extirpated them almost entirely. Pullwyke Bay; Rauncey Woods near Newby Bridge; and Cunswick Wood, Kendal.

C. MULTIFLORA: Solomon's Seal. Holker, near Cartmel; Castlehead Wood, Keswick; and Grange, near Borrowdale; Graythwaite Wood.

C. POLYGONATUM: Angular Solomon's Seal. Barrowfield Wood, near Kendal. Very rare.

HYACINTHUS NON-SCRIPTUS: Wild Hyacinth, Bluebell. Common and everywhere.

ALLIUM URSINUM: Broad-leaved Garlic, Ramps or Ransoms. Common.

A. SCHŒNOPRASUM: Chives. Cartmel Fell. Rare.

A. OLERACEUM: Streaked Field Garlic. In one locality only near Windermere (Martineau, who gives it as Allium Carinatum).

A. VINEALE: Crow Garlic. Bearpot, near Workington.

JUNCACEÆ.

JUNCUS EFFUSUS: Soft Rush. J. CONGLOMERATUS: Common Rush. J. GLAUCUS: Hard Rush. J. ACUTIFLORUS: Sharp-flowered Jointed Rush. All common.

JUNCUS FILIFORMIS: Thread Rush. Crummock and Derwentwater lakes.

J. ULIGINOSUS: Lesser Bog Jointed Rush. Workington. Rare.

J. TRIFLORIS: Three-flowered Rush. Helvellyn. Rare.

LUZULA SYLVATICA: Great Wood-Rush, and L. CAMPESTRIS: Field Wood-Rush. Common as is L. PILOSA: Hairy Wood-Rush. In woods between the mountains and the sea. (H. M.)

NARTHECIUM OSSIFRAGUM: Lancashire Bog Asphodel. Common. A very beautiful little plant, sending up bronze-tipped golden spikes among the pale pink pimpernels and beaded sundews of the bogs.

ALISMACEÆ.

ALISMA PLANTAGO: Great Water-Plaintain. Keswick Cass.

A. RANUNCULOIDES: Lesser Water-Plaintain. Eskmeals.

SAGITTARIA SAGITTIFOLIA: Common Arrow-Head. Braystones Tarn. Rare.

JUNCAGINACEÆ.

TRIGLOCHIN PALUSTRE: Marsh Arrow-Grass. Common.

T. MARITIMUM: Sea Arrow-Grass. Cloffocks.

TYPHACEÆ.

TYPHA LATIFOLIA: Great Reed Mace, or Cat's Tail. Common.

SPARGANIUM RAMOSUM: Branched Bur-reed. Portinscale; Nathdale. Rare.

S. SIMPLEX: Unbranched Upright Bur-reed. Harras Moor. Rare.

S. NATANS: Floating Bur-reed. Shoulthwaite Moss. Rare.

ARACEÆ.

ARUM MACULATUM: Cuckoo-pint, Wake-Robin, Lords-and-Ladies. Common.

PISTIACEÆ.

LEMNA MINOR: Lesser Duckweed. Everywhere.

NAIADACEÆ.

POTAMOGETON NATANS: Floating Pondweed. Common.

P. PERFOLIATUS: Perfoliate Pondweed. Bassenthwaite Lake.

P. DENSUS: Opposite-leaved Pondweed. River Ellen.

P. HETEROPHYLLUS: Various-leaved Pondweed. Common.

P. CRISPUS: Curly Pondweed. River Derwent.

P. GRAMINEAS: Grassy Pondweed. Harras Moor.

RUPPIA MARITIMA: Sea Ruppia. Cloffocks.

ZOSTERA MARINA: Broad-leaved Grass Wrack. Bootle Shore. "Brought up by the tide." (H. M.)

CYPERACEÆ.[1]

CAREX DIOICA: Creeping Diœcious Carex. Orgill.
C. PULICARIS: Flea Carex. Hunday.
C. ARENARIA: Sea Carex. Harrington Shore.
C. VULPINA: Great Carex. Yeorton Hall.
C. LIMOSA: *Var. Irrigua*;[2] Mud Carex. Gilsland. Rare.
C. PALLESCENS: Pale Carex. Sellafield.
C. FLAVA: Yellow Carex. Hard Knot.
C. EXTENSA: Long-bracted Carex. Marron Side.
C. STRICTA or VULGARIS: Common Carex. Bullgill Bridge.
C. RIPARIA: Great Common Carex. Stubbin Mire.
C. VESICARIA: Short-beaked Bladder Carex. Braithwaite.
C. AMPULLACEA: Slender-beaked Bladder Carex. Cockerside.
C. FILIFORMIS: Slender-leaved Carex. Workington.

ERIOPHORUM VAGINATUM: Haretail Cotton Grass. Common.
E. ANGUSTIFOLIUM: Narrow-leaved Cotton Grass. Calder Ghylls and Edge Tarn; Brigham Moss.
SCIRPUS LACUSTRIS: Lake Club-rush, or Bull-rush. Lowes water.
S. MARITIMUS: Salt Marsh Club-rush. Workington.
S. SYLVATICUS: Wood Club-rush. Banks of the Marron.
S. CÆSPITOSUS: Scaly-stalked Club-rush. Murton Moss.
S. PAUCIFLORUS: Chocolate-Headed Club-rush. Murton Moss.
ELEOCHARIS PALUSTRIS: Creeping Spike Rush. Lowes Water.
E. MULTICAULIS: Many-salked Spike Rush. Ennerdale.
E. ACICULARIS: Least Spike Rush. Egremont.

§ 2—THE FERNS

POLYPODIEÆ.

POLYPODIUM VULGARE: Common Polypody. Everywhere. *Vars. semilacerum* and *serratum* have been found near Windermere.
P. DRYOPTERIS: The Oak Fern. Lodore; Borrowdale; Calder Bridge; Furness Fells; Wastdale; Scale Force; Dalegarth; Stock Ghyll; Glenridding; Coniston. A slate fern; not rare.
P. PHEGOPTERIS: The Beech Fern. Borrowdale; Ennerdale; Scawfell; Stock Ghyll; Grasmere; Coniston. Also a slate fern, and not rare.
P. ROBERTIANUM: The Limestone Polypody. Scale Force; Whitbarrow; perhaps also by Lancey Falls (Thirlmere.) Rare, because of its following the limestone only, and that not freely.
ALLOSORUS CRISPUS: Mountain Parsley, or Parsley Fern. On all the higher elevations; growing in great abundance round the slate rocks, and at the foot of the unmortared slate walls about the fells and mountains.

ASPIDIEÆ.

POLYSTICHUM LONCHITIS: The Alpine Shield or Holly Fern. Fairfield; Helvellyn; and reported to be found in Deepdale. Very rare.
P. ACULEATUM: the Common Prickly Shield Fern. Common by rivulets and in woods, as are also the varieties *lobatum* and *lonchitidioidis*.
P. ANGULARE: the Angular or Soft Prickly Shield Fern. Less common as a universal growth, but luxuriant about Ambleside.
LASTREA THELYPTERIS: the Marsh Buckler Fern. Keswick; Glencoin; Blowyke; Irton woods. (A peat bog fern.)
L. MONTANA: the Mountain Buckler, or Heath Fern. Common.
L. FILIX-MAS: the Male Fern. Common. *Vars. deorso-lobata*, and *paleacea*, Ambleside; *var. incisa*, Cockermouth; *var. Pinderi*, Elterwater; *var. abbreviata*, including *pumila*, Coniston.

[1] This list is entirely taken from Martineau's Guide, corrected by Childs.
[2] Made a synonym by Childs.

L. DILATATA: Broad Prickly-toothed Buckler Fern. Elterwater; Langdale; Silverthwaite; Old Man; and the fells generally. *Var. collina*, Elterwater; Langdale; Red House; Torver; *var. dumetorum*, throughout the rocky fells.

L. SPINULOSA: the Narrow Prickly-toothed Buckler Fern. Coniston; Keswick; Windermere; and Ambleside. (A bog fern.)

L. RIGIDA: the Rigid Buckler Fern. Arnside Knot; Hutton Roof Crags; Farlton Knot; Silverdale. Rare.

L. ÆMULA: the Hay-scented, or Triangular Prickly-toothed Buckler Fern. St. Bees Head; Coniston; Windermere. Rare.

ASPLENIEÆ.

ATHYRIUM FILIX-FŒMINA: the Lady Fern. Not uncommon. *Vars. trifidum* and *latifolium*. Keswick, rare; growing there in only one locality; various other forms abundant, specially about Coniston. *Var. rhæticum* the most common.

ASPLENIUM SEPTENTRIONALE: the Forked Spleenwort. Honister Crag; Scawfell; Patterdale; Borrowdale; Newlands; a ravine near Wastwater; Ambleside. (A slate fern. Rare.)

A. VIRIDE: the Green Spleenwort. Patterdale; Kendal Fells; Hutton Roof; Farlton; Arnside; Casterton Fell; Mazebeck Scar; Ambleside: Ashness Ghyll; Barrow Falls; Brandy Ghyll on Carrock; Borrowdale; Whitbarrow. (A limestone fern.)

A. GERMANICUM: the Alternate-leaved Spleenwort. Helvellyn; Borrowdale.

A. RUTA-MURARIA: the Rue-leaved Spleenwort, or Wall Rue. Common on old walls.

A. TRICHOMANES: the Common Maidenhair Spleenwort. Common, specially about Ambleside and Calder Bridge. *Vars. ramosum* and *incisum*, Keswick and Borrowdale. Very rare.

A. MARINUM: the Sea Spleenwort. Sea cave near Silverdale; St. Bees Head; Head of Morecambe Bay; Meathop, near Witherslack. (A sand fern, and very rare.)

A. FONTANUM: The Smooth Rock Spleenwort. Formerly at Wythburn, but now by the greed of collectors extinct.

A. ADIANTUM-NIGRUM: The Black Maidenhair Spleenwort. Very common on old walls. (A limestone fern.)

CETERACH OFFICINARUM: The Scale Fern. Not common, but in great luxuriance on Whitbarrow. A crenated variety found at Arnside Knot; Milnethorpe; Kendal; Ambleside; Gosforth; Keswick; Sandwith; St. Bees; Gowbarrow Park; Silverside. (A limestone fern, chiefly on old walls).

SCOLOPENDRIUM VULGARE: The Common Hart's Tongue. Only in the limestone districts, and there abundant.

LOMARIEÆ.

BLECHNUM SPICANT: The Common Hard Fern. Common.

PTERIDEÆ.

PTERIS AQUILINA: The Common Bracken. Everywhere.

CYSTOPTERIDEÆ.

CYSTOPTERIS FRAGILIS: The Brittle Bladder Fern. Lamplugh; Holm Rock; Mickledore; Braithwaite Brows; Kendal. *Var. dentata*, Borrowdale; Egremont; Kendal; Silverdale. *Var. interrupta*, Windermere, and elsewhere. (A limestone fern).

C. REGIA: The Alpine Bladder Fern. Blencathra, in 1820. Back of Old Man, Coniston (?).

PERANEMEÆ.

WOODSIA ILVENSIS: The Blunt-leaved, or Oblong Woodsia. Westmoreland, "in three distant stations," *F. Clowes*. Cumberland, *F. Clowes*; but the localities concealed.

HYMENOPHYLLEÆ.

HYMENOPHYLLUM TUNBRIDGENSE: The Tunbridge Film-fern. Hawl Ghyll (Wastwater); Ennerdale; Coniston. Very rare.

H. WILSONI, or UNILATERALE: Wilson's Film-fern. Not uncommon in damp mountain fissures everywhere; but in greatest luxuriance at Scale Force, where it lines the rocks. (A slate fern).

OSMUNDACEÆ.

OSMUNDA REGALIS: The Osmund Royal or Flowering Fern. Windermere; Skelwith and Loughrigg; Colwith; Seascales; Gosforth; Conistone Crags; Ullock Moss (Keswick); Whitbarrow; Millum; Irton; Egremont; Scale Hill.

OPHIOGLOSSACEÆ.

BOTRYCHIUM LUNARIA: The Common Moonwort. Not uncommon on the higher grounds. Braystones; Muncaster Fells; Keswick; Castle Sowerby; Coniston Fells, &c.

OPHIOGLOSSUM VULGATUM: Common Adder's Tongue. Rare at Windermere, but common in several other districts.

LYCOPODIACEÆ.

LYCOPODIUM SELAGO: The Fir Club-Moss. Skiddaw; Helvellyn; the Ennerdale and other mountains.

L. ANNOTINUM: Interrupted Club-Moss. Bowfell; Langdale. Rare.

L. CLAVATUM: Common Club-Moss, Stag's Horns, Foxes' Tails, Wolf's Tails. Common. (A famous dye.)

L. INUNDATUM: Marsh Club-Moss. Wastwater, and by mountain tarns, but not common.

L. ALPINUN VEL COMPLANATUM: Savin-leaved Club-Moss. Common on heathy fell-sides among the stones and rocks.

SELAGINELLA SPINOSA: Prickly Mountain-Moss. Fairfield; Kirkstone; Loughrigg; Borrowdale; Scawfell; Coniston; Ennerdale, &c.

MARSILEACEÆ.

ISOETES LACUSTRIS: European Quillwort, or Merlin's Grass. All the lakes.

PILULARIA GLOBULIFERA: Pillwort, or Peppergrass. Ennerdale lake only.

EQUISETACEÆ.

EQUISETUM TELMATEIA: The Great, or Great Water Horsetail. All the lakes.

E. PRATENSE: The Shade Horsetail. By the Westmoreland lakes.

E. ARVENSE: The Cornfield Horsetail. Gosforth.

E. SYLVATICUM: The Wood Horsetail. Ennerdale, Watendlath.

E. LIMOSUM: The Water or Smooth Naked Horsetail. Common.

E. PALUSTRE: the Marsh Horsetail. Common; luxuriant on Coldfell. *Var. polystachyon*, rare.

E. HYEMALE: the Great Rough Horsetail. Old Field Wood, near Kendal; Sowgelt Bridge; and a few other places. Rare.

E. VARIEGATUM: the Variegated Rough Horsetail. By the Irthing, at Gilsland.

§ 3—THE MOSSES

ANDREÆACEÆ.

ANDRÆA ALPINA: Alpine Andræa; A. ALPESTRIS: Rock Andræa; A. ROTHII: Black Falcate Andræa. Ill Bell and about Windermere.

BRYACEÆ.

WEISSIÆ.

GYMNOSTOMUM RUPESTRE: Rock Beardless-Moss. Helvellyn.

G. MICROSTOMUM: Small-mouthed Beardless-Moss. Miller's ground near Windermere, and elsewhere.

WEISSIA VERTICILLATA: Whorled Weissia. Whitbarrow.

RHABDOWEISSIA DENTICULATA: Toothed Streak-Moss. Furness Fells; Grasmere Fells; and elsewhere.

DICRANEÆ.

BLINDIA ACUTA: Acute-leaved Blindia. Windermere, &c.

DICRANUM POLYCARPUM: Many-fruited Fork-Moss. Red Screes. Rare.

D. SQUARROSUM: Drooping-leaved Fork-Moss. Dunmail Raise.

D. RUFESCENS: Reddish Fork-Moss. Calgarth Woods, and others.

TRICHOSTOMEÆ.

DISTICHIUM CAPILLACEUM: Fine-leaved Distichium. Ill Bell; Helvellyn; Scawfell; and other high mountains.

DIDYMODON CYLINDRICUS: Slender-fruited Didymodon. Troutbeck Park; Cook's House, &c.

TRICHOSTOMUM HOMOMALLUM: Curve-leaved Trichostomum. Calgarth; Lodore, &c.

TORTULA TORTUOSA: Curly-leaved Screw-Moss; T. ALOIDES: Aloe-leaved Screw-Moss; T. AMBIGUA: Taller Rigid Screw-Moss. Whitbarrow.

ENCALYPTEÆ.

ENCALYPTA CILIATA: Fringed Extinguisher-Moss. The Helvellyn range.

GRIMMIEÆ.

GRIMMIA SPIRALIS: Spiral-leaved Grimmia. The lower part of Red Screes, Kirkstone. Not in fruit.

G. TORTA: Twisted-leaved Grimmia. Kirkstone hills.

G. DONNIANA: Donn's Grimmia. "On rocks and walls in high situations," (H. M.) "Not found in Britain," Hooker and Taylor's *Muscologia Britannica*, or rather, Wilson's *Bryologia Britannica*.

RACOMITRIUM ACICULARE: Dark Mountain Fringe-Moss; R. FASCICULARE: Green Mountain Fringe-Moss; R. LANUGINOSUM: Woolly Fringe-Moss; R. CANESCENS: Hoary Fringe-Moss. All very common on rocks and walls.

PTYCHOMITRIEÆ.

PTYCHOMITRIUM POLYPHYLLUM: Many-leaved Fringe-Moss. Common.

ORTHOTRICHEÆ.

ORTHOTRICHUM STRAMINEUM: Straw-coloured Bristle-Moss. Common.

O. RUPESTRE, or RUPINCOLA: Rock Bristle-Moss. Hawes Water.

O. LYELLII: Mr. Lyell's Bristle-Moss; O. CRISPULUM: Dwarf-curled Bristle-Moss. Both common.

ZYGODONTEÆ.

ZYGODON MOUGEOTII: Mougeot's Yoke-Moss. In crevices of rocks, without fruit.

Z. VIRIDISSIMUS: Green-tufted Yoke-Moss. On ash-trees.

BAUXBAMIEÆ.

DIPHYSCIUM FOLIOSUM: Leafy Bauxbamia. Ill Bell; Helvellyn.

POLYTRICHIEÆ.

POGONATUM URNIGERUM: Urn-fruited Hair-Moss. Common.

P. ALPINUM. The higher mountains generally.

BRYEÆ.

BRYUM ACUMINATUM: Sharp-pointed Thread-Moss; B. POLYMORPHUM: Changeable Thread-Moss; B. ELONGATUM: Long-fruited Thread-Moss; B. CRUDUM: Alpine Glaucous Thread-Moss. Not rare on the mountains; but not lowland mosses generally.

B. WAHLENBERGII: Wahlenberg's Thread-Moss. In mountain rills.

B. LUDWIGII: Ludwig's Thread-Moss. On wet rocks; Glaramara and the Borrowdale hills. Not in fruit.

B. ALPINUM: Alpine Purple Thread-Moss. Common, not barren.

B. ULIGINOSUM: Bog Thread-Moss. In a branch of the Wythburn Beck, High Raise.

B. PALLENS: Pale-leaved Thread-Moss. Ill Bell.

B. JULACEUM: Slender-branched Thread-Moss. "Mountain rills, fruiting abundantly on Kirkstone Pass, Ill Bell, and in Wythburn Beck." (H. M.)

B. ZIERRII: Zierrian Thread-Moss. Red Screes; Rydal Park, &c.

MNIUM SERRATUM: Serrated Thyme Thread-Moss. Helvellyn.

M. SUBGLOBOSUM: Round-fruited Thyme Thread-Moss. Helvellyn.

FUNARIEÆ.

FUNARIA MÜHLENBERGII: Dr. Mühlenberg's Cord-Moss. Whitbarrow.

PHYSCOMITRIUM ERICETORUM: Narrow-leaved Bladder-Moss. Windermere, &c.

BARTRAMIEÆ.

BARTRAMIA HALLERIANA: Haller's Apple-Moss. On shaded rocks.

B. ARCUTA: Curve-stalked Apple-Moss. Lodore, in fruit.

SPLACHNEÆ.

ŒDIPODIUM GRIFFITHIANUM: Griffith's Alpine Collar-Moss. The Helvellyn and other higher mountain ranges. This moss is not known out of England, Scotland and Wales. (Wilson's B. B.)

LEUCODONTEÆ.

LEUCODON SCIUROIDES: Squirrel-tailed Leucodon. Rare in fruit, but found near St. Mary's Church, Windermere.

ANŒCTANGIA COMPACTUM: Compact Beardless-Moss. Red Screes, &c.

ANTITRICHIA CURTIPENDULA: Pendulous Wing-Moss. Common.

ANOMODON VITICULOSUS: Tall Anomodon. Whitbarrow.

ISOTHECIEÆ.

PTERAGONIUM GRACILE: Slender Wing-Moss. Not common in fruit.

CLIMACIUM DENDROIDES: Marsh Tree-Moss. Derwentwater.

HYPNEÆ.

HYPNUM RUSCIFOLIUM: Long-beaked Feather-Moss. Applethwaite Ghyll, Skiddaw.

H. PALUSTRE: Marsh Feather-Moss. Ambleside.

H. SCHREBERI: Schreber's Feather-Moss. In fruit at Windermere.

H. UMBRATUM: Shady Rock Feather-Moss. Keswick.

H. BREVIROSTRE: Short-beaked Feather-Moss. Common.

H. FLAGELLARE: Thong-branched Feather-Moss. Stock Ghyll, and other rocky streams.

H. SQUARROSUM: Drooping-leaved Feather-Moss. Common.

H. RUGOSUM: Wrinkle-leaved Feather-Moss. Whitbarrow.

H. CRISTA-CASTRENSIS: Ostrich-plume Feather-Moss. Not rare in the lake district, but said to be the most rare and the most beautiful of all the British mosses.

H. RESUPINATUM: Upward-turned Feather-Moss. Common.

H. SYLVATICUM: Wood Feather-Moss. Common.

H. DENTICULATUM: Sharp Flat-leaved Feather Moss. *Var. Succulentum.* Black Beck near Storrs, Windermere.

The above list of Mosses is taken entirely from Miss Martineau's Guide, slightly corrected by reference to other works; but I do not hold myself responsible for any of the statements as to habitat made therein, which, it seems to me, are meagre and incorrect by their partiality. Miss Martineau only assumes to give the mosses of Windermere and its immediate neighbourhood, and I have not been able to find any other fuller local authority.

GRASS OF PARNASSUS AND FRINGED WATER-LILY

APPENDIX III

THE GEOLOGY OF THE LAKE DISTRICT

By Edward Hull, B.A, F.G.S. of the Geological Society of Great Britain.

The mountainous region of Cumberland and Westmoreland, like that of Wales and Scotland, is formed of some of the most ancient rock masses with which we are acquainted. That reverence for age which ethical writers, both of ancient and modern times, have alike inculcated, and which seems, in some degree, indigenous in the human mind, seems to have been foreshadowed in ancient geologic times; for the newer formations of a special district like that we are treating of, seldom venture to raise their heads to a level with those of their ancestors, and, in general, we find the more ancient rocks towering in stately grandeur above their descendants. In the lake region, the heights of Scawfell, Skiddaw, and Helvellyn, formed of the more ancient Silurian rocks, overlook in every direction, the surrounding ridges, fells, and plains of the upper Silurian, Carboniferous, and Triassic formations.

The general arrangement of the Silurian rocks of Cumberland and Westmorcland is extremely simple.* The oldest beds are found in the range of Skiddaw and Blencathra; and commencing at this point you constantly ascend into higher formations by traversing the country from north to south, till you reach Kendal, where the highest Silurian beds are found. The mountain chain is girt around by Carboniferous formations, except on the south-west side—from St. Bees Head to Morecambe Bay—where the hills are separated from the sea by a narrow strip of Permian, or New Red Sandstone. Speaking of the contrast in the physical features which the central group of Silurian heights presents when compared with the circular zone of Carboniferous limestone hills by which it is surrounded, Professor Sedgwick says:—"On whatever side it is approached, we are struck with the tameness of the outline of every portion of the calcareous zone, when contrasted with the fine serrated peaks of the loftier and more central elevations. From some of the ridges in the range of Cross Fell the eye takes in, at one view, the greatest part of the northern calcareous zone. Seen from that distance, all its minor inequalities disappear, and I have often fancied that it resembled a portion of a great semi-circular redoubt, formed near the base of the older hills, and presenting a long, sweeping, irregular glacis towards the valley of the Eden.† These

* To Mr. J. Otley, of Keswick, we are primarily indebted for a knowledge of the sub-divisions into which the rocks of the Lake District are divisible. Mr. Otley's observations were systematized and extended by the researches of the Rev. Professor Sedgwick, of Cambridge, in 1822, and following years; who, in a series of admirable memoirs in the *Geological Transactions* and elsewhere, has fully detailed the structure of the region, and co-ordinated the groups of strata with those of Wales, where, by his own labours and those of Sir R. J. Murchison, the Cambrian and Silurian systems were first established. Several other observers have added to our knowledge of the geology of the lakes, amongst whom we may mention Professor Phillips, of Oxford, Professor Harkness, of Cork, Mr. E. W. Binney, and Mr. Salter, late palæontologist to the Geological Survey. The geological map, constructed by Mr. J. Ruthven, of Kendal, with the assistance of Professor Sedgwick, will be found very useful, and sufficient to guide the explorer until the maps of the Government Geological Survey are issued to the public.

† *Geological Transactions*, Vol. iv., 2nd series.

limestone hills sink down under the Permian and Triassic beds which form the plain of the Eden, and in the direction of Whitehaven and Workington, under the coal-formation.

In default of a geological map, there is no better mode for bringing the physical structure of a district clearly before the mind's eye than a horizontal section; and I shall therefore beg the reader to study the subjoined representation of the outline of the ground and component formations, drawn from north to south across "the strike," or direction in which the rocks trend from west to east.

IDEAL SECTION ACROSS THE CENTRE OF THE LAKE DISTRICT, FROM NORTH TO SOUTH, SHOWING THE GENERAL ARRANGEMENT OF THE BEDS, AND OUTLINE OF THE SURFACE.*

(*After Sedgwick and Harkness.*)

1. Granite of Skiddaw Forest.
2 Felspar Trap.
a. Skiddaw Slate.
b. Green Slate and Porphyry, &c.
c. 1. Coniston Limestone.
c. 2. Calcareous Flagstone.
d. Coniston Grits.
e. Ireleth Slates.
f. Kirkby Moor Flags and Tilestone.
G. Old Red Conglomerate.
H. Carboniferous Limestone.
T. Trias, or Permian beds of the Vale of Eden.

The section above shows the true succession of the natural groups, but unless we have the materials for referring these groups to their places in the geological scale, this knowledge would, of itself, be vague and unsatisfactory. Now, as the old formations of the Cumberland hills are completely isolated from those of Wales and Scotland, which they appear at first sight to resemble, it is evident we must fall back upon the evidence of the organic remains they may contain in order to determine their true place in the series of rock systems. The uppermost groups at the southern side of the district were long since determined by Professor Sedgwick to have their representatives in the upper Silurian formations of Wales, as they were found sufficiently rich in shells, corals, and crustacea to allow of this point being determined with accuracy, but it was not so with the two lower groups—those of the "green slate and porphyry" (b), and the "Skiddaw slate" (a). In these beds—though attaining a thickness of about 15,000 feet—the only organized bodies discovered after diligent search were a few *graptolites*—animals belonging to a very simple form of zoophyte—from the Skiddaw slates.

GRAPTOLITES FROM THE SKIDDAW SLATE

Professor Harkness has lately added to our knowledge of the fossils of the period by discovering additional species of graptolites and certain crustacea, and from an inspection of these, Mr. Salter—our highest authority on this subject—has referred the Skiddaw slate series to that group of lower Silurian strata, known as the lower "Llandeilo flags." † These are very old, but by no means the oldest fossiliferous strata, for both in North Wales

* In the above sections all minor irregularities arising from faults, dykes, and changes of dip are omitted, owing to the contraction of the scale.

† Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society, vol. xix. In page 137, figures of the fossils from the Skiddaw slates are given, and described by Mr. Salter.

and Scotland they are supported by several thousand feet of the more ancient Cambrian rocks.* Having determined the position in the geological scale of the Skiddaw slate group, we can now arrange the remaining groups in their proper geological places, as follows, in descending order:—

	The Lakes.		Wales.
Upper Silurian Beds.	1. Tilestones and Kirkby Moor Flags (Kendal Group)	=	Tilestones and Ludlow Beds.
	2. Ireleth Slates	=	Wenlock Beds.
	3. Coniston Grits	=	May Hill Sandstone.
Lower Silurian Beds.	4. Coniston Flags and Limestone	=	Llandeilo Flags, and Bala Limestone.
	5. Green Slate and Porphyry 6. Skiddaw Slate	=	Lower Llandeilo Beds.

I shall now proceed to give a short description of each of these groups from the bottom upwards.

SILURIAN SERIES

The Skiddaw Slate Group.—This group stretches from Dent Hill, near Cleator, to Caldbeck Fells, and from Cockermouth to Keswick. It seems to repose on the porphyritic rocks of Uldale, and is penetrated by granite in Skiddaw Forest, and at Carrock, which appears to have highly altered the character of the beds, so as to give them a hard and crystalline structure. The group consists of a series of fine black and grey slates, traversed by cleavage planes, and bands of flagstone. The thickness of the group is probably not less than 7,000 feet, and it rises into the mountains of Skiddaw, Blencathra, and Grisedale Pike; it also re-appears at some distance from the main mass in Black Comb.

Green Slate and Porphyry Group.—The preceding group is overlaid by a vast series of beds composed of felstone, trappean grits, and breccias, alternating with chloritic roofing slate. In fact, we have here the products of submarine volcanic action repeated at frequent intervals during the ordinary deposition of the sediment of which the green slate is formed. The trappean rocks, whether in the form of sheets of lava, or hardened volcanic ashes, are regularly bedded with the sedimentary materials, and it is interesting to observe that in North Wales, similar irruptions of trap occurred on an enormous scale at this period. This group contains no fossils. It occupies the central portion of the lake region, stretching in a broad band from west to east, and rising into the lofty heights of Scawfell, Bowfell, Helvellyn, and the Langdale Pikes; the group dips generally towards the S.S.E. under the Coniston beds. At Wastdale and Eskdale it is penetrated by granite.

Coniston Limestone and Flags.—This remarkable group, about 1,500 feet in thickness, stretches in a narrow, slightly curved band from Millam, on the west side of Duddon sands, to Wasdale Pike. At the bottom is a band of argillaceous limestone, from 30 to 300 feet in thickness, passing upwards into calcareous shales and flagstone, the whole being plentifully charged with fossils (corals, molluscs, and trilobites). The limestone may be seen at the following—amongst other—places, commencing at Beck on the west, it ranges through Corn Park, and the village called Hill; then east of Duddon Bridge, Water Blain, Broughton Mill, Appletreethwaite, and Ashgill. It crosses Torver Fell, and ranges along Coniston Old Man; from this it passes to the head of Windermere, and appears in quarries about 400 yards above Low Wood Inn. It passes near the village of Troutbeck. Between this and Wasdale Pike it appears at or near Line Foot, Kentmere Hall, Pike How, and on the east side of Long Sleddale, near Little London. I have been thus particular in tracing the range of this calcareous band, as it affords a very certain and definite geological horizon, and forms the boundary line between the older and

* The Skiddaw slates are therefore newer than the "Primordial zone" of the Lingula flags.

the newer groups of the Silurian period, as well as the margin of a less elevated tract of hill scenery.*

Coniston Grits.—A series of coarse, hard, light-coloured grits, of rather greater thickness than the preceding group.

Ireleth Slates.—A complex deposit of roofing slate, grits, and flagstone, of very great thickness, and in the lower division containing in some places a thin band of impure concretionary limestone. This group occupies the greater part of both banks of Windermere, and stretches from Ulverston to Tebay Fells, and southward to Leven Sands. It is frequently penetrated by igneous dykes, which generally run in the direction of the strike.

Kendal Group.—A series, well developed in the hills north of Kendal, and the valley of the Lune, north of Kirkby Lonsdale, consisting of grits and flagstone, passing upwards into greenish and reddish flags, resembling the tile-stones at the top of the Silurian rocks. This completes the Silurian series.

OLD RED SANDSTONE

THE formations just described appear to have been deposited one over the other in a perfectly regular sequence, without any breaks or disturbance whatever; but at the close of the Silurian period, powerful elevatory movements set in, accompanied by the eruption of granitic rocks in various places, as in Skiddaw Forest. As the rocks were elevated from under the sea, they came in contact with the waves and currents, by which vast quantities of materials were broken up and carried away, while beds of shingle were in places accumulated upon the upturned edges of the Silurian rocks. *These beds of shingle belong to the age of the Old Red Sandstone and conglomerate.*

The masses of red conglomerate are found resting in a discordant, or unconformable, position on the slaty rocks in several places, as at the northern extremity of Ulleswater, extending from the western bank to Mell Fell; from Shap Abbey southward in a long strip underlying the Carboniferous limestone as far as Langdale, in a similar position north of Kendal, and at Kirkby Lonsdale. The pebbles of which it is made up are generally roundish, and formed for the most part of the older rocks, amongst which we have no difficulty in recognizing fragments of Coniston limestone. The conglomerate rests indifferently on beds of all ages from the Lower to the Upper Silurian, and is extremely irregular both in its structure and thickness.

CARBONIFEROUS FORMATIONS

THE Old Red conglomerate supports in some places, and the Silurian rocks in others, the Carboniferous limestone, which, as already stated, almost encircles the Cumbrian cluster of mountains. The forms of its tabulated hills, its precipitous scars, and terraced slopes, is familiar to all who have visited Kendal, or Kirkby Lonsdale. The formation consists of several thick beds, or group of beds, of limestone separated by bands of shale, with coal and flagstone, which are most numerous on the north side of the district. The "Great Scar limestone," 600 feet thick or more, forms the base of the series. The name, as Professor Sedgwick remarks, is applied with great propriety to this limestone, which in all parts of its range is marked by grey precipices and mural escarpments.† The following is a general summary of the limestone series :—

* The following are the most common fossils from the Coniston limestone :—*Favosites polymorpha, Porites pyriformis, catenipora escharoides, Tentaculites annulatus; Orthoceras*, three smooth species, *Leptæna depressa, orthis*, several species, *Atrypa affinis, Cytherina lævigata, Calymene Blumenbachii, Asaphus tyrannus.* This last and many of the other forms are figured in Murchison's *Siluria*.

† *Geol. Trans.* vol. iv. p. 70. The learned author describes, in great detail, the various members of the carboniferous series in the papers here referred to.

Carboniferous Limestone Series in Descending Order.

	Greatest thickness in Feet.
1. *Twelve-fathom limestone*	80
Gritstone, coal, and shale	80
2. *Four-fathom limestone*	40
Sandstone, fissile gritstone, and shale	350
3. *Mosdale Moor, or Wold limestone*	45
Grit, shale, and coal	150
4. *Strong post limestone*	45
Sandstone, shale, and calcareous grit	150
5. *Second limestone, or black marble group*	45
Sandstone and shale	150
6. *Great Scar limestone*	600
Total	1,735

The beds of coal in this group are very thin and of inferior quality, the only one which has been much worked being that which lies below "the twelve-fathom limestone," and which was formerly mined under Great Colm, on the south side of the valley of Dent. A much more important product is the hæmatite iron-ore of Ulverston and Cleator, which appears to have been deposited in extensive hollows scooped in the limestone, probably by running water, dissolving and carrying away the lime.* The limestone is often rich in fossil shells and corals of the ordinary genera and species, such as *Producta latissima, Spirifer, Caryophyllia, Encrinites*, &c.

The limestone series is succeeded by that of the millstone grit and coal-measures of Whitchaven.

PERMIAN AND TRASSIC GROUPS

Resting discordantly on various members of the older rocks, is a thick series of red beds composed of breccias, sandstones, and beds of marl with limestone bands. These are referable to the two formations above-named, but the special age of some of the members is at present a matter of controversy. These beds occupy the broad valley of the Eden, and the sea-coast from St. Bees Head southward to Morecambe Bay. They have yielded the richly-tinted stone of which the ruins of Furness and Calder Abbey are built—ruins which, by the contrast of their colour to that of the foliage around, derive so much of their beauty and venerable aspect. Near Carlisle a small outlier of the Lower Lias has lately been discovered.†

GLACIAL PHENOMENA

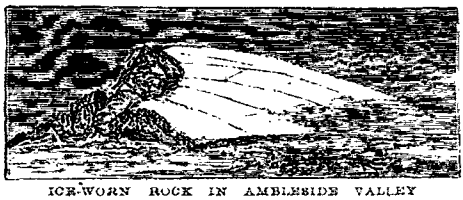
That the highlands of the British Isles, at a period immediately antecedent to the appearance of man, have been the centres of glacial dispersion varying in form and intensity from the present state of Greenland to that of the Alps, is now generally acknowledged, and the evidences are abundant and satisfactory. Confining our attention to the lake district, we find in its valleys, mountain slopes, and surrounding plains all those appearances which are produced in regions where glaciers now exist, though of course, owing to the small size of the mountain group, somewhat in miniature as compared with the Alps or Pyrenees. On approaching the district from the south, we find the whole country strewn with pebbles and boulders, often of large size, which we can identify with their parent masses amongst the hills. Thus we find blocks of Shap granite, porphyry, and mountain limestone many miles distant from their sources. These blocks are often polished and striated by attrition, such as is found to be the case with those which have been carried by icebergs or glaciers. These boulders are often imbedded in reddish clay, or "till," and gravel, which is stratified, and must have been deposited by the sea, as it contains marine shells in some places; so we are driven to the conclusion that the sea once overspread the lowlands, and was studded with icebergs which had their origin in glaciers amongst the highlands.

The evidences of glacial action in the highlands themselves (I speak of the Cumberland hills) are unmistakeable. They were originally noticed by the late Dr. Buckland, dean of Westminster. If

* Sir R. Murchison considers the iron derived from the red beds of the Permian period. *Journ. Geol. Society*, vol. xx. p. 152.

† By Mr. W. Brockbank, and Mr. Binney, F.R.S., who has described it in the Journal of the Geological Society.

we observe with care the exposed surfaces of the rocks in the bottoms of the valleys, and for a certain height up the sides, we shall find that they are rounded, often polished, and grooved or striated in parallel lines. These are especially noticeable where the surface has been protected by turf which has been freshly removed. Examples may be seen at Ambleside, in a boss of slaty rock, which rises from the valley close by the church, as shown in the figure below. There is also a remarkable



ICE-WORN ROCK IN AMBLESIDE VALLEY

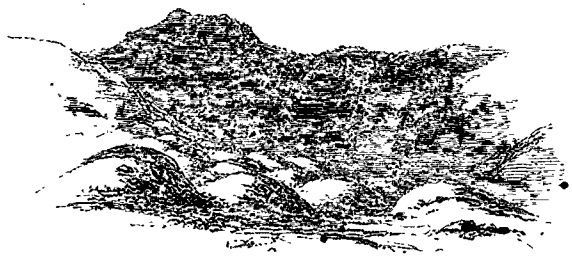
nstance in a projecting mass of slate, on the north flank of Langdale, about 600 feet above the bed of the lake. Similar examples may be observed above Grasmere, Little Langdale, and, indeed, in nearly all the main valleys; and it will be generally observed that the striations radiate in every direction from the centre of the mountains. Thus in Borrowdale they point north; in Wastdale, west; in Grisdale, north-east; at Ambleside and Windermere, south; and the striæ often run across the hill-shoulders, as is the case south of Brathay.

Another effect of glaciers is the production of perched blocks. Thus we find a block of trap resting on a boss of slate, or *vice versâ*. Good examples of these may be observed on the ridge between Easdale and Langdale; and a very noticeable instance occurs at Stickle Tarn, where a boulder rests on a smooth surface of rock rising a little above the centre of the lake.

Moraines, whether lateral or terminal, are also of frequent occurrence in the main valleys, and, as in the case of Wastwater and Easdale Tarn, form embankments to lakes. The moraines generally assume the appearance of a group of hummocks or tumuli, on which boulders of every size lie scattered; the moraines are either thrown transversely across a valley, or ranged along its side. In the former case it can scarcely be doubted they have once formed lakes, which have subsequently been drained by the rupture of the barrier at some weak point. Such a lake, I believe, once existed at the head of Langdale, and the lower end of the wild and lonely Grisedale. Moraines may be observed on the Stake pass at the head of Borrowdale, at the head of Great Langdale and Ennerdale, at Easedale Tarn, Stickle Tarn, Blea Tarn, Kirkstone Pass, and at the head of Little Langdale, of which a sketch is given below.

It is hard to picture to our minds the smiling valleys of Cumberland and Westmoreland once filled by ice, and the heath-clad hills clothed with a mantle of perennial snow, yet science tells us that such was the case at one stage of the glacial period. At another the country was lower than it is now by 1,200 or 1,400 feet, and the sea washed the flanks of Seawfell, Helvellyn, and Skiddaw, isolating them from the rest of the world. But the island group still sent afloat messengers of ice, laden with fragments torn from its own sides to remind the outer world that it was not all submerged.*

* The glacial phenomena of the district has been treated on by Mr. R. Chambers in *Report of Brit. Association for* 1851, and by the writer in *Edinburgh New Phil. Journal*, vol. xl., and *Mem. Lit. and Phil. Society of Manchester*, vol. i., 3rd series.



MORAINE AT THE HEAD OF LITTLE LANGDALE

APPENDIX IV

TABLE OF MOUNTAINS, LAKES, AND WATERFALLS

§ I—THE MOUNTAINS

		Height in feet
Scawfell Pike	Cumberland	3229·6
Scawfell	„	3172·0
Helvellyn	Cumberland and Westmoreland	3114·6
Skiddaw	Cumberland	3057·9
Bowfell	Westmoreland	2971·8
Great Gable	Cumberland	2954·0
Pillar	„	2932·3
Crossfell	„	2927·8
Fairfield	Westmoreland	2878·0
Blencathra	Cumberland	2856·4
Grasmoor	„	2805·2
High Street	Westmoreland	*2700·0
Red Pike	Cumberland	2650·2
Coniston Old Man	Lancashire	2649·0
Grisedale Pike	Cumberland	2605·9
Ill Bell	Westmoreland	2490·2
Harrison Stickle	„	2424·1
Pike o' Stickle	„	*2300·0
Carrock Fell	Cumberland	2173·0
High Pike	„	2165·6
Causey Pike	„	*2030·0
Black Combe	„	1974·3
Honister Crag	„	*1700·0
Wansfell	Westmoreland	1590·9
Kirkstone Pass	„	1467·8
Catbells	Cumberland	*1448·0
Latrigg	„	*1160·0
Dent Hill	„	1130·7
The Tongue (Troutbeck)	Westmoreland	1191·8
Penrith Beacon	Cumberland	966·0
Scilly Bank (Whitehaven)	„	529·8

* Not certain; the rest are verified by the Ordnance surveyors.

§ II—THE LAKES

LAKES	Length in miles M.	Length in miles F.	Width in miles M.	Width in miles F.	Depth in feet	Beach marks—Height above sea level
Windermere	10	5	1	0	240	140 on Road near Harrowslack.
Ulleswater	7	5	0	5¼	210	532 on Road at Sharrow Bay. 496 Surface of House Holm Island.
Coniston Water	5	2¼	0	4	160	187 on Road near Coplands Barn.
Bassenthwaite Water	3	7	0	7	68	237 on Road near Smithy Green.
Derwent Water	2	7½	1	1¾	72	272 on Road near the Hotel.
Crummock Water	2	4	0	4¾	132	330 on Road opposite Buttermere Hawse.
Wast Water	3	0½	0	4	270	208 on Road near Countess Beck.
Hawes Water	2	3½	0	2½	.....	698 on Road near Annas Cross.
Thirlmere	2	5	0	3	108	536 on Road near Deergarth Bay.
Ennerdale Water	2	3¼	0	7½	80	371 on Road near Smithy Beck.
Esthwaite Water	1	4½	0	3	80	225 Contour at side of road opposite Lake Bank House.
Grasmere Lake	0	7½	0	4½	180	246 Δ on Island.
Buttermere Lake	1	2¼	0	3	.....	398 on Road near Hassness.
Lowes Water	1	0¾	0	3	.....	407 on Road near centre of Lake.
Rydal Water	0	5¾	0	1¾	.....	185 on Road near Nab Cottage.
Elter Water	0	4½	0	2¼	.....	200 Contour near the edge of Lake.
Brothers Water	0	4¼	0	2¼	.....	539 on Road opposite centre of Lake.

§ III—ALTITUDES OF LAKES

LAKES	Altitude in Feet	Remarks
Angle Tarn	1552·8	Near Bow Fell.
Bassenthwaite Water	225·5	
Beacon Tarn	536·4	
Blea Tarn (1)	612·1	1¼ mile N.W. of L. Langdale Tarn.
Blea Tarn (2)	700·4	Near the Boot, Eskdale.
Blea Tarn (3)	1561·7	1½ mile S.W. of Watendlath.
Blea Water	1583·7	Near S. end of Hawes Water.
Bletham Tarn	138·2	
Blind Tarn	726·7	Near Blea Tarn, No. 2.
Borran's Tarn	413·9	
Brothers Water	519·9	
Burnmoor Tarn	832·4	
Buttermere Lake	330·7	
Codale Tarn	1527·7	
Coniston Water	146·5	
Crummock Water	320·8	
Derwent Water	238·3	
Devoke Water	765·6	

§ III—ALTITUDES OF LAKES—*continued.*

LAKES	Altitude in Feet	Remarks
Dock Tarn	1321·8	
Easedale Tarn	914·6	
Elter Water	186·7	
Ennerdale Water	368·9	
Esthwaite Water	216·8	
Goats Water	1645·5	
Grasmere Lake	207·9	
Greyerag Tarn	1949·4	1½ mile S.E. of Gatescarth Pass.
Griesdale Tarn	1767·9	
Hawes Water	694·4	
Hayes Water	1382·7	
Kentmere Reservoir	972·9	When levelled to, the surface of this reservoir was only 941·5 feet in altitude.
Keppel Cove Tarn	1824·8	Height when levelled to = 1801·6.
Levers Water	1349·7	
Little Langdale Tarn	339·6	
Loughrigg Tarn	307·6	
Low Water	1786·4	
Loweswater	428·9	
Red Tarn (Helvellyn)	2356·2	This and Keppel Cove Tarn have sluices to supply lead mines. The altitude given is the highest the water reaches; present altitude, 2347·8.
Rydal Water	180·5	
Scathwaite Tarn	1210·1	
Siney Tarn	724·0	*Near Blea Tarn, No. 2.*
Skeggles Water	1016·6	
Small Water	1483·6	
Sprinkling Tarn	1959·7	
Stickle Tarn	1540·4	
Styehead Tarn	1430·3	
Sunbiggin Tarn	824·3	
Thirlmere	533·2	
Ullswater	476·6	
Wast Water	204·4	
Watendlath Tarn	847·0	
Windermere	133·7	There is a difference in level of about 0·2 ft. between the head and foot of this lake.

These altitudes are given in feet and decimals above the mean level of the sea.

The heights in every case show the highest level reached by the waters of the lake.

In the case of a few lakes of smaller size, or where more than one bears the same name, a remark has been added to more exactly define their position.

Tables II. and III., with the remarks concluding, have been supplied to me from the Ordnance Department through the courtesy of Colonel Sir Henry James; but did not reach me in time to be acknowledged in the Preface, or I should have there expressed my gratitude for information so valuable. It is right, however, to say that the column of lake depths in Table II. is obtained from local sources; and, therefore, not to be fully relied on.

§ IV—THE WATERFALLS

Name	Place	Height in feet
Scale Force	Crummock Water	160
Barrow Cascade	Derwent Water	124
Lodore	„ „	100
Colwith Force	The Brathay above Elter Water	90
Ara Force	Ullswater	80
Dungeon Ghyll	Langdale	80
Stock Ghyll	Ambleside	70
Birker Force	Eskdale	60
Dalegarth Force	„	60
Sour Milk Ghyll	Buttermere	60
Upper Fall	Rydal	50
Skelwith Force	The Brathay below Elterwater	20
The Howk	Caldbeck	20

The waterfalls are entirely incorrect; the Guides not agreeing among themselves, and no information to be had yet from the Ordnance surveyors. There is a difference of fifty feet in some of the falls, according to the various authorities, and the height of the beautiful Sour Milk Ghyll Force in Easedale is not mentioned by Black, Martineau or Wordsworth.

COLWITH

APPENDIX V

TABLE OF RAINFALL

FOR THE YEAR 1863, FROM MR. SYMONS' "BRITISH RAINFALL."

	Inches.		Inches.
Brougham Hall	36·50	Kirkby Lonsdale	62·83
Allithwaite	41·91	Bassenthwaite	63·70
Holker	43·20	Wray Castle (Windermere and Ambleside.)	68·34
Cartmel	44·08	Lesketh How (Windermere and Ambleside.)	81·69
Lowther Hall	45·76	The How (Windermere and Ambleside.)	84·97
Whitehaven	50·55	Loughrigg (Windermere and Ambleside.)	86·34
Ullswater	50·45	Keswick	71·54
Cockermouth	54·63	Coniston	83·90
Kendal	54·92	Seathwaite	173·84

In the average of ten years Keswick had 56·01 inches, Coniston, 71·40 inches, Seathwaite, 126·98 inches, London, 21·57 inches. Mr. Symons' abstract gives for all England 30·52 as the average fall in the ten years 1850-59, − 0·09 in 1861, + 3·12 in 1862, + 1·49 in 1863. Seathwaite and Coniston are not included in these calculations; if they were, the figures would be 34·13 + 2·19 + 4·75 + 2·97.

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